April 28, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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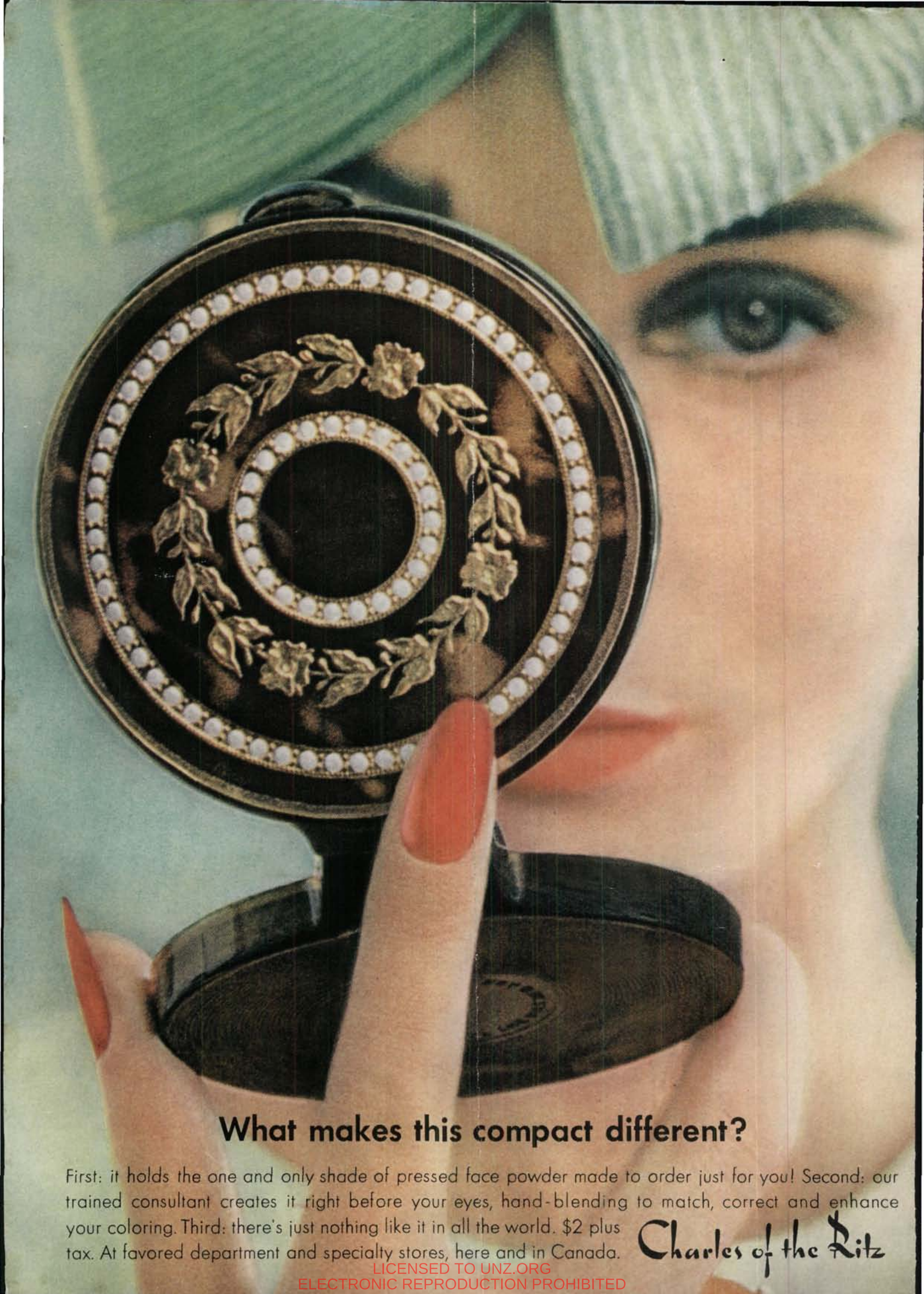

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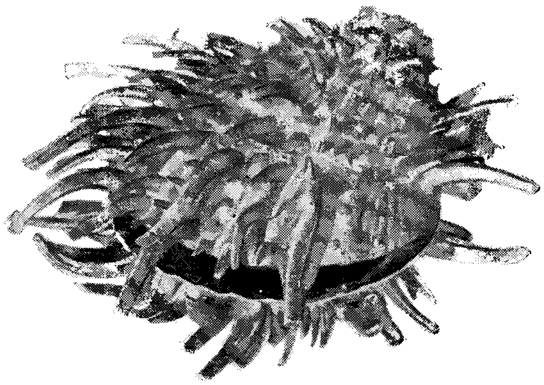

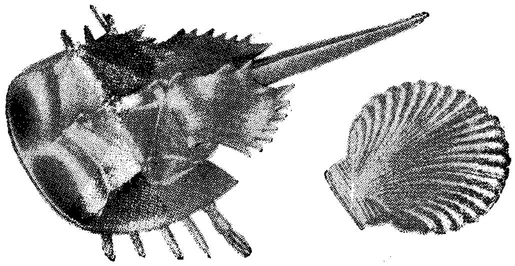

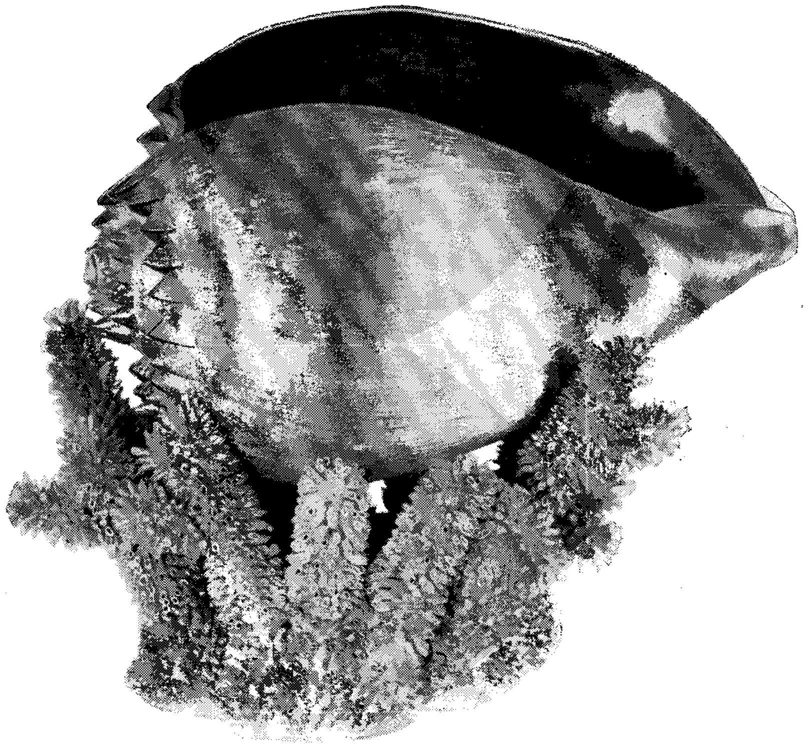

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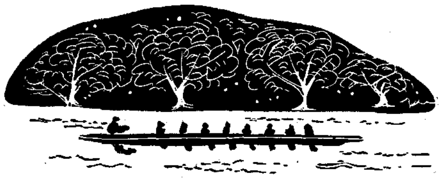
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's story about a publisher who wants to lay hands on the manuscripts of a defunct American poet. The acting, by Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and, most particularly, Wendy Hiller, is a joy to behold. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Fredric March, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Douglas Campbell, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. On Monday, April 30, Mr. Campbell will succeed Mr. March in the part of the Lord, and will in turn be succeeded by Gerald Hiken in the title role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—One large redeeming feature of this generally footless account of a man slowly dying of cancer is the performance of Henry Fonda, as the victim. Mr. Fonda is assisted meagrely by Olivia de Havilland. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Man for All Seasons—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably supported by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, Alan Webb, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—Santha Rama Rau's adaptation of E. M. Forster's celebrated 1924 novel about the uneasiness of the relationships between the British and the Indians under their control. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham perform admirably, but the play is not as effective as its source. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—A sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, told in flashbacks from the time he was allegedly seeking anonymity as an obscure airman at an English base to the days of his glory as the terror of the Turks. John Mills is arresting as the hero of Terence Rattigan's play, but the main question about Lawrence—was he a fake or a genius, or maybe a bit of both?—is never satisfactorily resolved. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.* Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna; the second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief. With Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger returns to town as a refugee professor who becomes the football coach of a Southern college. A disappointing show that is often strenuous when it should be lively, cynical when it could be sharp, and embarrassing when it tries to be titillating. Mr. Bolger does get a few chances, though, to display his unbeatable hoofing, and Jo Mielziner's sets are most impressive. The music, by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics, by Lee Adams, are pleasant enough. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, and Paul Reed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—

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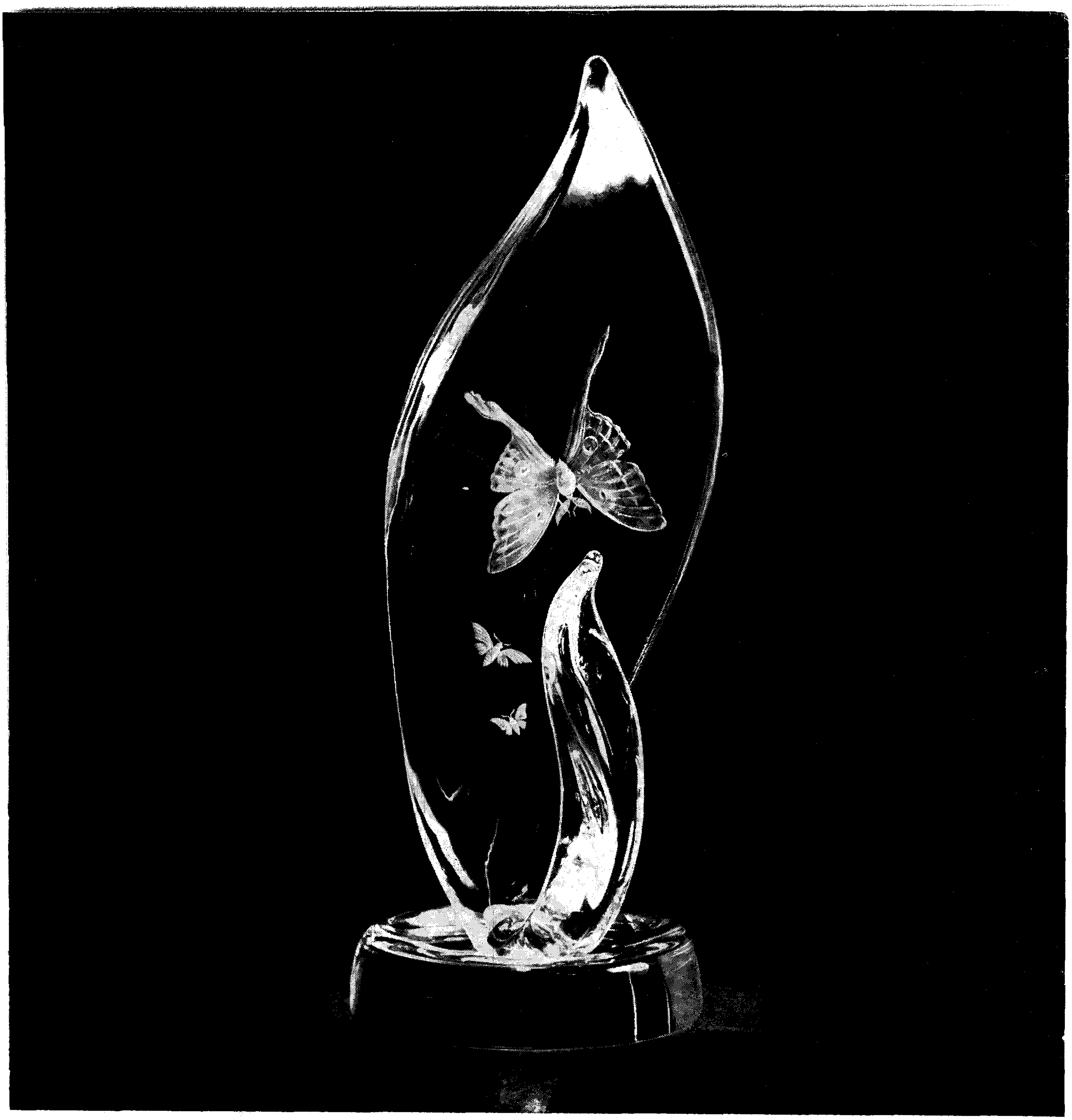

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** A psychological drama addressed to the question: Who is Mrs. Wagner, of Mrs. Wagner's Pies? William Squire is Mr. Wagner, Patricia Bredin is Mrs. Wagner, and Robert Goulet is lemon meringue. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** B. A. Rolfe's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Evans and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Infidel Caesar—A modern version of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," written and directed by Gene Wesson, with John Ireland, Michael Ansara, and Ramon Novarro. Produced by Ray Shaw. Opens Tuesday, May 1. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Alcestis Comes Back—A play by Artur Marya Swinarski. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

APA Repertory Company—The final performances of a three-play repertory by a very good company. Sheridan's "The School for Scandal": Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 28, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull": Sunday, April 29, at 3. . . . ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern": Sunday, April 29, at 8. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Bring Me a Warm Body—A play by Robert Dale Martin. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

A Chekhov Sketchbook—Joseph Buloff in three farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. Mr. Buloff's comic style may be a little too broad for everyone's taste, but he certainly never misses a trick. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of G. B. Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

The Difficult Woman—A musical with a book by Conrado Nale Roxlo, music by Dick Freitas, and lyrics by Morty Neff and George Mysels. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3:30 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

King of the Whole Damn World!—Tom Pedi, as funny as ever, plays a softhearted and softheaded cop in this musical frolic about some excited residents of Bleecker Street back in 1940. The show has its moments, but the sweetness and light get pretty resistible after a while. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Pair of Pairs—A repertory of four plays. "Charlatans," two plays by Claude Fredericks: Thursday, April 26, at 7:30 (opening); Friday, April 27, at 8:40; Saturday, April 28, at 10; Sunday, April 29, at 8:40; Wednesday, May 2, at 8:40; Friday, May 4, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 5, at 10. . . . ¶ "Deuces Wild," two plays by Holly Beye: Saturday, April 28, at 7; Sunday, April 29, at 3; Tuesday, May 1, at 8:40; Thursday, May 3, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 5, at 7. (Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Rosmersholm—David Ross's distinguished production of Ibsen's poetic and surprisingly lively tragedy. Nancy Wickwire is very good as Rebecca West, the lady from the North who isn't quite so emancipated as she makes out. Donald Woods, Patrick Waddington,

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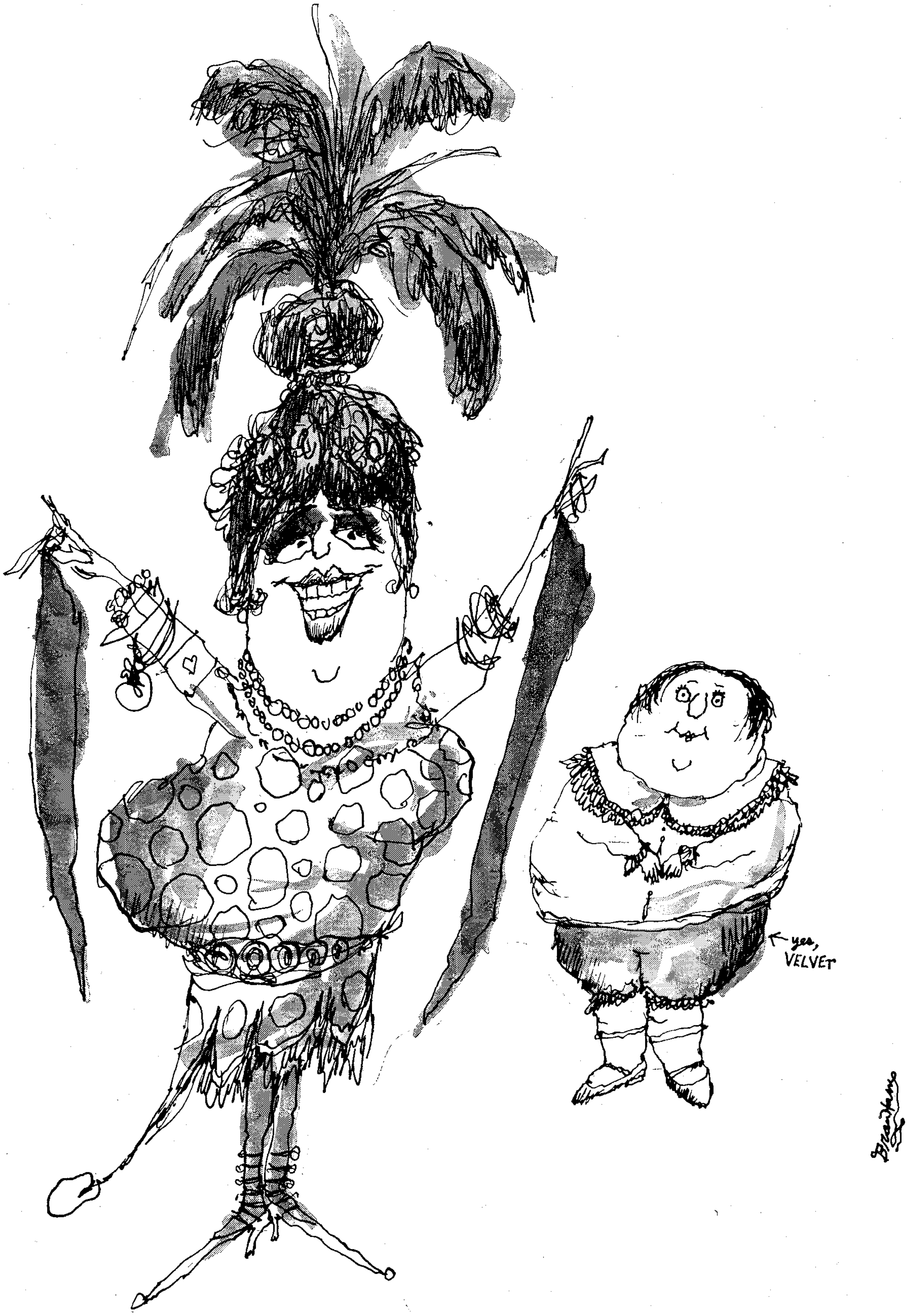

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Bramwell Fletcher play Rosmer, Kroll, and Brendel, respectively, and play them well. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Side of Paradise—A charming adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel about youth and innocence and complexity and love on and off the Princeton campus. Herbert Berghof's direction is most inventive. Paul Roebling is Amory come to life, and Sydney Sloane, who did the adaptation, makes a bright and touching Rosalind. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Witches' Sabbath—Roy Poole in a play by Harry Granick. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-1959. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, matinées and evenings: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."...¶ Tuesday evening, May 1: "Episodes," "La Valse," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Con Amore," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "La Valse."...¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake," "Waltz and Variations," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Episodes," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Waltz and Variations."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Donizetti Variations," "Illuminations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 13.)

Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 12.)

Pilar Gomez—With her company of dancers and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Pauline Koner—With her company, in a program of modern dances. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky—With their company, in a program of Russian ballet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A many-splendored thing. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 28, at 11 and 2:30. Through Sunday, May 13. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call RE 4-1813.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The life may be earnest, but it is certainly unreal. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who would like to find his way back to the world.

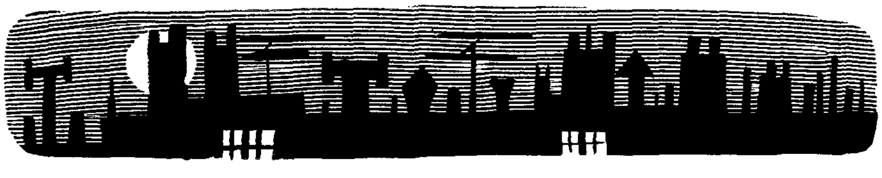
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, which has a passion for miniature revues, has bagged another—one involving Patricia Bright and Patricia Marand—and hung it in the trophy den, where it is on view twice a night during the week, at dinner on Sunday, and never on Monday. Phil Wayne's pulsing trio and Stanley Melba's band, both designed for dancing, encircle it with the appropriate sounds....¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion, every night but Monday, when another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, who takes simple, wholehearted pleasure in just opening his mouth and letting music pour forth, is in the light-opera tradition, and it's not a bad idea at all. He shows up at dinner and supper in the Persian Room; all evening, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte unwind a carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays....¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday....¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the giant Grill, Jerry Wald's band is trolling for customers who like to dance. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, there are dinner and supper interludes by Georges Ulmer, a Danish tenor who makes a visit to this country no oftener than Halley's Comet. He's funny, in a top-drawer way, in any language you can name. Before and after, Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band burble happily from early evening until curfew. Closed Sundays....¶ A short furlong due west sits La Boite, a plush little place (and bright-red plush, at that) for anyone who wishes a dash of violin and piano with each course. It, too, is closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-



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2600)—Seekers of space find enough of it in the middle of the Columns, a beautiful and moonlit pavilion. Gunnar Hansen's trio does knife-and-fork music from six until nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have set up a court of domestic relations in which—to the accompaniment of many jolly words—they keep exchanging the roles of plaintiff and defendant. Court convenes at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, dance tunes emerge from Milt Shaw's large band and Emery Deutsch's small one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays sedate piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

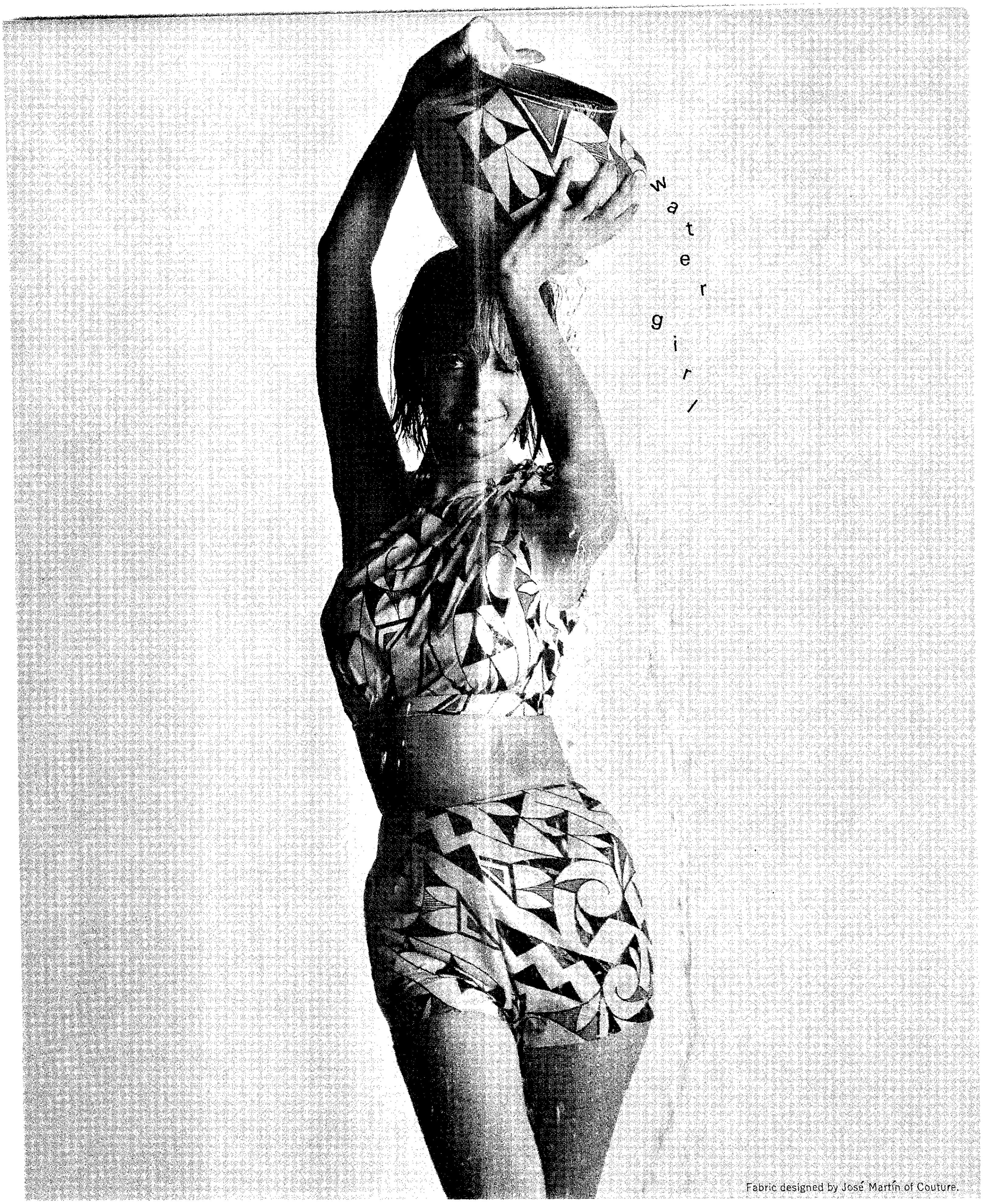
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Budd Gregg's piano. Mondays are dedicated, if that is the word, to the Twist. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms who abet this state of mind perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by a crew of mobile violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to a certain extent by the chef and the sommelier. There's zither (which could be expected, after all) from six to ten, and following that there's the unexpected pleasure of Greta Keller, who is Vienna to her fingertips and to the ends of her calm vocal cords. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He functions from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the violin and the *zimbalon* that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa, and the voices (soprano and tenor) that recite chapter and verse. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards present, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Tea dancing on Saturdays and Sundays from two to seven. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): This spic-and-span new efficiency apartment (bar and kitchen) presents idle strummings of piano and guitar through the evening and an occasional burst of song, done family-circle style, by Rita Dimitri, who used to live in musical comedy. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A tiny museum of modern art, dominated by Miró, not by the casual piano that is audible from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This fragment of the St. Moritz is invigorated, during dinner and supper, Tuesdays through Saturdays, by the piano of Jimmy Lyons, which has a mind of its own.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Among the scattering of mere males is Gene Barry, who used to think he was Bat Masterson on the air and now thinks he's Fred Astaire and Frank Sinatra in real life. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy



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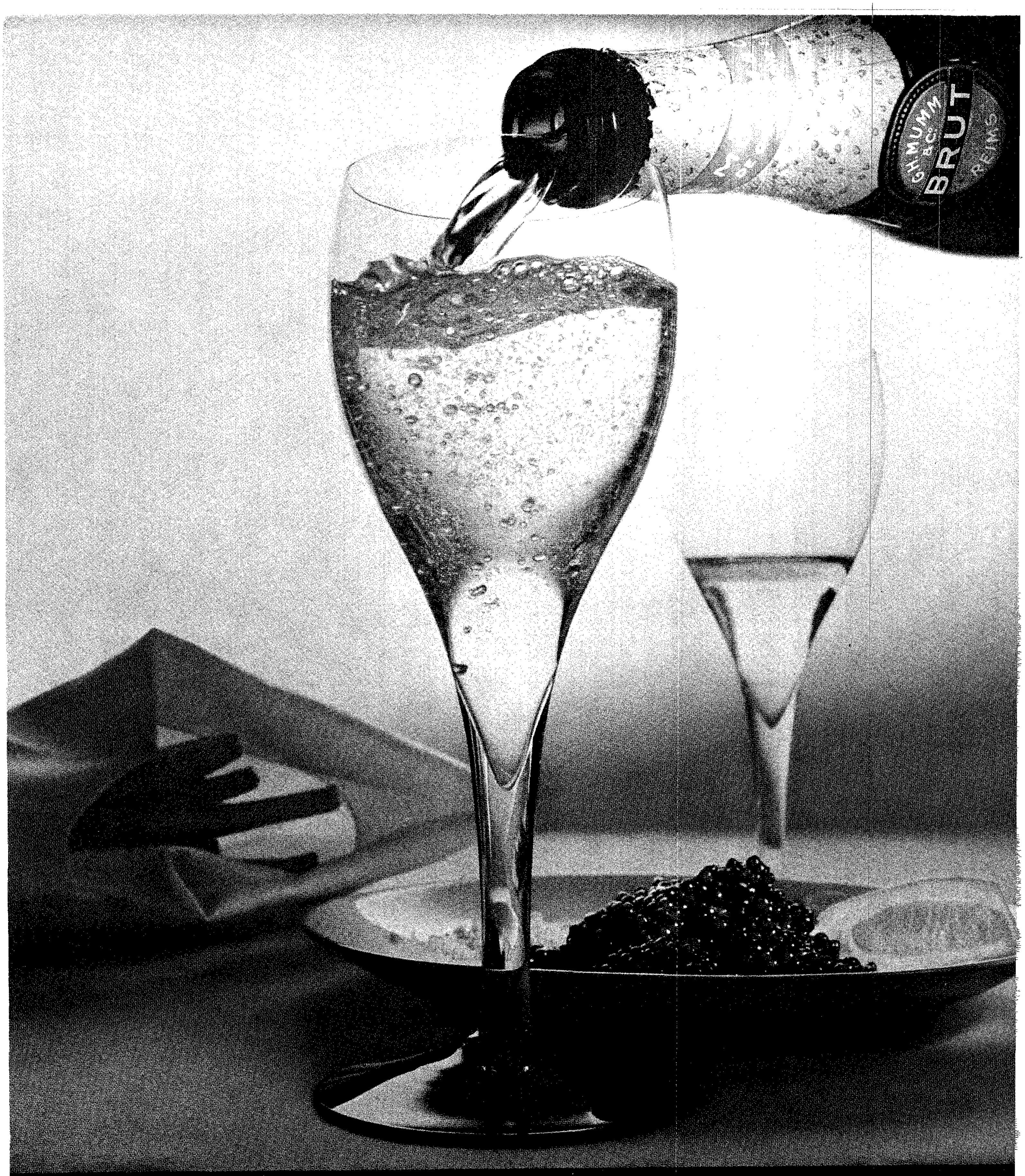
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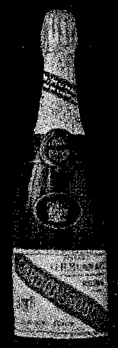

Lee, who's doing the singing here, is the complete triumph of the legendary American blonde—dizzy and dynamic, yes, but (whenever the occasion demands) dulcet, too. Behind her, Benny Carter's multitudinous band blows hot, blows cold at her bidding. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gregory, who's running for nearly every high office in the government, ends his sassy campaign here on Saturday, April 28. Among his constituents is Carol Sloane, a volatile voice with superb self-control. (Bill Rubenstein's background piano gilds this little lily.) Dave Astor, whose small talk has the accent of Broadway but a much wider range, arrives on Sunday, April 29. Otis Clements rarely strays from his piano. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York once again a twenty-four-hour town. He skips Saturdays, but does a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, the heads of this reform administration, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano orchestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another agreeable (and earlier) example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome girl named Lovelady Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Restoration comedy (i.e., a full-strength revival of the Victorian music halls of London) is the point of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," whose second edition, now in flower, is Merrie, Merrie England. Fred Stone, Sheila Bernette, and Archie Harradine are the triumphs of a tongue-in-cheek cast from London's Players Theatre. They show up at nine on Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and at seven-thirty on Sundays. Mondays, they're at leisure. In the bar, Fred Silver plays piano from seven until nine and Stan Freeman takes over from ten-thirty until blackout time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): From the flight deck in the back room, Angel Mancheno rises not only to the occasion but the ceiling. His Spanish footwork is the major event in an otherwise Argentine and altogether worthy festival of words, music, and dance. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone and her trio and Don Sherman, a bright new penny of a humorist, depart on Monday, April 30. Next evening, Carmen Amaya's Spanish gypsies, all flamenco, take over. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Henny Youngman's files of jokes, the work of a lifetime, are lovingly exhibited en masse by their owner, a pleasant if talkative curator. To the rear are Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, mad men first and musicians second. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is communing with a happy if noisy yesteryear. Sundays, sad to say, are for Twisters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A night to remember; that is to say, the Age of Anxiety fanfares of the Miles Davis band (J. J. Johnson, Hank Mobley, and Paul Chambers are in it), and Blossom Dearie, whose Mona Lisa face, baby voice, and precise piano are supported by such good men as Henry Grimes and Al Harewood. On Tuesday, May 1, this assortment will be succeeded by Anita O'Day, at whose sweet voice the gates of heaven might well open, and the sextet owned by Al Grey and Billy Mitchell. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, as concise and literate a pianist as the new school has turned out, makes every note amount to something as he parades his trio, in which Chuck Israel plays bass, along the circular bar. Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet can breach any obstacle even without its supporting cast of old-time blasting caps (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey). Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Midtown's most rampageous supermarket. A group led by Gene Krupa, whose drums can be heard along the Mohawk, is there now. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Beer and hero sandwiches go into the care and feeding of the listeners; a lot of romantic thinking goes into the care and feeding of the music evolved by Stan Getz's quartet. On Tuesday, May 1, a new cast of old friends takes over; to wit, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Heart and soul alloy the brasswork of the big band of Gerry Mulligan, who wants earnestly to make big music and a lot of it. The group departs on Wednesday, May 2, but the news is still good: next night's arrivals are the sextet of Charlie Mingus, who is never visible without his thinking cap; the quartet of Sonny Stitt, who gambols in the green pastures between representation and abstraction; and Junior Mance's rapid-transit trio. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. The reminders on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, should include Jo Jones, Edmond Hall, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Eddie Barefield, Tyree Glenn, Cutty Cutshall, Marty Napoleon, Red Richards, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Mark's Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Something for everyone—migraine music by the fivesome of Horace Silver, healthy noise from Ray Bryant's threesome, and evensong from Aretha Franklin. There are extra sessions Sundays from four to seven; there are extra hands on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): This pillar of progress is more conservative these nights: i.e., Roy Haynes' trio (off Mondays) and Roland Kirk's quartet (off Tuesdays). . . . **SNIFFEN COURT INN,** 540 Third Ave., at 36th St. (LE 2-2128): Chris Rayburn, a blithe spirit and a young one, thinks ten is the proper time to start in on her rosebud-gathering songs. She also thinks Monday is the night for her to stay home.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA (1836-1912)—An exhibition of paintings commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through May 12. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

ENRICO BAJ AND GASTONE NOVELLI—Two Italians, the first showing assemblages and collages, the second abstract canvases; through Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, May 5. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Salvatore Barone—Abstract sculptures; through Thursday, May 3. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Renato Birolli (1906-1959)—Abstract oils by this Italian painter; through May 19. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Blakelock (1847-1919)—Paintings by Blakelock, supplemented by the works of such contemporaries as Albert P. Ryder and Louis Comfort Tiffany; through Saturday, May 5. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Boehler (1884-1961)—Late drawings by this Austrian-born artist; through May 22. (Artists', 853 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Closed mornings.)

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstractions based on nature; through Saturday, April 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Chabaud—Abstractions by a young French artist; through Saturday, April 28. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-iron sculptures by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, May 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert D'Arista—Still-lifes; through Saturday, May 5. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Lin Emery—Abstract sculptures; through Friday, May 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Max Ernst—Colorful, inventive new paintings and sculptures, marking the beginning of his seventy-second year; through Saturday, April 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Philip Evergood—Two exhibitions of recent paintings and drawings. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Through May 12. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Through May 19.)

Oronzo Gasparo—Oils, water colors, and drawings (1918 to the present) by an Italian-born American painter; through May 15. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Grigory Gluckmann—Ballet dancers, nudes, and landscapes; through May 12. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dong Kingman—Twenty-five water colors (of New York, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Taipeh, Paris, and Rome) by the Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, May 5. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Drawings and water colors not previously exhibited here; through May 12. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Landscapes; through Saturday, May 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Morton Lucks—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, May 3. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Henri Matisse—Forty etchings of 1929; through Saturday, April 28. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Seong Moy—Abstractions from nature; through May 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, most of them revolving around Greek legends; through May 19. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Eduardo Paolozzi—Abstract bronzes mostly, by the British sculptor; through May 12. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—Geometrical abstractions; through Saturday, April 28. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Nine galleries are participating in an exhibition (ending May 12) of more than three hundred American-owned paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in celebration of Picasso's eightieth birthday and for the benefit of the Public Education Association—At the **Knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: 1895-1909. . . . **Saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Cubism. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: The Twenties. . . . **Duveen Brothers**, 18 E. 79th St.: The Classical Phase. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Thirties. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: The Forties. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Cordier & Warren**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: The Fifties. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **New Gallery**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures. (Closed Mondays.)

John Pike—Water colors of the Hawaiian Islands and winter in New York State; through Saturday, April 28. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings of figures and landscapes from the collection of Lucien Pissarro; through Saturday, May 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Semi-Surrealist, fanciful paintings; through Saturday, May 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Rátkai—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dwight Ripley—Constructions, collages, and gouaches; through Saturday, April 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Kurt Schwitters—Fifty collages by one of the originators of the method; through Saturday, May 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

William Sebring and James Mellon—Abstract paintings; through May 25. (Terrain, 20 W. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; Saturday, May 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes, figure studies, and portraits; through Saturday, May 5. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in enamelled steel and painted wood; through Saturday, April 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstractions, 1929-62; through May 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Show—"Dynamics of Black and White," paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, Ezio Martinelli, and others; through Saturday, April 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **American Federation of Arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Victor Pasmore, Kenneth Martin, Mary Martin, Anthony Hill, Stephen Gilbert, and John Ernest are represented in a travelling exhibition entitled "British Constructivist Art;" through May 7. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **Bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by, for instance, Mantegna, Rembrandt, and Cranach; through May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dufour, Lanskoy, da Silva, and other Paris artists; through May 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections. 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and the artists include Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through June 3. . . . ¶ "The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of turn-of-the-century precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the Imperial Russian Court jeweller. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. . . . ¶ Drawings from Brazil, France, Germany, Guatemala, Poland, and the United States, with examples by, among others, Redon, Picasso, Boccioni, and Miró; through Aug. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St.—The theatre of Bertolt Brecht, Lotte Lenya, and Kurt Weill as seen in a display of photographs, drawings, posters, and other memorabilia;

through May 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through Sunday, April 29.... ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antoni Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through May 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Manuscripts, Letters, and Books of Henry David Thoreau," an exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death; through June 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Collaboration: Artist and Architect," an exhibit of contributions to present-day American architecture through sculptures, tapestries, mosaics, stained glass, and wall panels. Richard Lippold, Isamu Noguchi, and Costantino Nivola are three of the participants. Through May 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Abstract pieces by Dorothy Dehner, Jason Seley, Richard Stankiewicz, and nine other New York sculptors; through Sunday, April 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions, dating roughly from 1930 to the present, by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—An all-Beethoven program on Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2:15; Saturday, April 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 29, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Westminster Choir); and mixed programs on Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2:15; Saturday, May 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 6, at 3 (no soloists).

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing the first New York performance of Franz Schubert's comic opera "The Twin Brothers," in concert form and in English, with the Columbia University Chorus; Frances Wyatt, soprano; Fred Jones, bass-baritone; and other soloists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Jan Peerce, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 30, at 8:30.)

University Glee Club of New York City—John L. Baldwin, Jr., directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8:30.)

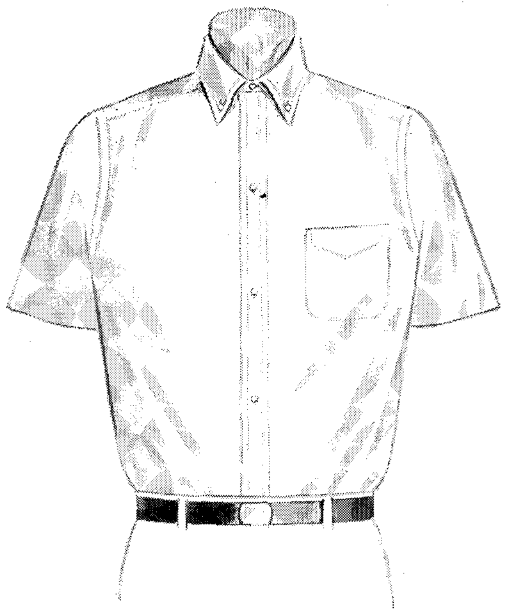
Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with Sara Endich, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; and Paul Matthen, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of works by Mel Powell, Roger



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sessions, Ralph Shapey, and Karlheinz Stockhausen performed by, among others, Valarie Lamoree and Bethany Beardslee, sopranos; Walter Trampler, viola; the Claremont Quartet; and the Galimir Quartet. The final concert of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 27, at 8:30.)

MARTHA SCHLAMME—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, both at 8:30.)

PIANO TRIO SERIES—The first in a series of three concerts by Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, May 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. A benefit for the Benno Lee Graduate Scholarship in Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Alfred Heberer directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 2, and Sunday, April 29, at 2 (double-header). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, May 1, at 8, and Wednesday, May 2, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, May 5, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 5.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett. Friday through Sunday, May 4-6.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown, Pa. Saturday, May 5.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 5.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 28; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, May 2; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 28, through Wednesday, May 30. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 3. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTA—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call RE 4-1813.)

FOLK-SONG RECITALS—Thursday, April 26, at 2: Tom Glazer. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 2:30: Pete Seeger. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

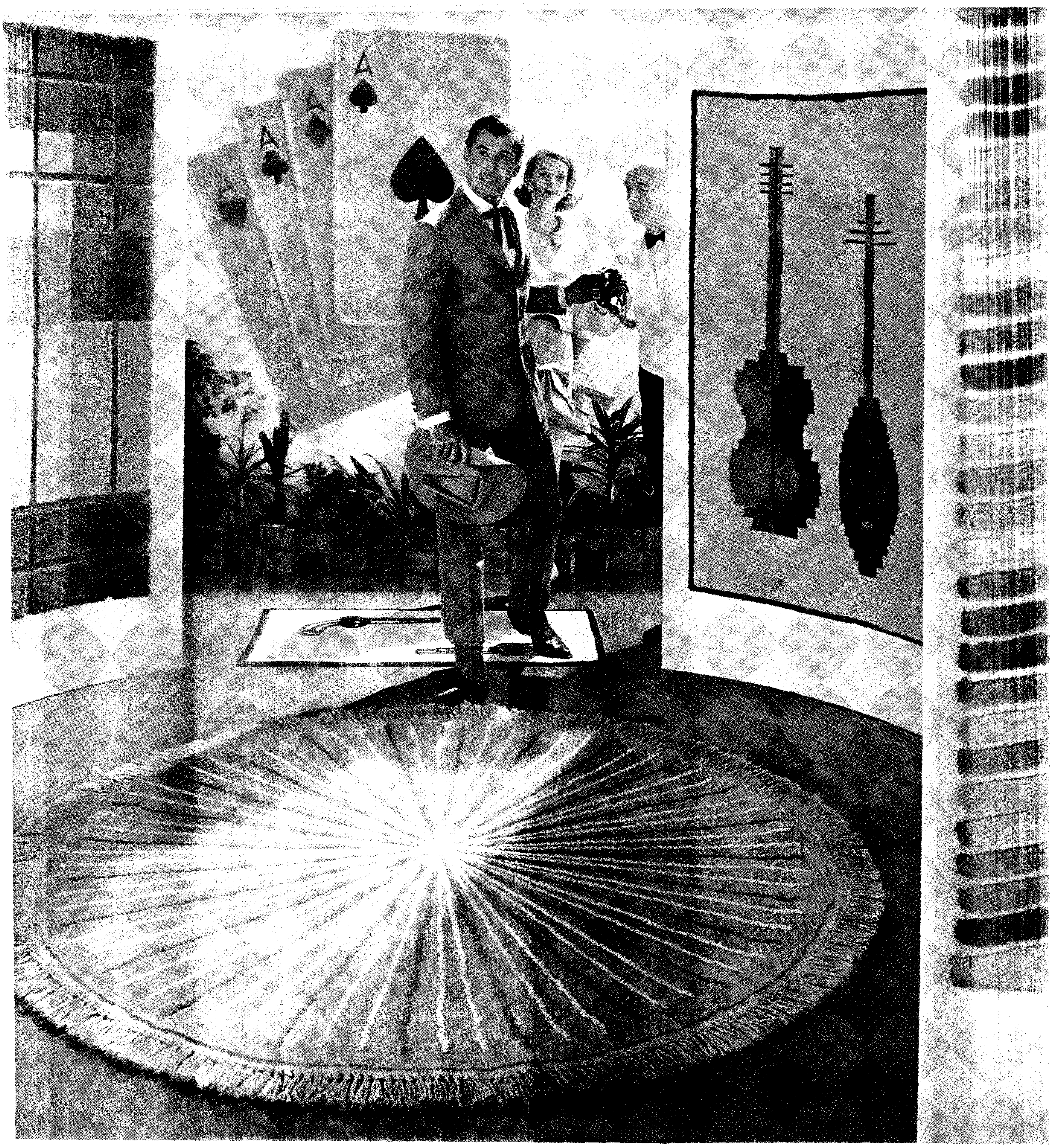
BALLET—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "Divertissement," "Spring Concerto," and excerpts from "The Nutcracker." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By JOY BERGMAN PRODUCTIONS: "The Tiniest Town in Mexico." (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, and Saturday, May 5, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, and Saturday, May 5, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MERRYMAKERS: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Rapunzel." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 6-3707. Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 2, and Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave. at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 1 and 3.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 1.) . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 1.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Alice in Wonderland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 26, at 2:30.) . . . POCKET PLAYERS: "Emil and the Detectives." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 4-8312. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, and Saturday, May 5, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 1 and 3.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Enchanted Treasure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, April 27, at 11 and 1:30.) . . . VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Thursday, April 26, at 1 and 3; Friday, April 27, at 3; and Saturday, April 28, at 1 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color." Starting Tuesday, May 1, there will be a new show, "Space Age Astronomy." (Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: Nature, represented by affable sheep, monkeys, mice, raccoons, and so on, and Art, represented by a Gingerbread House, Noah's Ark, a storybook castle, and so on, are about on equal



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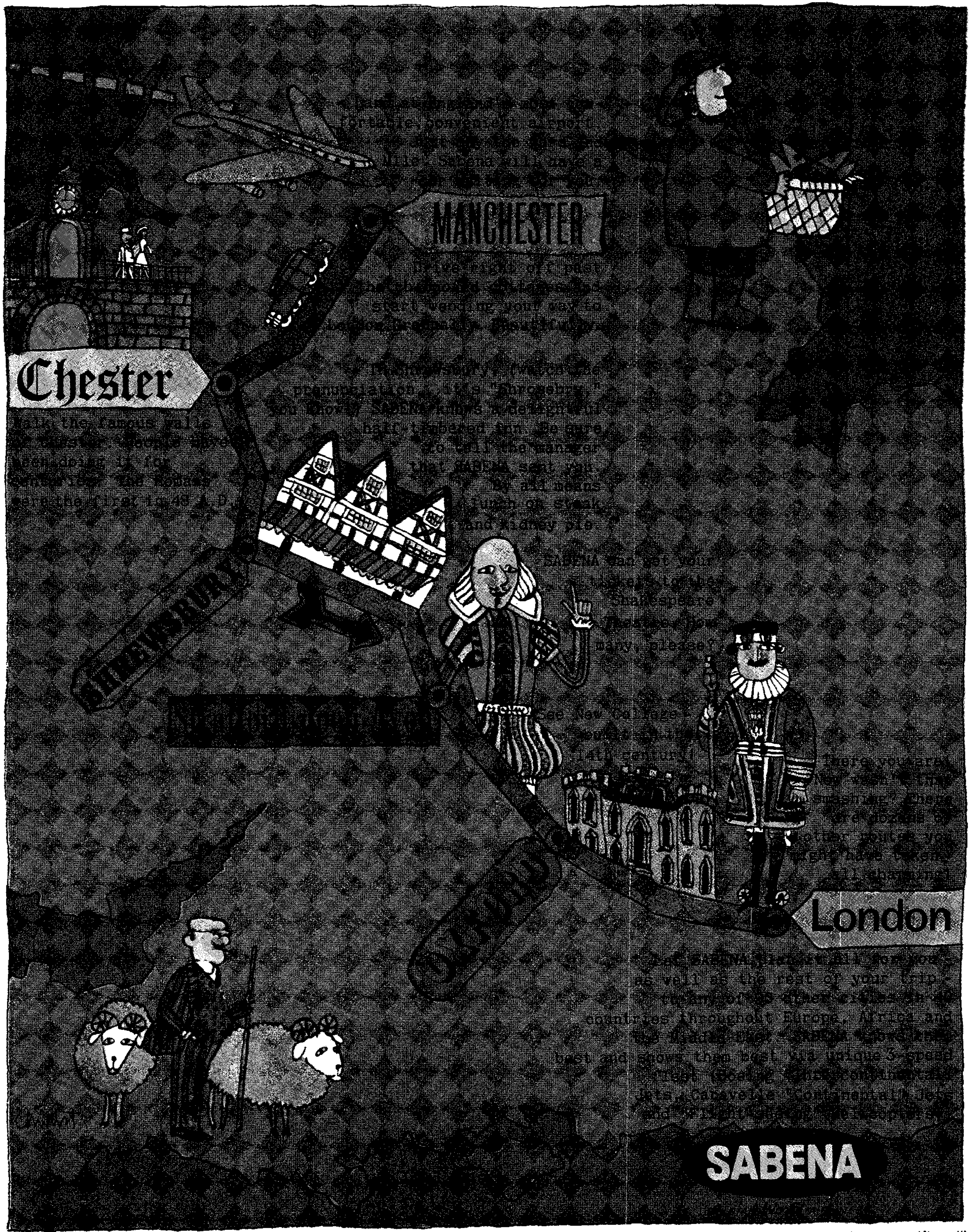

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terms in this annex to the adult Zoo. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this enclave for the little ones, they will encounter a couple of dozen tame or domesticated animals, including a baby llama, an owl, some talking crows, and a newborn kid. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Kathleen Raine reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 29, at 5.)

International Automobile Show—Spanking new models of all the American automobiles, together with representative cars from England, France, West Germany, Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, Japan, and Israel, and a few laughable antiquities that you don't even have to bend double to get into or out of. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 29, from 1 to 8.)

Art Tours—Seven private art collections will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 1, and Tuesday, May 8, from 1:30 to 5, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for United Nations. The collections shown on May 1 will be those of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Poses, Mr. Alfred Schwabacher, Mr. Sam Spiegel, and Mr. Gregoire Tarnopol. (For information about tickets, call OX 7-3232.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 1, and Tuesday, May 8, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display on May 1 belong to Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Loening, 1 E. 66th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saykaly, 923 Fifth Ave.; Mrs. Louis A. Neveleff, 211 E. 49th St.; Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Netter, 48 E. 65th St.; Princess Artchil Gourielli, 625 Park Ave.; Mr. James Amster, 211½ E. 49th St.; and the Greenhouse and Horizon House of the Institute of Rehabilitation, 400 E. 34th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 27, at 1:45: Modern prints and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Chagall, Degas, and Renoir, belonging to David Rust and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 1:45: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty, together with a few Royal Worcester porcelain tropical fish groups modelled by Ronald van Ruyckevelt; from the collection of Lloyd L. Ward, Jr. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at about 2:30: Georgian and other English furniture, Queen Anne and Georgian silver, table glass and porcelains, portraits, sporting paintings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Max Waterman and from other sources.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 29, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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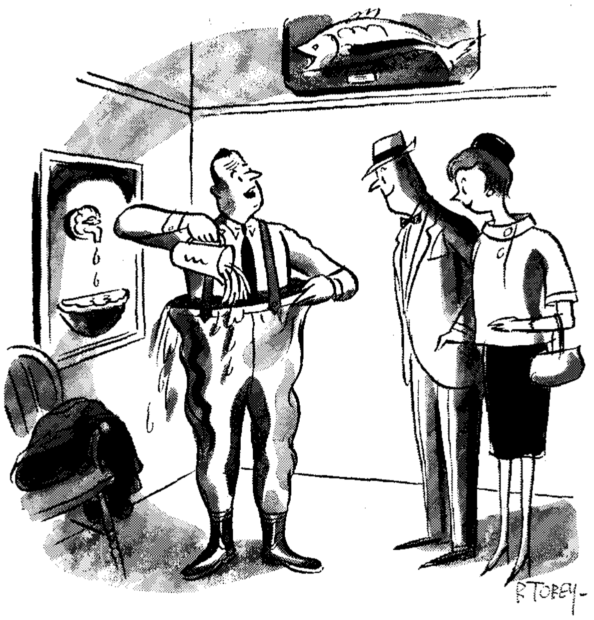

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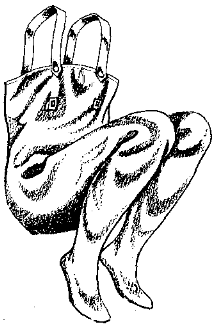

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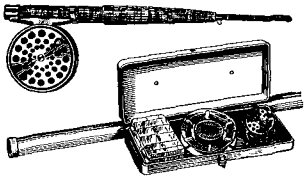

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All Fall Down—If "Getting to Know You" is the age-old theme song of parents and children, the evidence of this picture is that most of the discoveries on both sides are pretty unpleasant. Still, there are comic moments and marvellous acting by Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and Warren Beatty. Yes, Warren Beatty. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

La Belle Américaine—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 1, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 2, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of great imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Kitchen—You are almost sure to lose your appetite as a result of sitting through this truly revolting study of a restaurant kitchen. Still, there are times when revulsion is an emotion worth feeling, and this is one of them. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 1, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 2.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Lover Come Back—Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Tony Randall have a wonderful time on their way through this preposterous picture, and so will you. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through May 1. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through May 1, tentative. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; April 28-May 1.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Superlative acting by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 2, tentative.)

Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—A very long, scrupulous, and, alas, finally tiresome study of a married couple in Milan, who find nothing to believe in, even themselves. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 2, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Summer to Remember—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 1, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 2.)

Through a Glass Darkly—The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the dazzling Bergman repertory group. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A View from the Bridge—An Italian dockworker in Brooklyn is unwittingly in love with his wife's niece, who is wittingly in love with someone else. Arthur Miller made a strong play of this sorry situation, and the movie is even better, owing to brilliant direction by Sidney Lumet and fine acting by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 29.)

Viridiana—From Spain comes Luis Buñuel's frightening, masterly account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through April 29.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J. D.s in torment is splendidly danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 26.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 30.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 27-30.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 27.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 27-30.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 1.)

The Matchmaker (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, and Shirley MacLaine in an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; April 29-May 1, evening performances only, except Sunday.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 27.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 26.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 30-May 1.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 1, tentative.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by William Wyler—Through April 28, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Jezebel" (1938), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ April 29-May 2, showings at 3: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1947), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
ALL FALL DOWN.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th (JU 6-0540)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, at 11, 3, and 8:15; Saturday, April 28, at 2:30 and 8:15; Sunday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, April 30-May 1, at 8:15; and Wednesday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 1 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).
From May 2 (tentative): **THE NIGHT** (in Italian).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through April 28: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
April 29-May 1: **THE MATCHMAKER**, revival; and "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
May 2: A program of experimental films.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 1 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK**; and "Six Black Horses," Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea.
From May 2 (tentative): "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 1 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**
From May 2 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ALL FALL DOWN.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 27: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.
April 28-May 1: **LOVER COME BACK**; and "Six Black Horses," Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea.
From May 2: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
29	30	1	2	26	27	28

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 1: **LOVER COME BACK**; and "Six Black Horses," Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea.
From May 2: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 1: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.
From May 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
April 26: "Come Back, Africa" and "On the Bowery" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
April 27-30: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
From May 1: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 29: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.
April 30-May 1: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival; and "Make Mine Mink," revival, Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From May 2: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 1 (tentative): **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
From May 2 (tentative): **THE MARK**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 2 (tentative): "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire. and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 1: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.
From May 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 2 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Jules and Jim" (in French), Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Magnificent Tramp" (in French), Jean Gabin.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Doctor in Love," Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through April 29: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).
From April 30: "A Taste of Honey," Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 1: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.
From May 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 30: **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
From May 1: **CAMILLE**, revival; and "A Free Soul," revival, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 1: "Exodus," revival, Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint.
From May 2: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 26: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
From April 27: **PATHER PANCHALI, APARAJITO,** and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

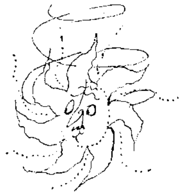
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
LOVER COME BACK.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 2 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 1: "King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna.
From May 2: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 1 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK.**
From May 2 (tentative): "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.

THE BRONX
BAR
tom funk



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A course of study sponsored by the Benson Hotel, Portland, Oregon, to answer questions such as:

Will the Space Needle Restaurant unscrew itself on the Fourth of July?

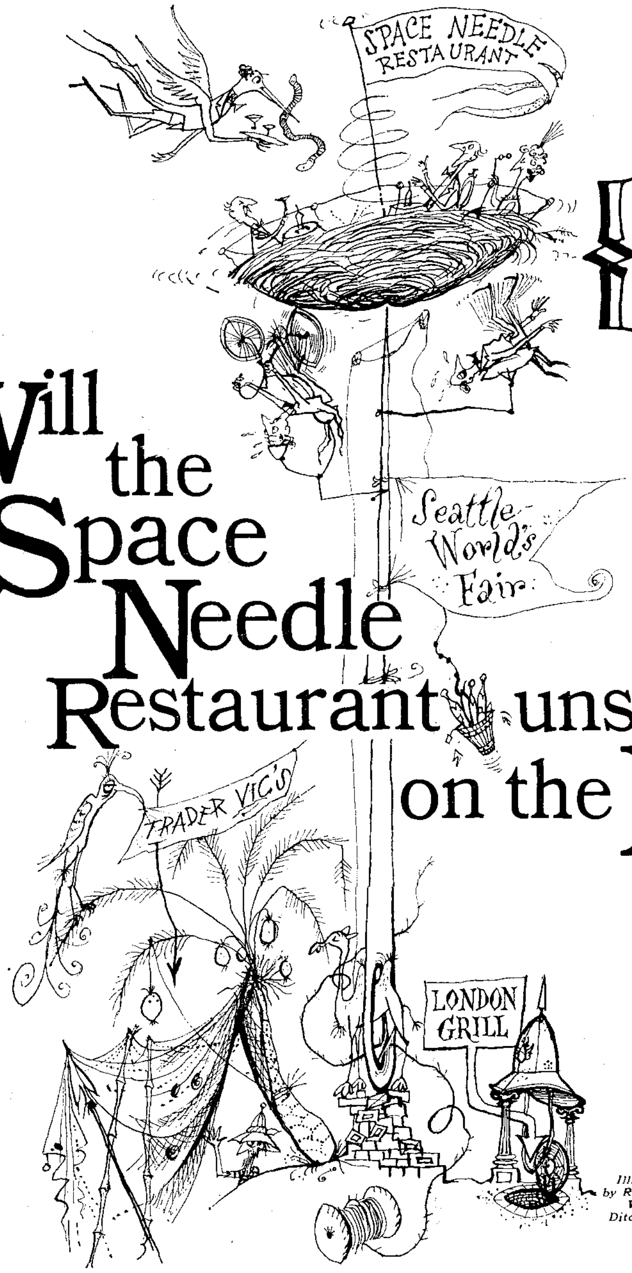

Illustration by Rowland Emett, Wild Goose Cottage, Ditchling, Sussex

No. The space needle restaurant will not unscrew itself. Matter of fact, we'd be surprised if the needle is threaded. It's probably more like a wheel on an axle, like a covered wagon on its side.

Can you head right up to the top of the Seattle World's Fair and start eating? Probably.

However, we of the Benson in Portland suggest a training course in feet-on-the-ground dining similar to the one that the space needle manager took.

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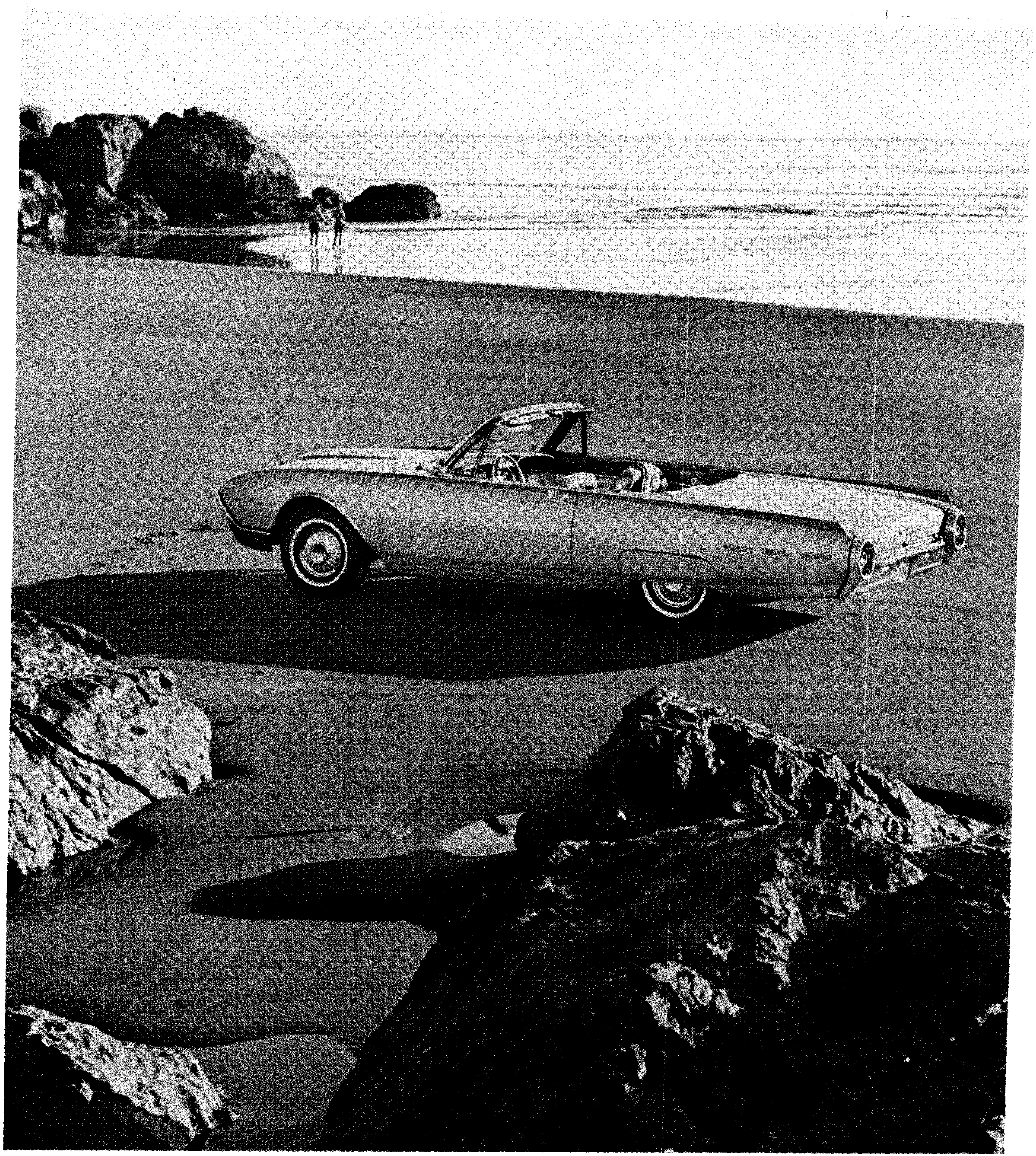

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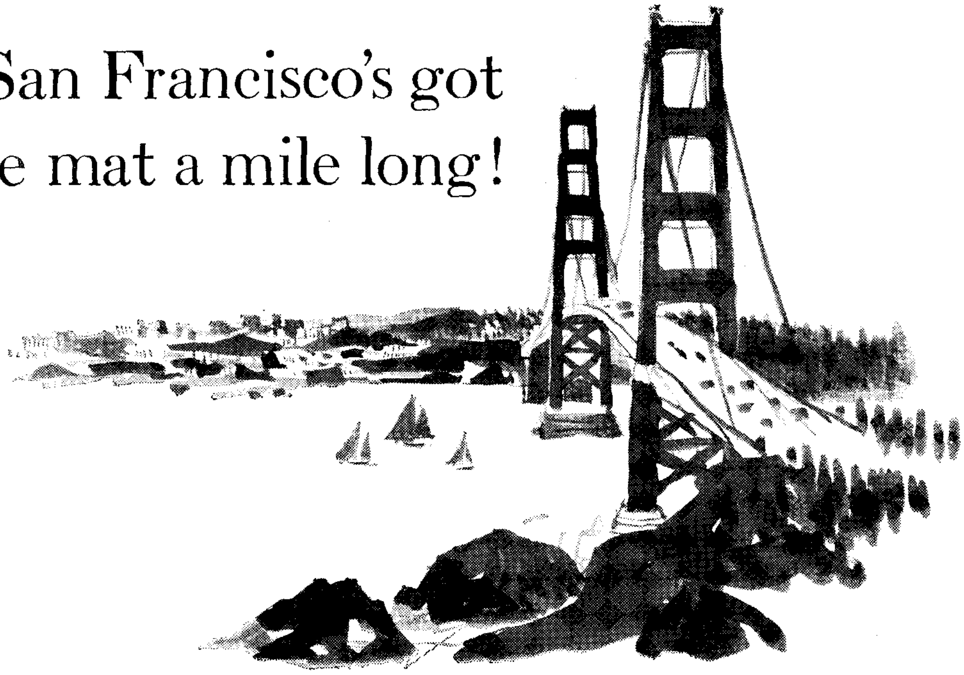

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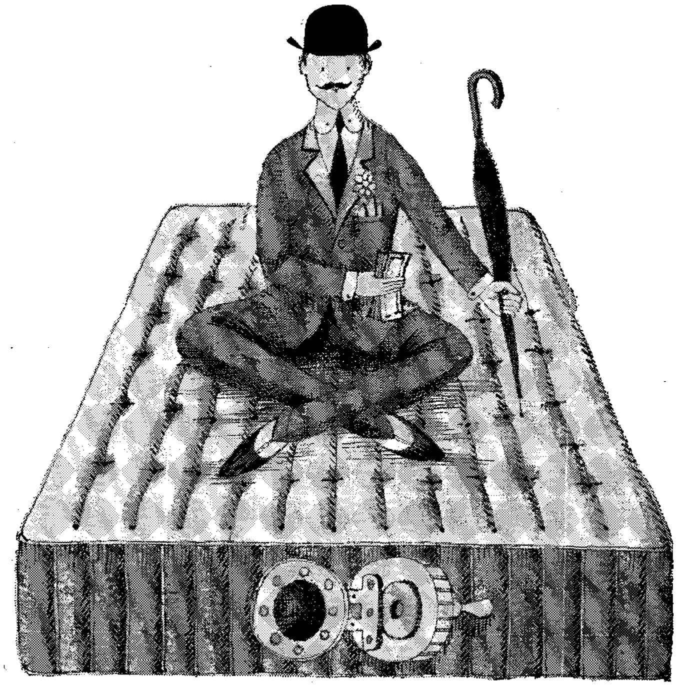

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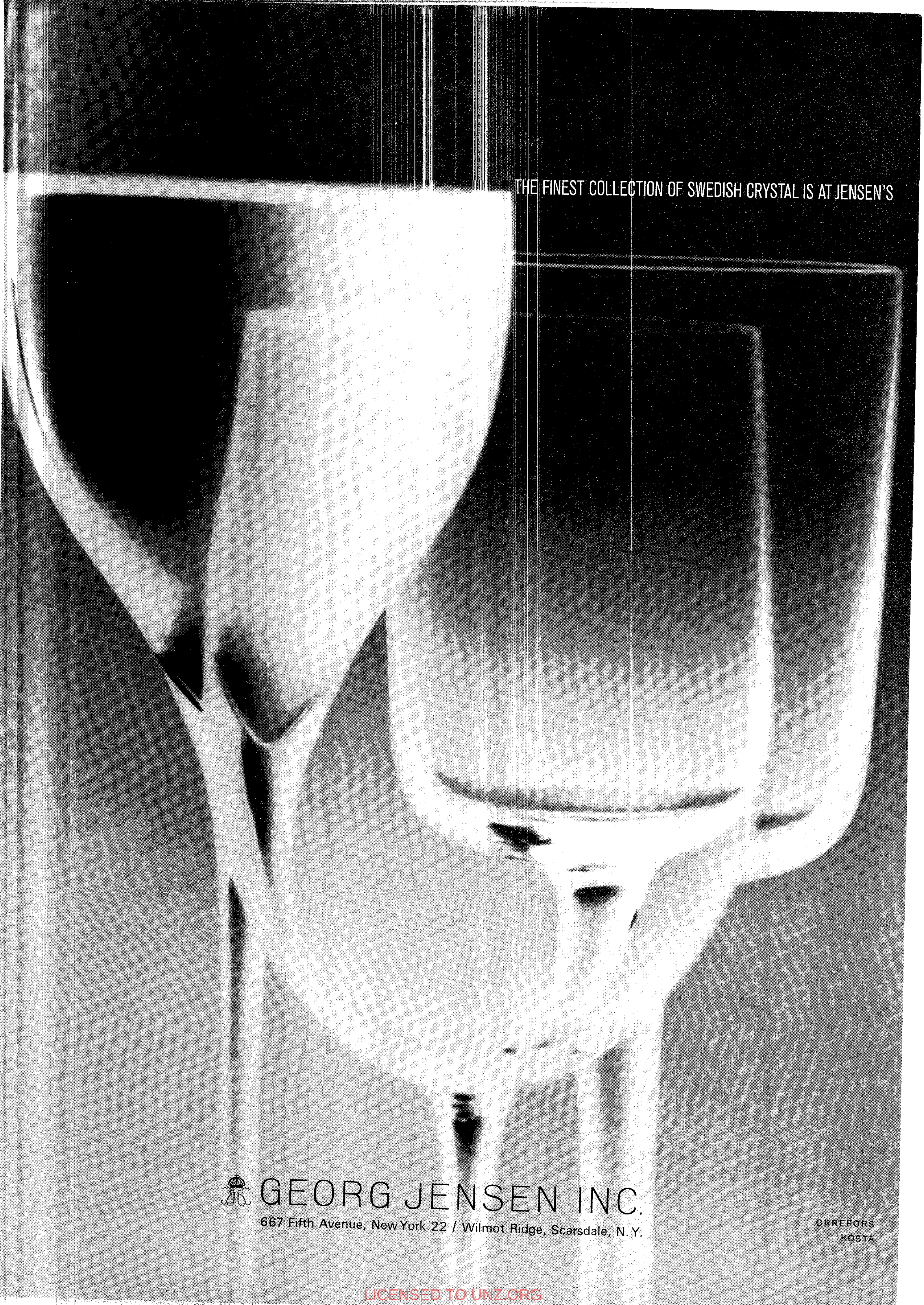
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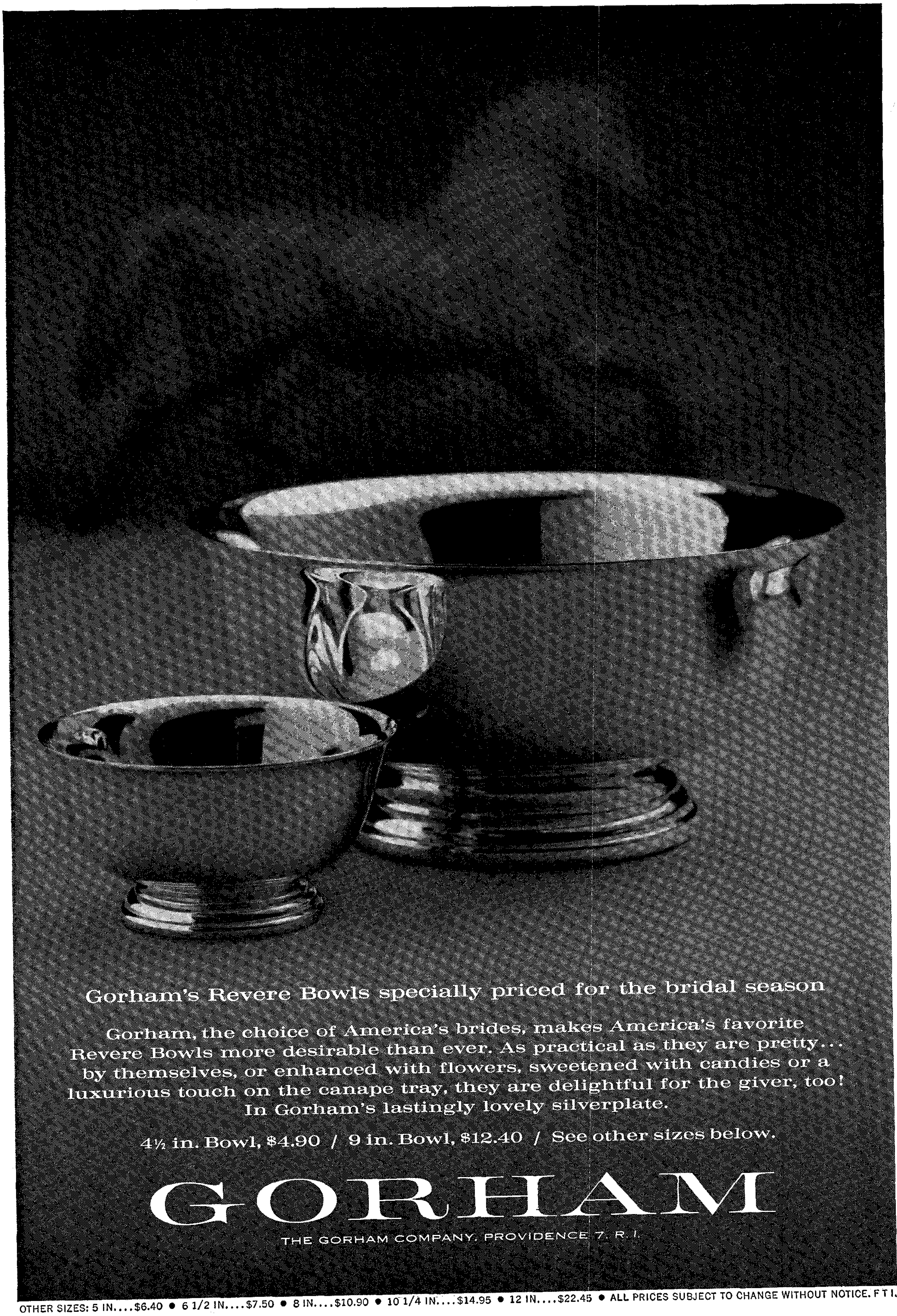

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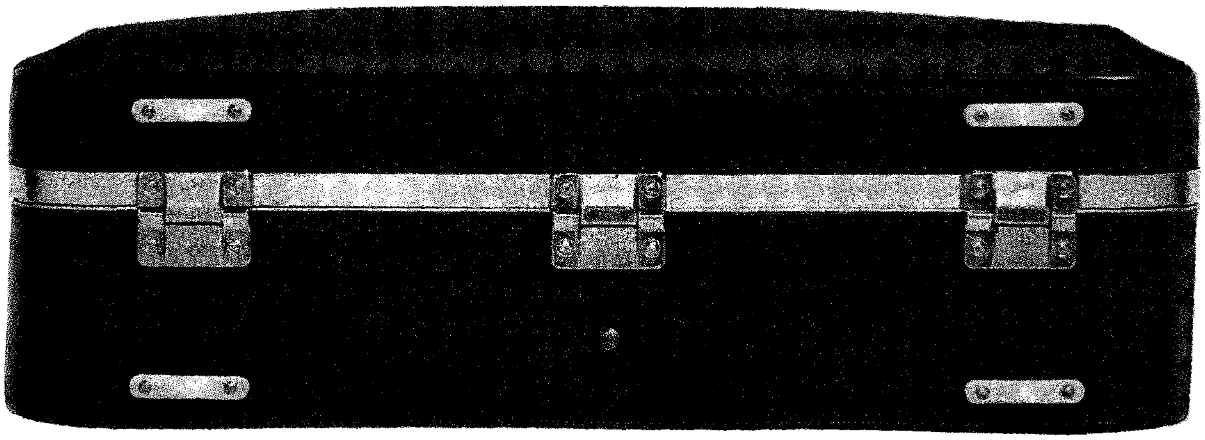

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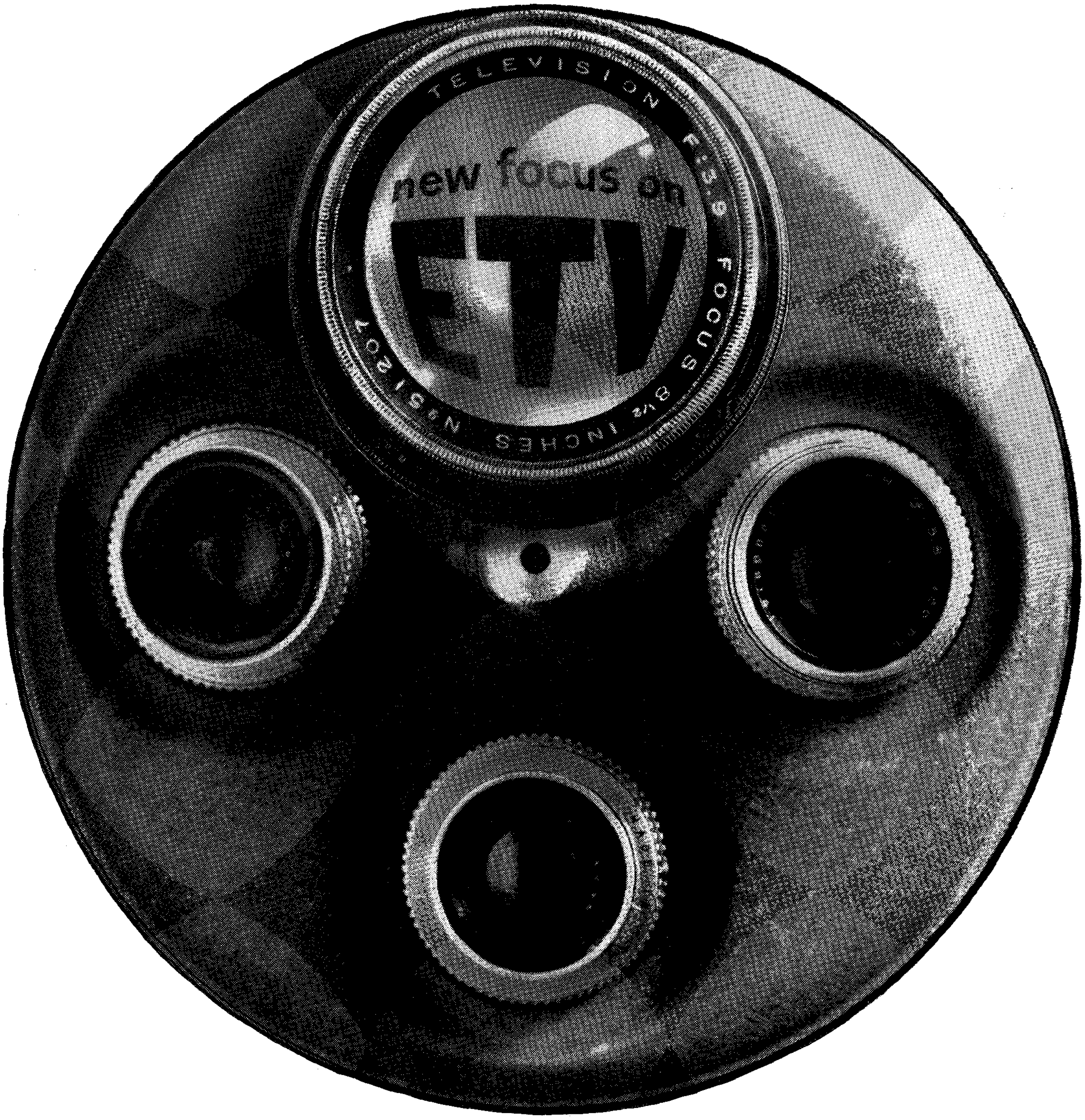


How the Bell System is helping to develop Educational Television Systems

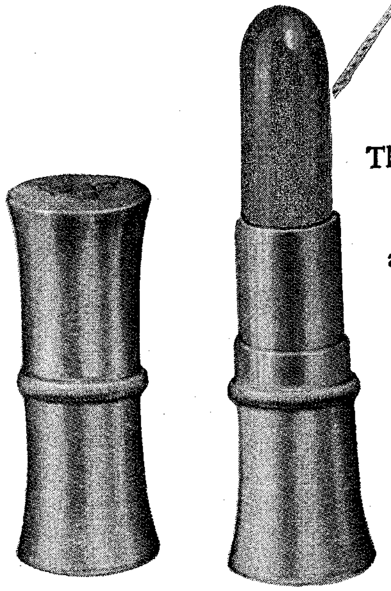
The Bell System has long been providing transmission facilities for commercial broadcasting. Now this technical know-how is being applied to the job of setting up educational television systems for schools throughout the nation.

The Bell Telephone System has already aided in the development of the largest ETV network—South Carolina's state-wide system—and the largest school district system—in Hagerstown, Maryland.

More important, the Bell System now has a newly designed low-cost service to meet the specific needs of educational television in school areas of every size.

If you'd like to know more about educational television and its possible use in your local schools, call the Manager of your local Bell Telephone Company for information.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE CROWN PRINCESS

THE AMAZING X-GEL
new shape–new formula

The smallest lipstick case in the smartest purses holds amazing news in make-up. This new X-Gel formula gives your lips a young dimension, gives color a cushion to preen from—more shimmer, more light, a drenching of moisture. Sixteen beautiful, luminous colors in the daring Crown Princess.

–it's small, smart, new!

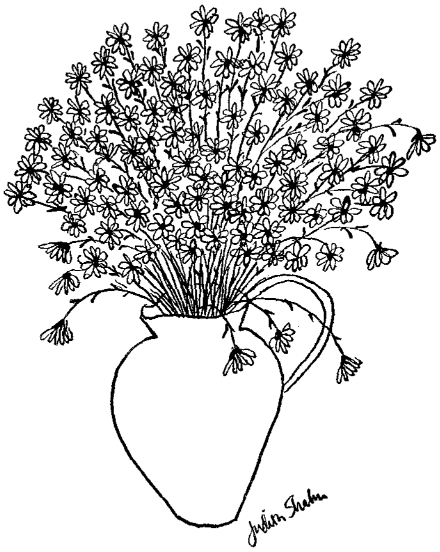
SCANDIA
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

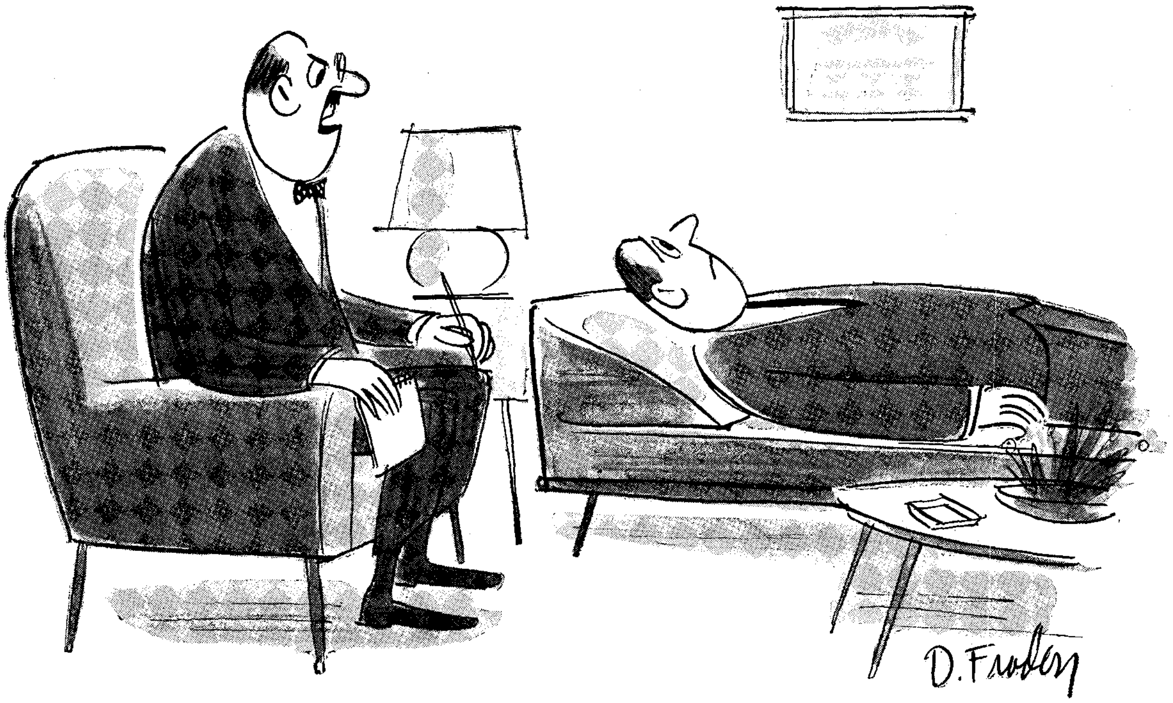
THE Great Steel Crisis ended with an obeisance to folklore that reminded us of the last scene of "The Threepenny Opera," when the Queen's Messenger arrives with a pardon for the prisoner. The *Times* and veiled spokesmen for steel announced that the Play of the Free Market had asserted itself and settled the situation. The President soothingly concurred, although he knew that if a free market in steel had in fact existed, he would have had no reason for concern when five major companies synchronously raised their prices. Customers who rejected the increase could have gone elsewhere, and that would have been that. The synchronists, however, controlled, among them, seventy-five per cent of the productive capacity in the country—a statistic from *Iron Age*, a trade magazine. Since production stood at about eighty per cent, the undeclared, or unsynchronized, smaller companies, controlling only twenty-five per cent of capacity, could have handled only a minute portion of the rebellious customers. They, presumably, were working at four-fifths capacity already, like the big ones. That would have left only five per cent of the national capacity free to handle the rush—the same problem as trying to get a baseball crowd into a telephone booth. Practically everybody, including the Defense Department, would have been left with no place to go except out of business. By Friday, April 13th, the day after Mr. Roger M. Blough's disastrous television appearance, the steel people, we imagine, had begun to understand the probable consequences, legal and political, of having created a captive market. A story we saw in the *Post* that afternoon said, "Industry leaders conceded yesterday that they would have to roll back the price hikes if the companies stood firm." The particular companies they were referring to were Inland and Armco, two relatively piffling corporations (each controlling about five and a half per cent of the national capacity) that had not yet boosted prices. Irresistibly, this reminded us of a German general at Cherbourg, after D-Day, who said that he was eager to fight to the death but conceded that his position would become humanly untenable if the Americans would be kind enough to bring around one tank, whereupon he would be reluctantly compelled to surrender. Saturday morning's papers announced that officials of Inland, upon being solicited by the government—and, we suspect, by colleagues in the industry—had refused to be tail-end Charlie in the price-raising parade. Seldom can it have fallen to the lot of one little group of men so completely to gratify both parties to what was advertised as a death struggle. The *Times* said editorially, "The refusal of two relatively small companies—Inland and Kaiser—to join the parade started by United States Steel forced a collapse of the industry front in support of higher prices." It saved face for everybody and pointed the way to a kinder, though less ingenuous, era in public debate. Britain has already demonstrated the virtues of a system whereby a government exercises power in the name of a sovereign who has no power. The President and steel have bowed to the Play of the Free Market.



Scout

WE recently told you of Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide, who was in town to participate in the fiftieth anniversary of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. Since the celebration of the anniversary continues all year, we are now seizing the opportunity to tell you of another indomitable Scout, Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, who in 1920 became the second president of the organization in this country, succeeding Juliette Gordon Low, its founder here. Mrs. Choate was a goddaughter of Mrs. Low, who died in 1927, and although she was herself succeeded in office by Mrs. Herbert Hoover after only two years, she is still a power at Girl Scout headquarters, at 830 Third Avenue. Mrs. Choate is a strapping woman in her seventies, with a ruddy, good-humored face, who still rides, sidesaddle, on her estate, in Pleasantville. We met her, like Lady Baden-Powell, over a cup of tea, which she takes straight, and for the occasion she was wearing a pair of stout black walking shoes, a severe black dress with useful large pockets, and a pair of glasses anchored by a black string that was firmly rooted in the depths of her gray hair. We asked her to pick up the Girl Scout saga where Lady Baden-Powell had left off—with Mrs. Low's voyage home on the R.M.S. Arcadian early in 1912 after a trip to England that had introduced her to that country's three-year-old Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements and to their founder, the future Lord Baden-Powell, who, with the future Lady Baden-Powell, was also aboard the Arcadian.

"Mrs. Low was a small, attractive woman with lovely brown hair," Mrs. Choate began. "She was quick-witted and entertaining, and, though quite deaf, a formidably powerful and persuasive person. When she left the Ar-



"Suppose you tell me your troubles, not Casey Stengel's."

• •

cadian and returned to Savannah, her native city, she wasted no time; she called a cousin who ran a girls' school there and said, 'Come right over! I've got something for the girls of Savannah, and all America, and all the world, and we're going to start it tonight!' Mrs. Low's grandmother, who had been captured by Indians as a child and held for two years, had been given an Indian name meaning Little Ship Under Full Sail, and the name suited Mrs. Low, too. On March 12, 1912, she gathered twelve girls together and organized a troop of Girl Guides, signing up her own niece, Miss Daisy Gordon, as the first member. Characteristically, she had neglected to inform her niece of the honor, but Miss Gordon discovered it, all right, for she has been featured as such on all special Girl Scout occasions ever since. Mrs. Low corralled friends into starting troops of Guides in other cities, and then popped off to England in the summer of 1912. She returned six months later to find that the Guides were calling themselves Scouts, to be more like their brothers. Lord Baden-Powell had chosen the name Guides in honor of his old regiment in India, and he didn't approve of the change at all. In 1919, Lord Baden-Powell stayed with me during a visit to New York, and we spent an entire evening haggling over the name. He had Mr. James E. West, Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts of America, on his side, but I didn't give an inch!"

Mention of the bygone battle evidently made Mrs. Choate thirsty, for, with pursed lips, she poured herself another cup of tea. After a sip, she continued, "In 1913, Mrs. Low moved the headquarters from Savannah to Washington, and in 1915 she had the Scout charter incorporated there. She was a seemingly scatterbrained person who actually had a good deal of common sense—which, of course, she never hesitated to throw out the window when she really wanted to do something. I, for instance, would *never* have thought of a charter! Over the next few years, she interested many Washington people in the movement, among them General and Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Price, and both the first and second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, most of whom were later on our board of directors. Mrs. Low used her deafness to advantage in cudgelling people into carrying out her wishes; she would put on her earphones, hold out her receiving box, talk, say 'That's all settled,' and tune out before you could say no. In 1916, she again moved the headquarters, this time to 17 West Forty-second Street, in New York. At that time, she came to see me in Pleasantville and asked me to organize a Girl Scout council there. I refused. 'All you'll have to do is pin on badges once a year,' she said, unplugging her machine. Further protests were useless.

"During the First World War, the membership of the Girl Scouts jumped from one thousand to over forty thousand. American girls were restless and wanted to do something for the war effort. To meet the challenge, Mrs. Low announced one day in 1915 that she was going to have a national Girl Scout convention. I had never been to any kind of convention, and I couldn't imagine what she was going to have. 'I will be elected president, and you will be vice-president,' she told me, by way of explanation. When I declined, she said firmly, 'If you don't accept the vice-presidency, I'll give you a job that really *will* require some work.' Mrs. Low had an uncanny ability to attract leading citizens to her cause, and after the convention—which, needless to say, voted as she had predicted—the board grew by leaps and bounds. It already included her most intimate friends—the Woods, the first Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Snowden Marshall, Mr. Ted Coy, and me. Dr. James Russell, Dean of Columbia Teachers College, came on the board at this time, bringing some of the college's directors with him, including Mrs. V. Everit Macy, who later lent us her house, on Fifth Avenue, to use for training courses. In the spring of 1917, Mrs. James J. Storrow came down from Boston, knitting for the soldiers all the time. Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Walter Rothschild, and Mrs. Nicholas Brady joined the board then, too. Our meetings were usually held at Miss Llewellyn Parsons' huge house, at 99 Park Avenue. We used to lure new board members from the suffragette movement; that's how we got Mrs. Frederick Edey, who later became a Girl Scout president."

Mrs. Choate drained her teacup and went on, "After the war, Mrs. Low thought it was time to bring the Baden-Powells to America for a tour of inspection. In New York, Lord Baden-Powell, like all Englishmen at the time, wanted to see the Bronx Zoo. Mrs. Hammond had a reception for them at her house, at 9 East Ninety-first Street, and I remember we had the devil of a time getting Lady Baden-Powell out of her uniform and into a black satin evening dress. Mrs. Low always felt self-conscious in uniform, though eight years later she was buried in one. She didn't like to be conspicuous, she said, and on trips she used to disguise herself by draping a huge purple scarf over her Girl Scout hat and tying it under her chin."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The house at 20 Grand Street, Stonington, Connecticut, is for sale. Asking price: twenty thousand dollars.

An item in the News and Notes section of the *American Journal of Sociology* for March is entitled "Erratum in Errata."

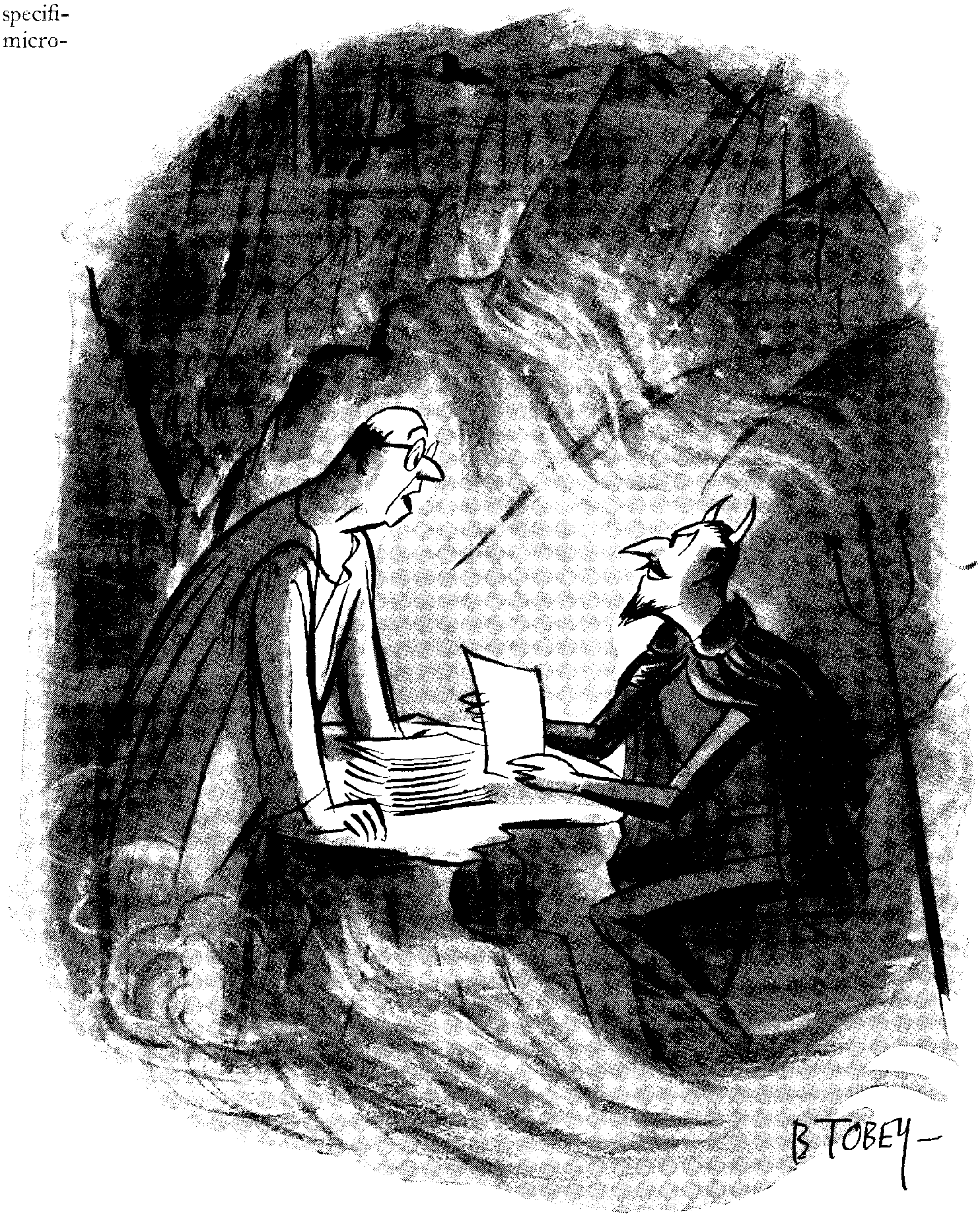
On the Wing

THIS is a story about some of the wonders lately made possible by microminiaturization, and, more specifically, about the degree to which microminiaturization has helped marry radio telemetry to ecology, the study of animals in relation to their natural environment. (In this case, microminiaturization is the development of tiny radio transmitters and other electronic equipment. Radio telemetry is the wireless transmission of electrical impulses that gauge various characteristics of a distant object.) A century ago, Lord Kelvin promulgated the classic law of science that holds that the addition of a measuring instrument should not alter the thing being measured, and the way in which microminiaturization has at last made it possible for contemporary biologists to carry on research in accordance with this law was vividly manifested at a recent get-together of some fifty scientists and engineers held at the Museum of Natural History under the fearsome, tentlike title of "Interdisciplinary Conference on the Use of Telemetry in Animal Behavior and Physiology."

We stopped in at the conference and were kindly adopted by Dr. Wesley E. Lanyon, Assistant Curator of Ornithology at the Museum and a man who is not afraid to put things in a nutshell. "Even as late as four years ago, people in my field couldn't hope to measure the physical responses of birds under truly natural circumstances, as in free flight," he said. "A one-pound pigeon simply couldn't get off the ground with the equipment that was then required to gather information. Now we can fasten a tiny gadget called a transducer to a bird, let him go, and pick up electrical signals with a receiver on the ground for distances of up to a mile. With a little calculation, the signals can be translated into the bird's rate of heartbeat in flight, and so on."

Dr. Lanyon introduced us to a Norwegian colleague, Einar Eliassen, of the Zoological Laboratory of the University of Bergen, whose specialty is wild ducks. From a capacious jacket pocket Dr. Eliassen extracted a box, and from the box he extracted a tube the size of our little finger. This, he told us, contained everything that was needed to communicate the heartbeat and body temperature of a wild duck in flight. "We've had an easy time discovering how much energy a sitting duck uses," he said. "Now we're beginning to learn what goes on in the air. My ducks wear these transmitters in a sort of rucksack strapped to their backs and wear an antenna on a leather pad on their breasts, and don't seem to mind them a bit."

From wild ducks we were handed along to woodchucks, which are doted on by Dr. H. Gray Merriam, of the University of Texas. Dr. Merriam showed us a relief model of a field he makes use of, which has fifty natural burrows and a population of fifteen woodchucks. Having placed tiny transmitters—more properly known, it



"Does this mean that when the roll is called up yonder I won't be there?"

seems, as squelching oscillators—under the skin of thirteen of the woodchucks and having hidden suitable receiving equipment nearby, Dr. Merriam has been able to monitor the woodchucks' movements just as much as he cares to for over a year now, and has amassed far more data on how woodchucks kill time than even the oldest and wisest woodchuck is likely to possess. He opened a folder he had been carrying under his arm, and read aloud, with relish, a characteristic entry: "At 3:45 P.M. on July 5th, 1961, Woodchuck 12 left Burrow 37 and went over to Burrow 12, where he met Woodchuck 9. Woodchuck 9 then immediately left Burrow 12 and crossed the entire field to Burrow 7, where he remained for one hour and then returned to Burrow 12—after Woodchuck 12 had gone away." Dr. Merriam put a lot of feeling into his reading of the word "after," and added, as he closed the folder, "It'll be some while before we know why Woodchuck 9 left Burrow 12 when Woodchuck 12 dropped in. It may be that variety is the spice of life for woodchucks, as for us, or it may be that Woodchuck 9 simply doesn't care for Woodchuck 12."

Transmitters have been successfully planted on rabbits, skunks, pheasants, and raccoons, and, in the insect world, on cockroaches, but so far marine biologists have been unable to take advantage of them in studying fish and turtles, because water grounds radio waves. We gather that everyone in marine biology is dying to know how turtles contrive to migrate so accurately. Do they make use of the stars or the sun? Do they use ocean currents? Or do they merely keep an eye on the adjacent shoreline as they navigate from one part of the ocean to another? Alas, until an efficient submarine transmitter is invented the telemetry of turtles will have to remain landbound and thus deplorably incomplete. We next learned that among the more promising experiments now being conducted on land is one involving *Ursus horribilis*, or the grizzly bear. One of the largest grumbles of grizzlies—two hundred in number—is in Yellowstone National Park, and there Dr. Frank C. Craighead, Jr., of Montana State University, is devotedly telemetering them. Dr. Craighead, whom we quickly sought out, told us that he fears that this much-hunted animal may be on the verge of extinction, and that in order to get data on this and other crucial ursine matters he and a brave team of helpers have been shooting grizzlies with darts containing a tranquillizer and then, while the grizzlies dozed, have fastened plastic-covered wire necklaces, containing transmitters, about their powerful throats. A hundred and twenty-two grizzlies are currently being stalked, at a safe distance, by Dr. Craighead and company. Dr. Craighead figures that by the end of 1965 he will know enough to be able eventually to "manage" the community, and perhaps even control its environment, so as to preserve the species. *Ursus horribilis*, by his unwitting transmission of a continuous beep-beep, may well be insuring his own longevity.

Appeal

A SURLY bachelor of our acquaintance recently moved to a brighter, roomier apartment, which is, unfortunately, next door to a prosperous factory and its whistle. After a while, he became used to hearing a few short whistle blasts every morning, but one day the toots unaccountably increased both in number and in duration, and the new routine was kept up. Several irate letters to the management apparently went unnoticed, so the bachelor tried a new approach. Switching his pen to his left hand, he wrote:

> DEAR MR. FACTORY OWNER:
>
> I am an eight-year-old boy and your whistle wakes my Daddy up too early and he gets very mad at me. Will you please not blow it so much.

The matter was corrected the next day.

"A," "B," "C"

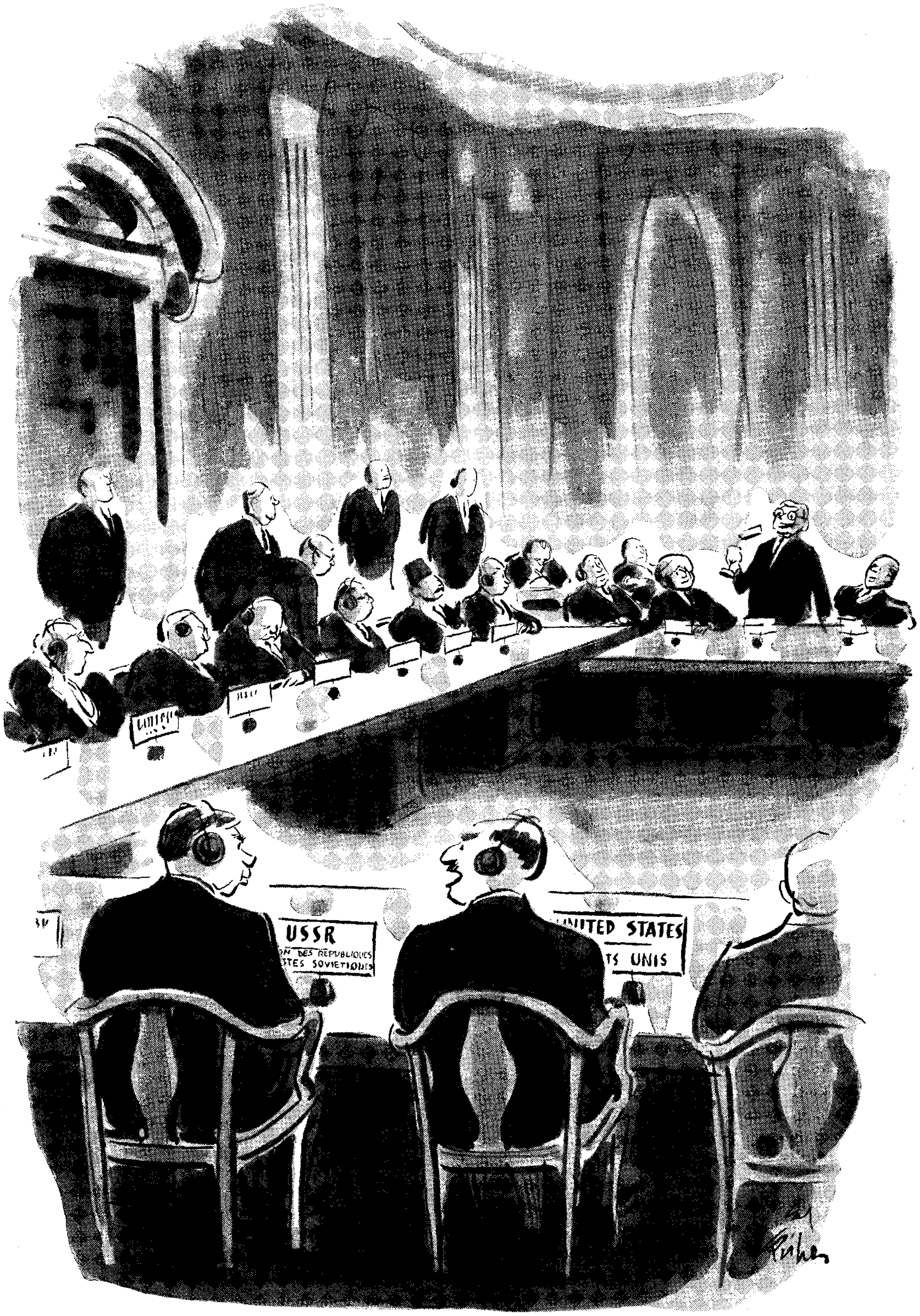
BEING hobbyless, we rarely succeed in working up much enthusiasm over other people's hobbies, but we make an exception in the case of hobbies that are basically and unashamedly absurd. Having heard just such a hobby attributed to Edmund G. Love, author of "Subways Are for Sleeping" (the book on which the show is based), we telephoned him to check on the report. "Is it true that for some years now you have been eating your way alphabetically through the restaurant section of the Manhattan Classified Directory?" we asked. At the far end of the phone, Mr. Love gave an apologetic laugh. "Yes, but I never *intended* to do it," he said. "I started at 'A' nine years ago, and I'm now working on the 'H-I-J's. I have Joe's Restaurant, at 1017 Third Avenue, on my schedule for tonight. Would you care to join me there?"

We jumped at the chance. Joe's Restaurant proved to be a red-checked-tablecloth establishment specializing in Italian food, and Mr. Love proved to be a buoyant, cherubic-looking man of fifty. Over a Martini, and with the zest of a professional storyteller, he gave us the time, place, and circumstance of his hobby's birth. "Back in 1953, I was drifting around New York doing odd jobs," he said. "One day I was broke. I felt like getting out of the city for a while, so I went over to New Jersey and found work cutting and weighing cheese in a supermarket in Morristown. It was going to be ten days until payday, and the only food I could afford to eat was scraps of cheese and whatever meat I could cadge from the fellow next to me, who was working on a meat-slicing machine. For ten days, he threw meat to me as if I were a friendly seal—mostly pastrami. When payday finally arrived, I decided to come back to New York, look for a better job, and then treat myself to a decent dinner. After job-hunting all day, I opened the yellow pages and picked one of the first restaurants listed—A La Fourchette, on West Forty-sixth Street. It turned out to be a fine place, so the next time I felt I deserved a treat, I took the same gamble. After A La Fourchette in the Classified came a few luncheonettes, which were closed in the evening, and then Al & Dick's Steak House, on West Fifty-fourth Street. I went there and had another good dinner. Two strokes of luck turned into a principle. I was hooked."

As soon as Mr. Love had got a regular job in New York, he buckled down to his new-found hobby, picking off "A" restaurants at the rate of a couple a week and eating his way well into the "B"s by the end of a year. Now, as he put away a veal cutlet parmigiana with ravioli and green salad, washed down by a half bottle of Bardolino, he estimated that he had spent between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars on his hobby thus far and had visited between a thousand and eleven hundred restaurants. His regular schedule calls for him to visit two new restaurants a week, on nights when his wife, a reference librarian at the Public Library, is working late. Every restaurant at which Love eats goes on what he calls List A, and restaurants that he likes especially well go on List B. He makes a point of taking his wife to all the restaurants on this list; the restaurants that he and she both like especially well go on List C. Sooner or later, the Loves return with guests to all their List C restaurants. Restaurants that the guests share the Loves' enthusiasm for go on an ultra-refined List D, which at present contains forty-nine names.

"I'm no Duncan Hines," Mr. Love told us, sipping black coffee. "I'm not going to write a book about restaurants. As a matter of fact, I have another hobby—walking. Every day, I walk from five to fifteen miles, and I try to walk in a different section of the city each time. On my walks, I manage to get a look at all the restaurants in the Classified that I don't actually eat at, like the luncheonettes. I've been to see all forty-one Horn & Hardarts. I haven't eaten at them, because until lately none of them had a bar."

The "H"s in Horn & Hardart prompted us to ask how Love happened to be on the "H"s, "I"s, and "J"s simultaneously. "I had to stop following the alphabet with perfect precision a few years ago, when I hit twenty-four Chinese restaurants in a row—the China this, the China that," he said. "It was just too much. For variety, I take the restaurants in groups of fifty-two and skip around inside a group. The next restaurant on my list is Jack and Charlie's '21.' I have nine restaurants left on my 'H-I-J' list. The next batch runs from the Jumble Shop to L'Escale. Most of the batch is 'La' this or 'Le' that. A La Fourchette is no longer one of the first restaurants in the Classified, by the way; it's listed under 'La' and 'Fourchette.' Some of the restaurants I've been to, like the Chaumière, have closed, and others, like the Café Chauveron and The Four Seasons, have opened; if I live long enough, I hope to go back and pick up the new ones. I swear off in summer and devote the time to losing twenty-five pounds, which is about what I put on every year. I'm not a gourmet, you know. I'm just having a good time."



"Who the hell is he to be optimistic?"

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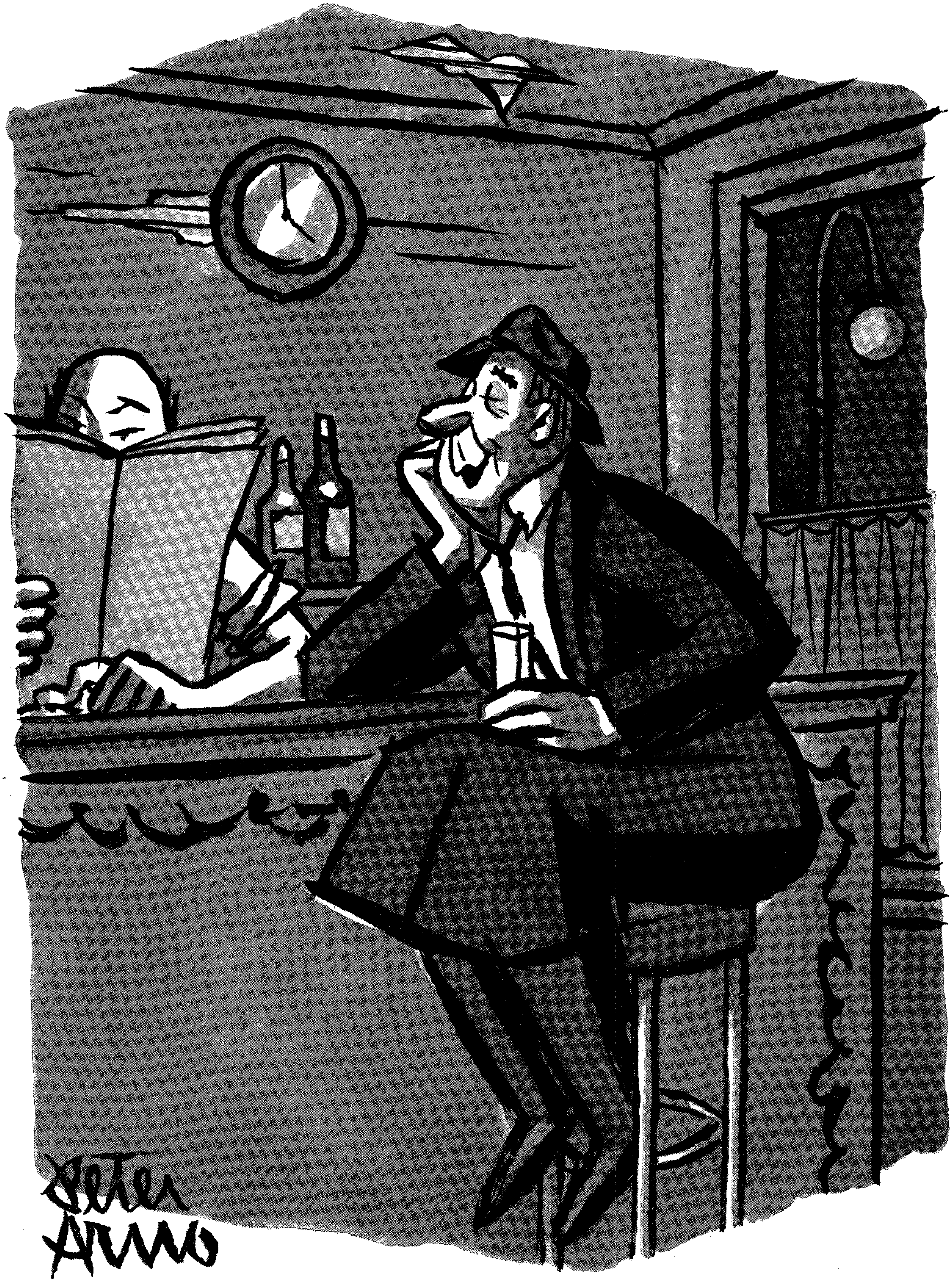
Neat

A FRIEND of ours who was bound for foreign parts stopped in at his bank the other day to withdraw his stock certificates from the vault, since his accountant was to be in charge of them during his absence. This left his safe-deposit box empty, for the time being, and as he handed it back to the attendant, he remarked on the fact. The attendant—a middle-aged man, as is our friend—unlocked the door to the outer world and commented, "Well, it's a good time to die, safe-deposit-boxwise."



"You know, I like this place. What time do you open tomorrow?"

IF IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR

Hollywood book dealer Bradley Smith last night was found guilty of violating state obscenity laws by selling a copy of Henry Miller's novel, "Tropic of Cancer."

The verdict returned by the jury of three men and nine women ended the six-week Municipal Court trial that followed the arrest of the 31-year-old bookdealer last October. . . .

Judge Kenneth A. Holaday, who presided over the lengthy trial, told the jurors he would like to give each of them "a medal for public service well and faithfully performed."

At that point, one of the jurors, Mrs. Lillian M. Lake, stood up and told the judge the jury had a gift for him, commenting, "We could not have stood through this for six weeks without your smile."

They presented the jurist with a tie clasp and then gave bailiff Jerome Shapiro and court clerk Richard Key a box of imported chocolate candy, which Mrs. Lake described as her "favorite pep pills."—*Hollywood Citizen-News.*

SCENE: *A jury room in the Hall of Justice, in Los Diablos, California. At stage center, a conference table flanked by chairs and littered with scratch pads. Beside door at left stands a coat tree festooned with variegated plastic rain wear. A wall clock bearing an advertisement for a prominent cut-rate mortuary proclaims the time as shortly past two. The stage is deserted at rise. Then door opens to admit a bailiff—whose name, by an extraordinary coincidence, happens to be Morris Bailiff—shepherding a panel of jurors, the majority of them female. While the individual members differ somewhat in age and weight, they are all typical Californians, leathery and exuberant yet plainly moribund. They straggle into place around the table as Bailiff withdraws.*

MRS. PFLAUM (*aggrievedly*): That piece of soup meat they gave me was like rubber. If I served it to my husband, he'd throw it in my face.

MISS FABRICI: All the food there is terrible. Did you see the cottage pie Mr. Robinette ordered? It was nothing but cornstarch—wasn't it, Mr. Robinette?

ROBINETTE (*sepulchrally*): Gastritis. I'd just as soon pour cement in my stomach.

MRS. TONKONOGY: Well, it's your own fault. I told you to try their special plate, the Yucatán-style chicken.

ROBINETTE: What's the name of it again?

MRS. TONKONOGY: Chicken-Itza. They fry it on hot stones, according to a lost Aztec recipe.

SHUBKIN: Ah, why don't you people stop kidding yourselves? It's one big racket, the restaurants in this neighborhood.

MISS PALMQUIST: There he goes again.

SHUBKIN: I know what I'm talking about—I've been on plenty of juries! No matter where they take you to eat, the judge always gets a rakeoff.

MRS. LATIGO: Not Judge Faulhaber. Judge Faulhaber wouldn't stoop to a petty stunt like that.

MISS FABRICI: No, he certainly would not. He's a very superior type person, and you ought to be ashamed, casting such aspersions. (*All the ladies attest loudly to the Judge's incorruptibility. Robinette pounds the table for order.*)

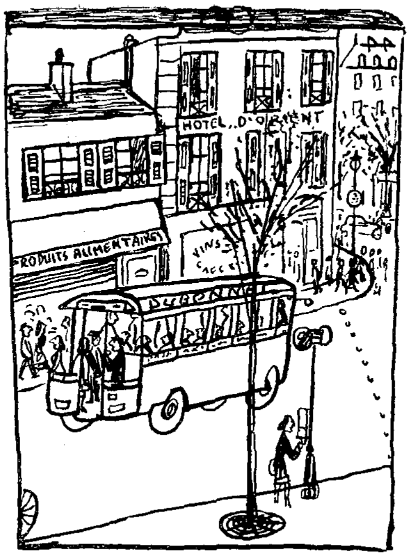
ROBINETTE: Now, let's not fritter away the afternoon, for God's sake. We have to reach a decision on this case.

MISS PALMQUIST: What's there to decide? We heard the evidence—the man's guilty.

SHUBKIN: Says you. I happen to think he's innocent.

ROBINETTE: Please, folks—will you kindly stop squabbling so I can review the highlights once more? . . . All right, here's the background. On January 14th last, the plaintiff, Virgil Chubb, of Pellagra Springs, Colorado, entered a souvenir shop on Hollydew Boulevard belonging to Sam Bronislaw, the defendant. Bronislaw sold him a postcard that showed a young woman buried up to her neck in oranges spilling out of a cornucopia, with the caption "Lotsa goodies out here in the Southland."

SHUBKIN: One minor detail before you proceed. This, er, babe on the postcard—was it established that she was naked under the oranges?



ROBINETTE: What's that got to do with it?

SHUBKIN: I was just trying to clarify the scene in my mind's eye.

ROBINETTE: Well, the prosecution didn't stress the point other than to say that the card had an adverse effect on Chubb. It inspired him with lustful thoughts, causing him to visit a massage parlor on South Hermosa Avenue, where he was rolled. Bronislaw, when taken into custody, denied he was the instigator of the affair. In hundreds of similar sales, he asserted, no customer had ever had their libido aroused nor their wallet glommed. He contended that besides being visibly ginned up on entering the store, Chubb wore an unmistakable leer. As for criminal responsibility, Bronislaw added, he himself was merely a retailer; if there was any onus, it rested on the manufacturer of the cards, the Thomas Peeping Corporation, of Chicago.

MRS. PFLAUM (*with a snort*): Excuses—he's trying to wriggle out of it.

MISS FABRICI: What are we shilly-shallying around for? Judge Faulhaber as much as told us to bring in a guilty verdict.

MRS. TONKONOGY: A fair-minded man like he couldn't do anything else. I hope he gives that smut merchant a good stiff sentence. At least twenty years.

MRS. LATIGO: He should get life, the no-good crumb.

SHUBKIN: Hold on a minute, everybody. I've got a right to my opinion, and I still say the Court is prejudiced.

ROBINETTE: Why? Simply because His Honor owns a shoe store next to the defendant's place of business?

SHUBKIN (*doggedly*): Well, you heard Bronislaw's testimony. He claimed that the Judge was using pressure to squeeze him out so he could expand. He tried to cancel his lease, he engaged hoodlums to throw acid on the stock, he even came in personally and threatened to break Bronislaw's arm.

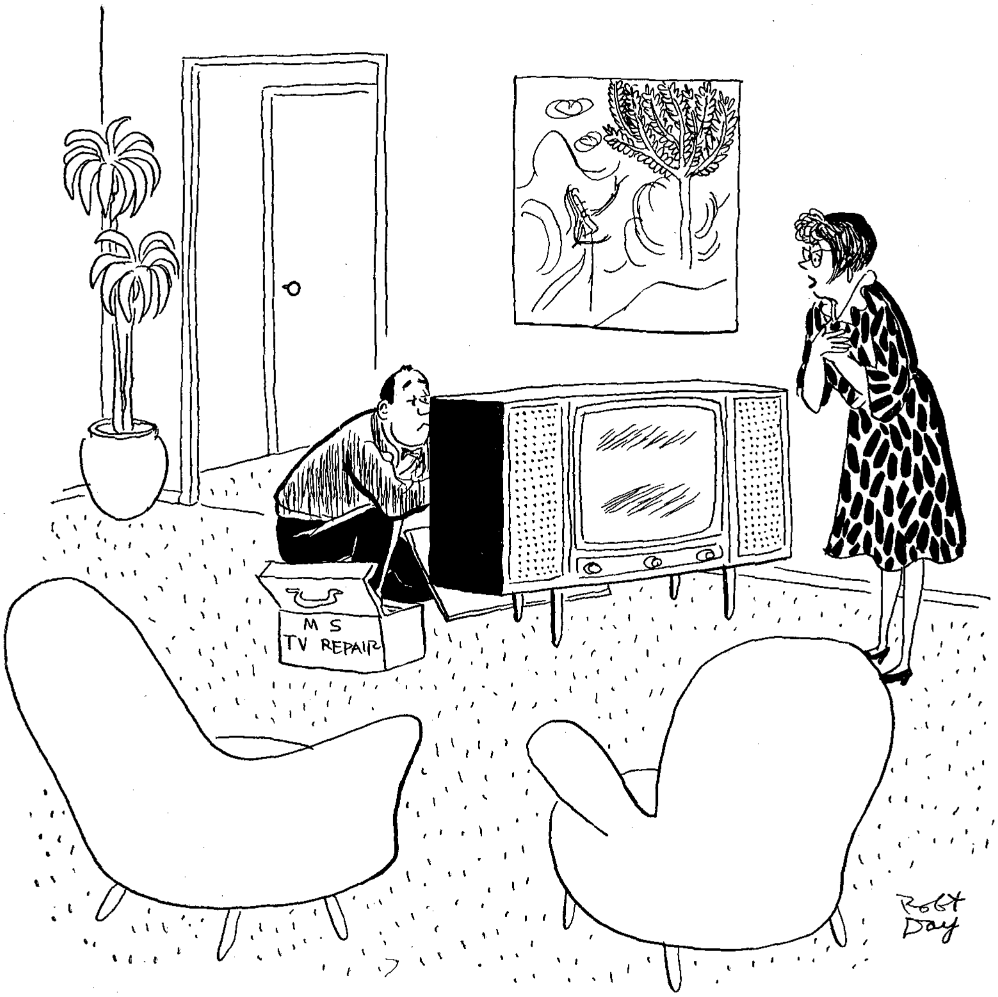
MISS FABRICI: So what? You want to prevent someone from using up-to-date methods on account of he's a jurist?

MISS PALMQUIST: Look, Shubkin, you're in California now, not back East.

MRS. LATIGO: Mr. Foreman, I move that Mr. Shubkin's remark be stricken from the record and that we hear a report from the Gift Committee.

ROBINETTE: I agree. All in favor? (*Resounding approbation*) Very well—I call on Mrs. Tonkonogy.

MRS. TONKONOGY (*reading from*



"Its very last words were 'Good night, David. Good night, Chet.'"

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notebook): A total of $24.70 was collected from the panel to buy presents for Judge Faulhaber and the court attendants. Everybody contributed but Mr. Shubkin. (*All heads swivel toward the malcontent, who reddens in embarrassment.*) Our chief problem, though, was to select appropriate gifts.

Miss Palmquist: I thought we decided on a briefcase and handkerchiefs.

Mrs. Tonkonogy: So you did, but the Committee felt we needed something with more verve—something to fit the personalities of the recipients. Well, we finally found a perfect remembrance for the Judge at a rummage sale in Altadena. A genuine, handmade Russian knout.

Miss Fabrici: That'll make a lovely ornament for his chambers.

Mrs. Tonkonogy: Yes, and practical, too—he can use it on witnesses with sluggish memories. Now, for the clerk and bailiff we chose a more traditional gift, but also full of pep and spice. We bought them each a box of those imported licorice chewies, Afro-Dizzies.

Mrs. Latigo: Well, then, I guess we're about ready to bring in our verdict. How do we stand?

Robinette: Unanimous for conviction, all but Shubkin.

Mrs. Pflaum: Who cares what he thinks? A tightwad that begrudges two dollars shouldn't be allowed a vote.

Miss Palmquist: No, that's unfair. After all, he is a juryman, even if he's a louse.

Robinette: All right, let's have a show of hands. Those for guilty? (*A dozen hands are raised.*) Twelve. Those opposed? (*Shubkin timidly signifies his dissent.*)

Miss Fabrici: Wait a minute—something's wrong. Isn't there an extra person in our midst? (*Sensation. Suddenly, as the panel members gape at each other, Robinette peels off a putty nose and false whiskers, revealing the lineaments of Judge Faulhaber.*)

Mrs. Tonkonogy: Why, Judge Faulhaber, what ever are you doing here?

Faulhaber: Your astonishment is understandable, dear lady. I owe you all a profound apology for my little masquerade. Had it not been for certain special circumstances of this case, I should never have interfered in your deliberations.

Mrs. Pflaum: You mean you possess evidence which you dared not disclose it from the bench?

Faulhaber: Precisely. Being as how my shoe store was contiguous to Sam Bronislaw's mart, I naturally sought to bust up his traffic in lascivious postals, but that was only a tithe of the chap's infamy. He was an inveterate wife-beater. (*The ladies buzz indignantly.*) Yes, many was the sound drubbing I overheard him administer on occasion through the walls. It took iron self-control not to rush in there and cane the ruffian.

Miss Fabrici: Small wonder you strove to abrogate his lease.

Faulhaber: In vain, as you know, so that I was forced to resort to subterfuge. Being as how I have a modest talent for makeup, I assumed the guise of Virgil Chubb, a putative Coloradan, and framed Bronislaw on a bum rap. I think that if you take the trouble to visit South Hermosa Avenue, you will find no massage parlor at that address.

Mrs. Tonkonogy: Well, this *has* been a day packed with surprises, and, judging from his nonplussed expression, to nobody more than our colleague Shubkin.

Shubkin (*sheepishly*): Your Honor, I'm not very good at flowery speeches, but if there were more people like you, this community would be a better place to live in.

Faulhaber (*rounding on him*): What's wrong with this community?

Shubkin: Uh—nothing, nothing. My last shred of recalcitrance is gone. I find Bronislaw guilty as charged, and here's the two dollars I owe the kitty.

Faulhaber: That's more like it. O.K., gang—got those presents you spoke of?

Mrs. Tonkonogy: All wrapped up and ready to go, Judge.

Faulhaber: Then let's file in and hand 'em to the old buzzard.

Mrs. Tonkonogy: But, er, pardon me, sir—aren't *you* the old buzzard?

Miss Fabrici: You're practically the whole works around here, outside of the defendant.

Faulhaber: Damn tooting I am. Just give me a second to don my judicial robes and I'll show you. (*He exits, as the jurors fall into step and march after him to the strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE LUCKY PAIR

SHE picked him out in the sea of dancers. He had kept his head above water—jostled but never submerged, as he jerked his partners up and down. He was not sucked under even when in the final flourishes of a number the ends of dresses lashed together into a wild and briary foam. Not even when the spotlights showed the motes of dust to be a rising flood in which the violinists raised their violins—shoulder-high—as if in the last minutes before catastrophe. She knew him by sight, of course. She knew his name, too. He was Andrew Gill, incoming Auditor of the Students Law Society—the office made him automatically chairman of the dance. And because he was tall, of course the red ribbon with the auditorial insignia was very conspicuous across his shoulders. Did he have to wear those other medals, though, she wondered? Perhaps he *was* conceited, as her fellow first-year students in the Law Faculty declared. She herself was sure he wore them to give dignity to the dance.

He was certainly taking his duties as chairman seriously, talking affably to everyone, like the host at a private dance. He seemed bent on making the night a success. Yet she could see that he himself was hardly enjoying it. He did not appear to have brought along a girl, or to belong to a proper party, and he danced only duty dances. She kept watching him. Wasn't there something patronizing in being so determined that others enjoy what he himself so obviously disdained? Well, *she* wasn't enjoying it, either. She'd far rather be writing up her notes in the reading room of the National Library. And when the night came to an end and she caught sight of him again, in the vestibule, feeling certain that his turning up the collar of his overcoat was a precaution less against the weather than against further contamination by his fellows, she put up her own collar. That was the very way she felt! It was all she could do not to smile at him—which would have been absurd. Not in a million years would he notice her!

But the very next evening, at the library, when he came in and took the only vacant seat—the one next to her—she saw a faint look of recognition on his face as he put down his notebooks. Faintly she let recognition show on her face. And, incredibly, he smiled. "Did you enjoy the dance last night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly, thinking of his efforts to make it a success. Immediately, she repented her hypocrisy. "That kind of thing isn't much in my line, though!" she said.

He looked surprised. "I thought girls were mad about dancing!" he said. The attendant brought him his books just then, but before he started to read, he looked at her again. "Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Last night, I suppose!"

"No, somewhere else," he said severely, before he settled down to study. After that, he neither spoke nor looked at her till the bell rang at ten o'clock. Then he turned to her. "I know where I've seen you," he said, and he seemed very pleased at placing her. "In Leeson Street!"

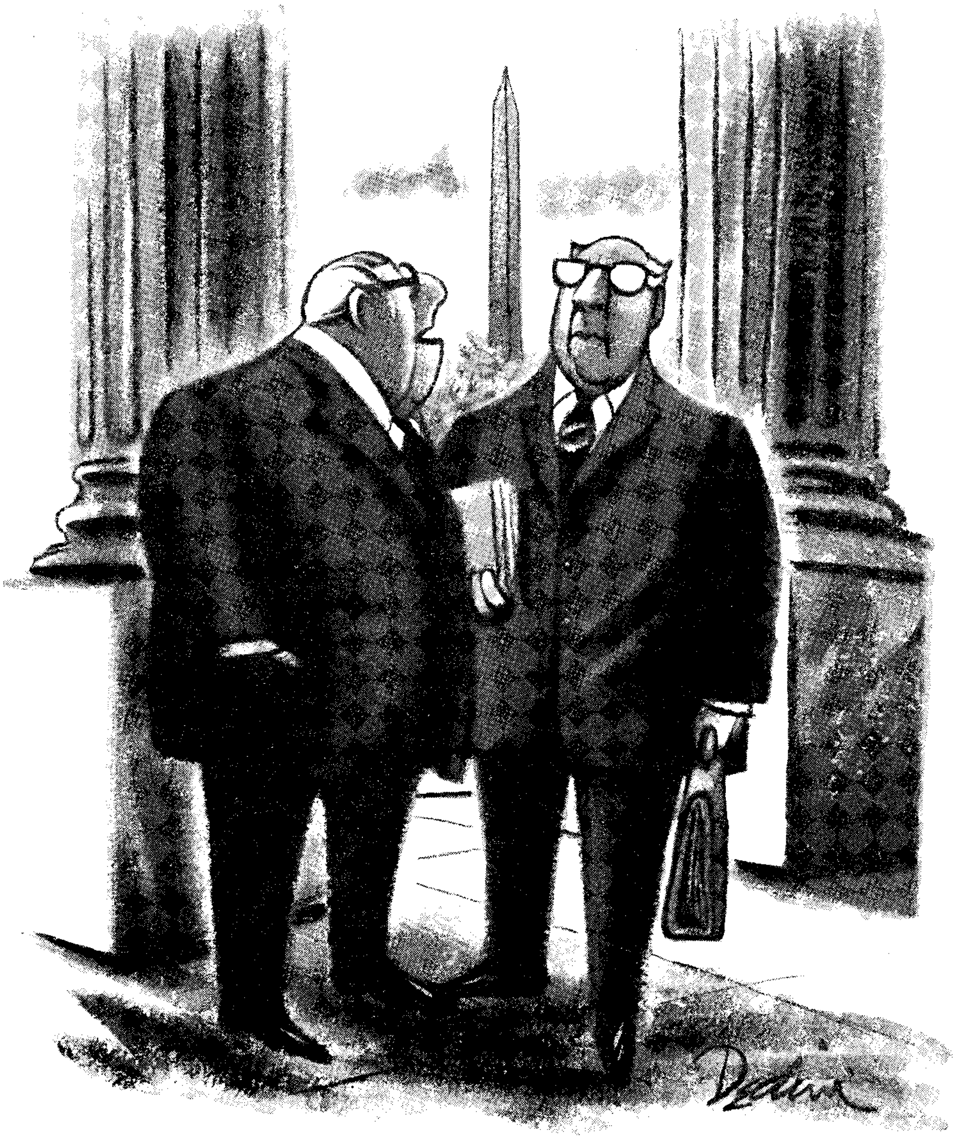
"That's right," she said. "You live there, too, don't you?"

She was quite unprepared for the cross look that came over his face. "I do not," he said coldly. "I live in Kildare." Gathering up his books, he stalked out of the library.

Well, that's that, she thought.

But it was not. Outside, on the landing, he was waiting, and the minute she came out he took up their conversation as if it were an immensely important discussion. "I have to stay in Dublin from Mondays to Fridays," he explained. "But that's not the same as saying I live here. I couldn't bear that! I *hate* Dublin!" His forcefulness took her breath away.

"But it's such a beautiful city," she protested. They had reached the door and stepped out into the evening air, where, between the columns of the stone colonnade, sky, cloud, and tree were so wayward and free that the heart was troubled by their venal beauty. "I *love* Dublin!" she said intensely, even though she felt that the slender connection between them would surely now snap like a twig. "Well—I'll say good night!" she said more timidly. A



"I'm quite familiar with the problem. I was in on the appraisal, the reappraisal, and, recently, the re-reappraisal."

FOLK SONGS FROM THE OBLIVIAN

(After Scanning the Lyrics of Foreign Folk Songs on Some L.P. Jackets)

OTSUKA

The horizon is far off
And smoke curls from the chimneys
Of the stone houses along the way.
Up there is a lake of bluest blue
Where boats like toys swim back and forth.
All day the sound of thunder is unheard
And a roaring wind sends pillow clouds
Scudding toward the hills.
My heart is melancholy,
For my loved one, that should be beside me,
Is here with me.

ANTO VO DURST, JR

In the market place one morning,
A soldier walking with a cow
Saw his sweetheart kissed by a stranger.

In his rage, he drew his sword
And, with a single thrust,
Killed the cow.

At sight of the dead animal,
His sweetheart wept
And the stranger begged forgiveness.

The soldier was adamant
But the villagers formed a circle
And threw coins and flowers at him.

The three of them danced together,
Leaping over each other's swords,
Then sat down to a barbecue, laughing merrily.

T'CHI PEGELLEN

Through many lonely hours have I longed for you,
My native land.

In the bleak winter, amid snow and ice,
I have dreamed of you.

In the lush springtime, amid greenery and flowers,
I have wished for you.

In the dread heat of summer, under copper skies,
I have sighed for you.

In the chill of autumn, under dappled leaves,
I have yearned for you.

Long have I clung to the fervent hope
Of returning to you soon.

Yesterday I learned that this cannot come to pass,
My home land, my own land.

Knowing in my heart I shall never see you again,
Today I am reconciled.

TAV-TAV

I walk through the fields
But my thoughts are far away
Where the rising tide thumps against the sea wall:
Tav-tav, rikki-rik, ut-um—
So beats the water at the wall.

My dog Attsa runs beside me
And his bark is sharp and loud,
But I can hear the ocean strike the sea wall:
Tav-tav, etc.

The yellow harvest moon
Hangs low in the velvet sky,
But yet the water hammers at the sea wall:
Tav-tav, etc.

I slowly walk toward home.
The light is burning in the window,
But still the gray waves smash against the wall:
Tav-tav, etc.

—William Walden

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little sadly, she went out the gates and up the street.

The very next afternoon, however, they met again—in Leeson Street. He had taken off his hat, and there was something about the way he was sauntering along that made it hard to believe he was not enjoying the air and the sunlight. "Oh, good afternoon," he said stiffly.

"Isn't it a lovely afternoon?" she said casually.

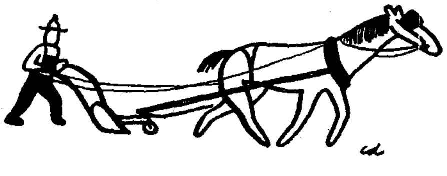
"The air is fresh," he said, but he frowned as he looked at the stretches of the street ahead of them.

The light had left one side of the street, but on the other side it fell full, striking the plastered sides of the windows and their painted sills. Evenly but diminishingly, they gave back the light, as a hand passing over the keys of a piano will give back notes divinely graded.

His face was severe. "I suppose you'd say these old houses were beautiful! To me they're ugly and ought to be pulled down."

He was very aggressive, but she felt there was some tribute in his remembering their brief conversation of the previous evening. "I don't see how anyone could call them ugly," she said.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Are we talking about the outsides or the insides, because I'm afraid I'm only thinking of the insides. Do you know, I often stand at the door of the digs with my latchkey in my hand, dreading to open the door on the dinginess and the dark. And the smell!"

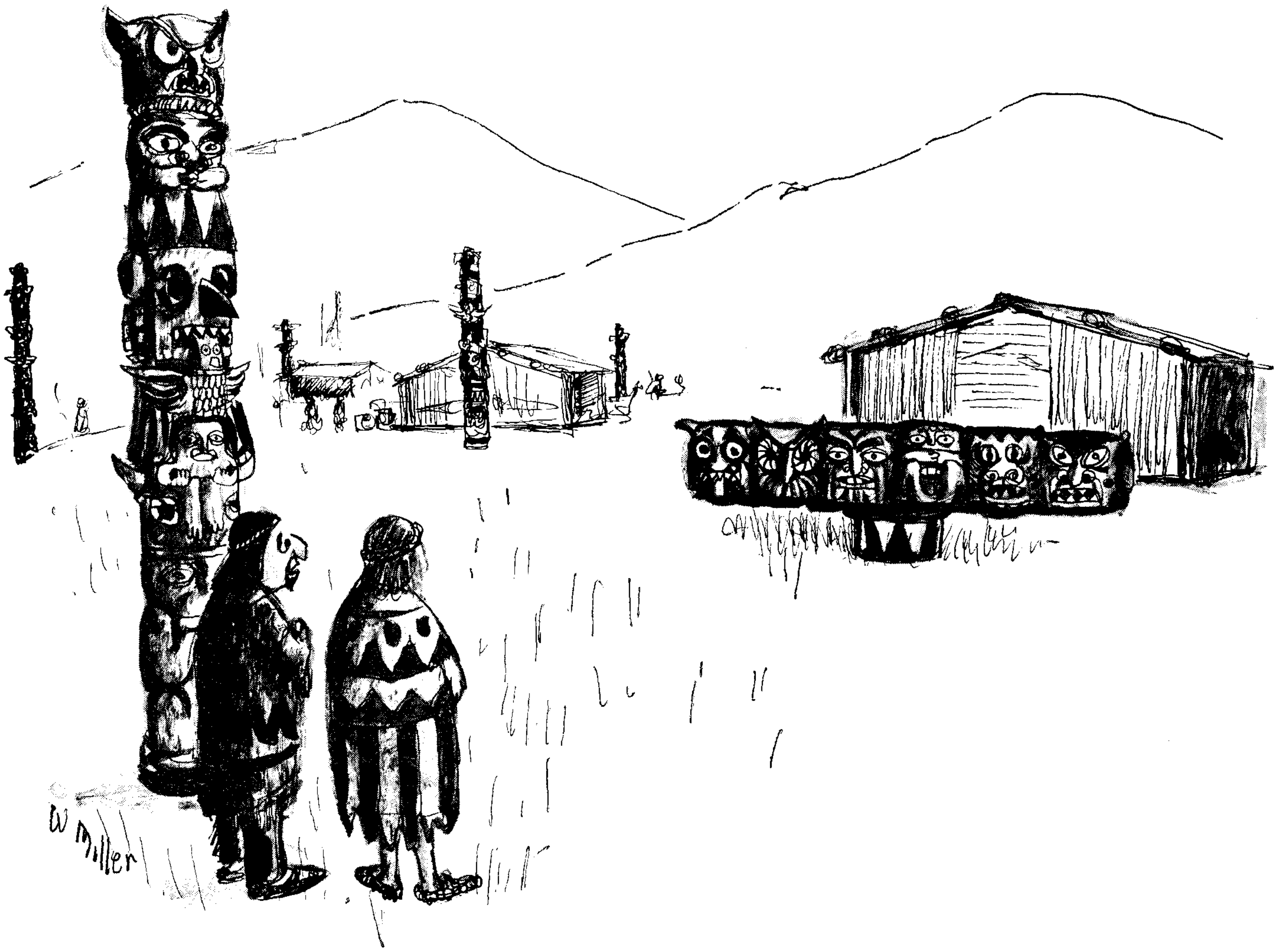


"The smell? That must be damp, I suppose. Don't they have fires?"

He looked as if he had not thought it might be damp. "Oh, you know the sort of fires in a lodging house!" he said then. "Banked down with slack all the time. They'd go out if you poked them. Once, I threw an orange peel onto the fire in the morning and it was still there when I came back that night!"

"But that's not the fault of the house!" she protested.

He wasn't listening. "I was in another digs, in Fitzwilliam Street, when I was a first-year student, and there were initials carved into the banister rail all the way up the stairs, the way



"What's happened to him—gone Commie or something?"

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you'd see them carved into the bark of a tree, but one day the curtains on the landing window were taken down, and when the light fell across the stairs I saw it wasn't into the wood they were carved at all but into the coating of grease and dirt on the top of the rail!"

She had to laugh at that, but she still made a protest. "That wasn't the fault of the house, either. You're not being fair! And anyway, houses aren't like people; they don't get ugly just because they get old. There's an old house out in the country in Longwood—" She broke off, because straight in front of them, set in a circle cut out of the cement, was a young sycamore tree, its sooty branches showered with young green leaves, fine as rain.

"Oh, just look at that tree!" she cried. "What have you got in Kildare to equal that? And have you heard the birds in this street?"

"I hear a few starving sparrows now and then, in the back yard of the digs," he said.

"Oh, them! They're probably country birds that ought never to have left home! I mean the city birds that live in the creeper on the houses. Did you hear *that*?" she cried excitedly, as at that moment, somewhere close to them, a small bird gave a vesper call.

"Where is it?" he asked, staring at the gray and withered creeper, thin as a cobweb, on the brick. They could not see even a stir. It was as if the bricks were singing.

"Well, this is where I live," she said, stopping just there, and putting her hand on the iron rail that led up the flight of steps.

"Oh, the one with the bird," he said gallantly, but she saw that the look he threw over the house was sharp and critical. "I'll see you in the library sometime, I suppose," he said vaguely.

"I suppose so," she said, vaguely, too, and she was glad that her answer was drowned by another note, single but clean as water, that came just then from the creeper.

IT was well over a week before they met again. She was already at her desk in the library when he appeared, but the minute he saw her he came straight over. "Was I rude the other day, talking like that about the street where you live?" He seemed concerned.

"Oh, I didn't mind."

"I hope you didn't," he said earnestly. "I think it's something in my nature that makes me hate the city. I feel a different person the minute I step off the bus on the country road!"

"Isn't it good you can get away like that," she said, feeling more sympathy with him than the last time.

"It is. I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't!" he said, and she realized there was a note of desperation in his voice.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't always be able to go down, is there?"

"No immediate reason," he said slowly, and then his words came with a rush. "I never feel the same about going down there since my mother died!" But at this point an old gentleman at the desk in front of them turned around and frowned. "We're disturbing people—I'll tell you another time," he said. "Perhaps we might walk up the street together at ten o'clock?"

"If you like," she said diffidently,

not knowing if it was even a question.

"I'll tell you about it on the way home," he said. It had been a question.

Yet when the bell rang, she thought he'd forgotten her. He walked out of the library without a glance at her. Like the last time, however, he was waiting for her on the landing, and he took up what he was saying as if he'd left off in the middle of a word. "Things have never been the same since my brother married, anyway," he said. And he sighed. "My sister-in-law is very kind. She tries hard to please me. And my brother sends one of the workmen to meet the bus at Clane every Friday night with my bicycle. But it's not the same as when my mother was alive. I can't feel I'm wanted in the same way! To tell you the truth, I'm out with my gun most of the time, wandering about the woods."

"Oh, but I'm sure they like having you," she said. And why wouldn't they, she thought, looking at him. He was really very nice! But he wasn't listening to her.

"I know one thing!" he said determinedly. "I wouldn't go down there any more if there was a family on the way!"

"But what difference would that make? It hardly seems fair to hope they won't have any," she said, finding it hard not to laugh.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about them. I was thinking about myself. I'd hate to be there if there was anything like that going on! Something happened last summer, you see," he said, lowering his voice. "They didn't tell me what was the matter, but she was in bed for several days. It was during the holidays, and I was at home for two months. It was very awkward for me. I stayed out most of the day, but I had to go in sometimes. I felt very uncomfortable!"

"Did she have a miscarriage?"

"I suppose so," he said, and he gave her a glance that she found hard to interpret. "The house was full of women, anyway," he went on, and more easily somehow, she thought—was it possible that he appreciated her explicitness? "They were going up and down the stairs all the time, and whispering. It was just fussing. Oh, I'd never want to get married if there was much of that going on!"

This time she did laugh outright. "But why would there be? It doesn't often happen."

"Oh, I don't know," he said cautiously. "And women feel differently about these things—they revel in it, if you ask me."

"Not all of them!" she protested. "Not me."

"Not you, maybe," he agreed absently. "But then, you're not like other girls. I never met a girl like you before. By the way," he said, "you said something about Longwood the last time I was talking to you. That's very near where I live. How do you know it so well?"

"I live there," she said. "Near there, anyway—about a mile outside the village—"

"But you said . . . I thought . . ." He stammered with confusion.

"I go home every Friday," she said quietly. "Like you. We've got a flat in Leeson Street. I stay there on week nights."

He was still staring at her. "I might have known!" he said then.

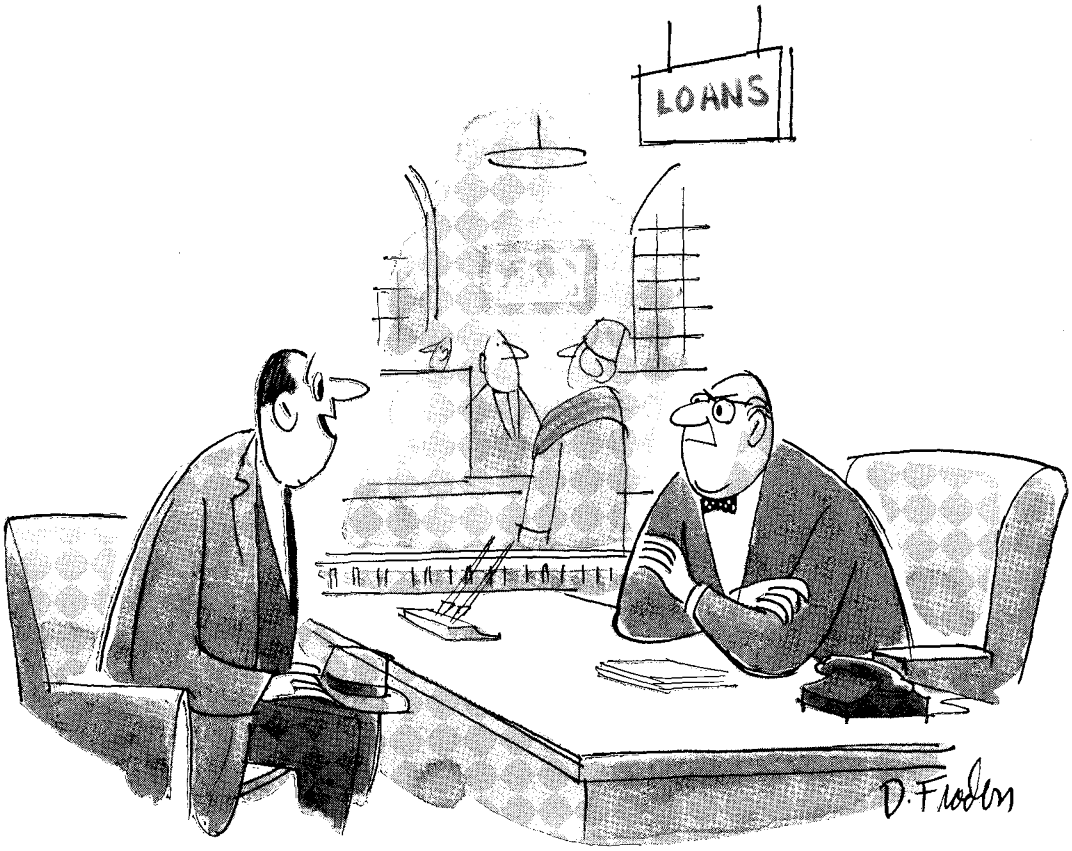
She laughed. "Thank you—I take it that's a compliment?" They had reached where she lived. "Oh, look at our tree!" she exclaimed. Only a week had passed since they'd looked up at it for the first time together, but the green buds that had looked as if they'd rained upon the branches were now as big as birds.

"As big as birds!" he exclaimed, exactly as if he had read her mind. "You'd think if you clapped your hands they'd rise up and fly away!"

Oh, but if those buds were birds, not for anything would she clap her hands. Ordinary as the moment was, she wanted to prolong it as long as she could, and with it the new and delicate delight it bore. But even while she held her breath, the magic went, and without looking down she knew that his attention had been taken by something else.

"I must ask you to excuse me," he said abruptly. "I forgot I had promised to meet someone tonight."

She didn't need to look to know it was another girl, but she didn't expect the girl who was waiting impatiently for him on the other side of the street to be so striking—tall, like him, and with a strong and perfect face. But as the girl impatiently stepped off the pavement and came across the street to meet him, it was her eyes that held attention. What word would describe them? The only word that came to mind hardly made sense, but it fitted exactly—they were ranging eyes. I might have known, she thought, not noticing these were the same words he had used about her a few minutes earlier. And she felt exactly as if she were never going to see him again.



"To be perfectly frank with you, sir, when I got the loan last year, I didn't expect any of us to be here this year."

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But on the following Monday evening, when she went to the library, he was there, although he didn't seem to see her. She sat down and tried to concentrate. It was a fine evening, and on the dome overhead, still daylit and blue, a few pigeons paraded. They could be very distracting, because although through the frosted glass their bodies were blurred, on it their pink feet formed patterns exact and cryptic. After a few minutes, one of them caught up a lump of dislodged masonry with his pink toes—or perhaps it was loosened putty—and clinked it against the glass. Lifting it, he let it drop again, and then again, and it was soon apparent that this noise would be kept up as long as there was light in the sky. One or two people tittered. One or two frowned.

Almost immediately, Andrew Gill stood up and came over to her. "I can't settle down with that wretched bird," he said. "How about you? Will we go?"

He wants to talk about the girl, she thought. And I don't want to hear it. She got up all the same and went with him.

Hoping perhaps to forestall his confidence, she was the first to speak when they were on the landing. "Did you enjoy the weekend?" she asked.

"Oh, I didn't go home," he said.

The girl, of course! "Why?" she asked, in a small voice.

"Family reasons," he said. She felt he said it as if she should have known. "I'll tell you when we get outside," he added.

"I thought it had something to do with that girl you met the other night," she said, before she realized she was giving something away.

He looked surprised. "Olive? But why would I stay for her?" His words were so impersonal, and his voice, and even the expression on his face, that her heart lifted, and she didn't mind his next words in the least, although they were all praise of the girl. "You saw her? Isn't she very striking? And she's brilliantly clever. She's been qualified a year, and she's younger than me! What did you think of her?" Before she could answer, he lowered his voice and went on. "She's very strange, though," he said. "I know her fairly well. I met her last summer, in London. I was over there with the Debating Society—expenses paid, of course—and I stayed on a few days with a chap I know who has a room in Chelsea. It was in the King's Road I met her, as a matter of fact, walking along one afternoon. I recognized her at once from law lectures—who wouldn't, with a face like that! I didn't expect her to recognize me! Our eyes met, though, and she stopped. We talked for a few minutes, and I thought I ought to ask her to have a cup of tea. I didn't expect she'd have it, but she did, and do you know—we weren't halfway through the tea when she asked me for a loan! Can you imagine that?"

"Did you give it to her?"

"You don't know how much she wanted," he said, "or you wouldn't ask that! Thirty pounds! I don't suppose I had thirty shillings at the time!"

"Did she tell you what she wanted it for?"

"No. And I didn't ask. I felt safer not knowing. You feel kind of responsible for people from home when you meet them in another place, don't you think? Anyway, I knew that I wasn't the only one she had to turn to in London, because she mentioned a medical student we both knew, and as a matter of fact she said she was meeting him that night. Convery was his name. I always thought him a nice fellow. He'd failed his finals, she said, and she seemed upset about it, so I felt they must know each other fairly well. I ran into the two of them again that evening—I mean I saw them. They didn't see me. It was in a restaurant in Soho, one of those places where there's a small space for dancing. They were so taken up with each other they didn't see anyone! He was holding her very close, and whispering in her ear, but once when I looked I saw there were tears in her eyes. I felt very sorry that I couldn't help her. And I think she knew I was sincere in that, because when we were both back in Dublin she looked me up. And she's been looking me up ever since, now and then, and asking me to meet her—like that evening you saw her. It's hard to know what she wants from me, though. She never stays long with me. She's so restless. But yet there are times, like that night, when she rings me up and says she simply must see me or she'll go mad!"

"What about the fellow?" she asked cautiously.

"Oh, he's back in Dublin, too. He did his finals again and scraped through this time. I think he's not practicing, though. I don't know why."

"Are they seeing each other still? What I mean is—" She hesitated. "What I mean is that she must have some interest in you, in spite of what you said about the other fellow!"

"Is *it* me?" He gave a laugh. "Not at all." But he must have seen she wasn't satisfied. "Look here," he said, "there's something I didn't tell you. I was only told it myself in confidence."

"Oh, it has nothing to do with me," she said coldly.

"Why do you say that?" he said. "I'd like you to be interested. I wish I could tell you." He frowned. "It's a bit of a responsibility having someone's confidence—in a matter like that. I think I *will* tell you sometime! Not now, though," he said, dismissing the topic. "There's something else I want to talk about tonight, if you don't mind?" They had reached the foot of Leeson Street and were walking slowly. "It's about my weekends. I'd like your advice," he said gravely. "My brother was up in town this afternoon. My sister-in-law has been in bed again, and this time they had another doctor, not the local doctor but one down from Dublin—a woman's doctor."

"A gynecologist, you mean!" she said sharply.

"Yes," he said humbly, as if he knew this time that she found his approach to this topic irritating. "She has to stay in bed for several weeks," he said more easily, as if she had cleared the air for him. "It's too bad, really. That's what I wanted to ask you about—do you think it would be all right for me to go down?"

Her first impulse was to urge him to go, but she hesitated, thinking that his embarrassment might come from something in his experience she didn't understand. Then, overcome by a sudden impulse, she heard herself utter the most astonishing words. "Why don't you come down to us for the weekend? This weekend, I mean?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"Well, why not?" she said. "You'd get away from here—and it would give them a chance to get used to their new circumstances."

"But wouldn't your people mind?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, there's only my father," she said offhandedly, "and he likes having people about."

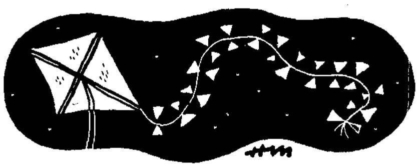
Clearly, he himself didn't come from gregarious stock. "Does your father shoot?" he asked after another pause.

She saw that the answer to this would be of great importance to him. "Only rabbits."

The rabbits seemed to put things on a better basis. "How would I get down?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, there are several buses." She was trying to give an impression of carelessness, though it was of vital importance to her now that he come, if only to prove he had not thought the invitation outrageous. She felt like holding her breath, in case a breath might scare him away. But she couldn't hold it forever. "I think there are plenty of plover in the fields," she said timidly.

"Golden plover?" he asked eagerly.



"Are there different kinds?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know the difference!"

"A bit like magpies?"

"Oh, that's green plover—the common sort! They're easy enough to find in most places. They make quite good shooting, though," he added hastily. But she saw he was disappointed.

"Last Sunday, I saw a pheasant," she said.

"On your own land?" he asked eagerly. "A hen?"

"I think so. Yes, it *was* a hen, of course—the duller of the two, isn't it?"

"I should think so!" he said. "You

HIROSHIGE

Japanese Wood-Block Print Master (1797-1858)

Print, with his hand, his eye, was more than print,
And color more than color,
As the green of that Chinese vase—
Cool as a brimming pond one thousand years—
As poem, paint, sound, or cut of stone
Outglows its master.

That samurai is surely fast alive
In his hunched and silhouetted dozing, assback,
In the blur of fog, on the hump-backed
Bridge.
And the carvèd runners,
On my west wall, in a marvel of rain,
They slant into a shower of wind,
Their burden heavy, the hill steep;
Black tree-shadows leap behind the road.

Rain pleased this master whether falling,
Falling upon a dark, walled island keep,
Or drenching beggar boys at play, or in sleep
In grasses by a baked summer road.
Their shriek, clear, echoes down my western hall.

Sun, wind, and star wined and pleased
Him, in the prism of his largeness,
With his bags of color, on his sketching walks,
Who rendered composed and perfect
A hawk's arc
Above a distant snow-locked plain, star-stippled
Where men slept at the foot of frozen fires,
Where perhaps one gray woman, at point
Of earliest morning, squawked
Cold talk of dreams to the frosty spirits of air.

But rising through the colors of his stories
(As a horseman approaching in forests of falling leaves),
The samurai moves; he rocks
In all odd angles in his doze,
Past twin hanging towers of smoke
From anyone's embers,
Past the sea wall dripping water, and slow,
Approaching with sleep in his eyes for a hundred years
The gate of stone, the lantern burning waxen,
And, in the hollow, the dream-hung,
The fog-blurred grave.

—Mark M. Perlberg

• •

can't mistake the male at this time of year, with everything so green all about. And they get so daring coming up to the close season. You can see every feather—not just the mottle on the body but the ring of white feathers around the neck, and even the fiery rim of feathers about the eyes—"

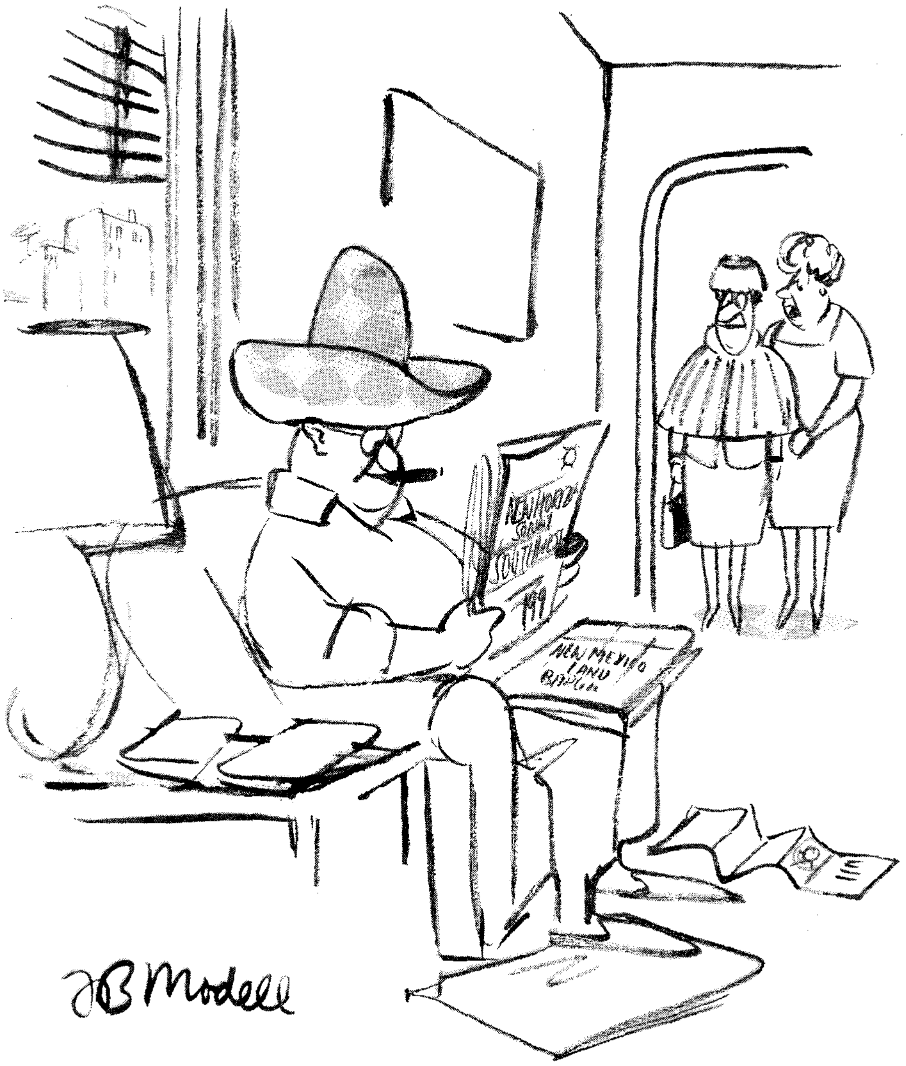
But she interrupted him. "That's not feathers—the red rim about the eyes. Surely that's skin or inflamed flesh?"

He was so taken by surprise he stared vacantly for a moment. "You're right," he said then. "You're absolutely right. But how did you know that?" He must have been thinking that a minute before she hadn't known the male from the hen.

"I've seen them in the poulterer's," she said, so apologetically that he threw back his head and gave a loud laugh. "Well, will you come?" she cried, quick on the laugh, taking him a bit off guard. "The bus gets to the gate about eight, but if I'm not there, it will still be light for you to make your way up to the house."

"It's very kind of you, I must say," he said after a minute, and she knew he had capitulated.

"Well, I'll see you then," she said, to show it was settled, although she expected to see him again before then.



"Last year, it was retire in Florida. Now it's amazing land bargains in Albuquerque."

• •

WHEN two whole evenings passed and she did not see him, she got uneasy. On Thursday evening, she felt sure he'd be in the library, but as she went up the steps of the library she saw not him but the girl! Olive! Immediately she was unhappy, although she went into the library and tried to forget her. When a short time afterward, however, Andrew came in, she knew at once that something was wrong. He looked around the room and came straight to her desk.

"Must you study tonight?" he asked abruptly. "I'd like to talk to you—about the weekend," he added.

"You're not coming?"

"How do you know?" he asked in surprise.

She got up, and they went out together.

"I *was* coming," he said as they went down the stairs.

"I know! Till you met *her!*" she cried. "I saw her on the steps when I was coming in."

He looked unhappy. "She really didn't say anything," he said. "It was the way she looked. All she said was she hadn't thought we knew each other so well!"

"And what did you say?"

"I told her the truth," he said simply. "I said we didn't know each other well at all, but that you lived in the country and knew I'd be glad of a chance to get out of Dublin."

"What did she say to that?"

"She only shrugged her shoulders and walked away. She's like that, you know! I can't understand it, because she'd phoned the digs to say she'd be waiting for me—that she wanted to see me!"

She pondered this for a minute. "Are you *sure* she isn't interested in you?" she said then, very slowly and carefully.

"Not in the least!" he said stoutly. "Do you remember I said there was something about her I hadn't told you? Well, I'm going to tell you now. I feel differently about it since she interfered in my affairs. She's married! To that fellow I saw her with in London—Convery. They were married even then, when I saw them in London!"

"But why . . . ?"

"Well, that's just it! They don't live with each other. There's some reason—his mother doesn't know about the marriage, or something like that, but it's not the only reason. They have some awful effect on each other, she says. The minute they're together, they quarrel. It's happening all the time, and yet when they're apart they're miserable, too. She says it's like a curse on them, whatever she means by that!" An unhappy look came over his own face at the thought of it. "What do you make of it?" he asked. "I wanted to tell you ever since I met you. I wanted to talk it over with you, and see what you'd say. What *do* you make of it?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't think I understand it very well."

"Nor me!" he said.

"Well, then!" she cried suddenly. "If we can't understand them, how could she possibly understand us? I don't think she should have said anything to you—about me, I mean."

"Neither do I!" he said firmly, but he was still troubled about something. "Apart from that, though—perhaps I ought not to go home with you tomorrow anyway," he said miserably. "For other reasons. I've been seeing a lot of you! For a person of my disposition, I mean," he added quickly when she raised her eyebrows. "You see," he said, "I've never enjoyed talking to anyone as much as I've enjoyed talking to you—or not for years. Not since I used to go out with my brother all day long on the bog."

"Is that the brother who's married now?"

"No—a younger brother. He died."

"Oh!"

"It's all right—I don't mind now. I've got over it. I was only explaining that being with you was the nearest thing to being with him. But I suppose I've been foolish, and there *is* a difference. It might easily turn into something else!"

"And what harm if it did?" she said boldly.

"Oh, but we wouldn't want that to happen, would we?" he said with great concern. "It would spoil everything!" He looked genuinely distressed. "You wouldn't want it, would you?"

"I don't know," she said prudently. "But even if it did turn into something else, I don't see how it could matter, as long as we both felt the same way."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that!" he said. "I'm certain we'd never feel differently about anything. I can't imagine us disagreeing about anything," he said confidently.

"Even about Dublin!" she said, and he laughed. "Well, then!" she said. "Why worry?"

"You mean I ought to go down as we arranged?" he said.

"I do," she said decisively.

"And I will," he said, equally strongly, and so loudly that a lady in the street stared in disapproval. "After all, tomorrow may never come!"

"That's true!" she said, but a small guilty feeling stole into her heart, as if somehow she had taken an advantage over him. Because at that moment she had a feeling that not only would tomorrow come but other tomorrows, and that one day they'd get married. And the responsibility would be hers. It rested with her at that moment.

He, however, was concerned only with the weekend. "Well, is it settled?" he asked. And when she nodded, he smiled. "Aren't we lucky! That we can talk over things, even an awkward matter like that, and not—"

"I know." She nodded, without letting him finish.

He frowned. "How is it they are so different, I wonder?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's the kind of people they are, I suppose. We've kept ourselves free in some way, and that gives us the right of choice, whereas they—"

"I know, I know," he said, and he looked very sagacious. "Whereas they were caught up blindly into something—"

"Almost the prey of something?" she suggested.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "At the mercy of some force of—well, of destruction, I'd say!" They walked on silently for a little way. "That's it!" he said with satisfaction, and then he looked at his watch. "Look here, it's early yet—couldn't we have a cup of coffee before I see you home?"

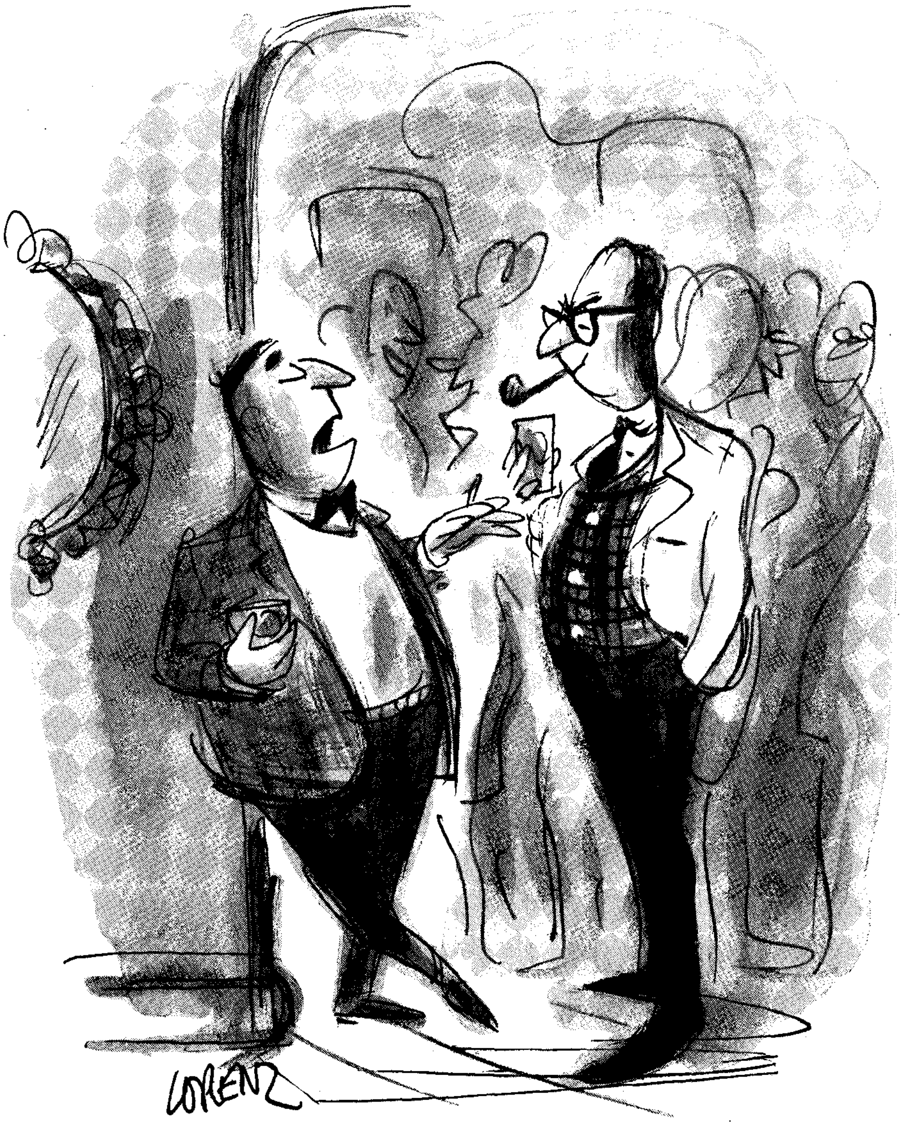
"That would be nice," she said. They turned back toward the city. But she was still thinking of the others. "It must be awful for them!" she said.

"I know," he said, measuring his step carefully to hers. "I often think about them, about him in particular. It must be terrible to have made a mess of things like that at the beginning of your life. How can he hope to make a success of his profession with all that strain and tension?"

She glanced at him. I'll never make him suffer, she vowed. "It must be anguish for them," she said aloud. But as she said the word, its meaning, which she would have thought immutable, began to change and take on strange inflections that were not all of pain. There seemed even to be implications in it of something like exultation. And again she felt that same guilt toward him.

But it was absurd. Had he not said himself—and wasn't he right?—that they were to be envied, a lucky pair?

—Mary Lavin



"When Allen Ginsberg has three kids and a mortgage, maybe I'll listen to what he has to say."

•

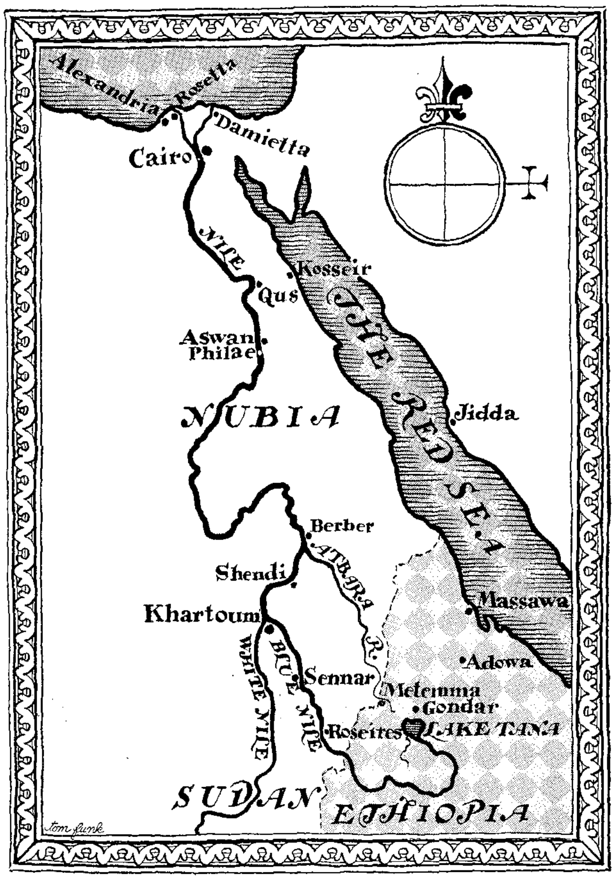
He noted 2.4 million tons of tomatoes were produced in California in 1961, and 2.5 million tons were consumed, leaving a very small carryover.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Very, *very* small.

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

THE BLUE NILE

I—THE TALLEST MAN YOU EVER SAW GRATIS



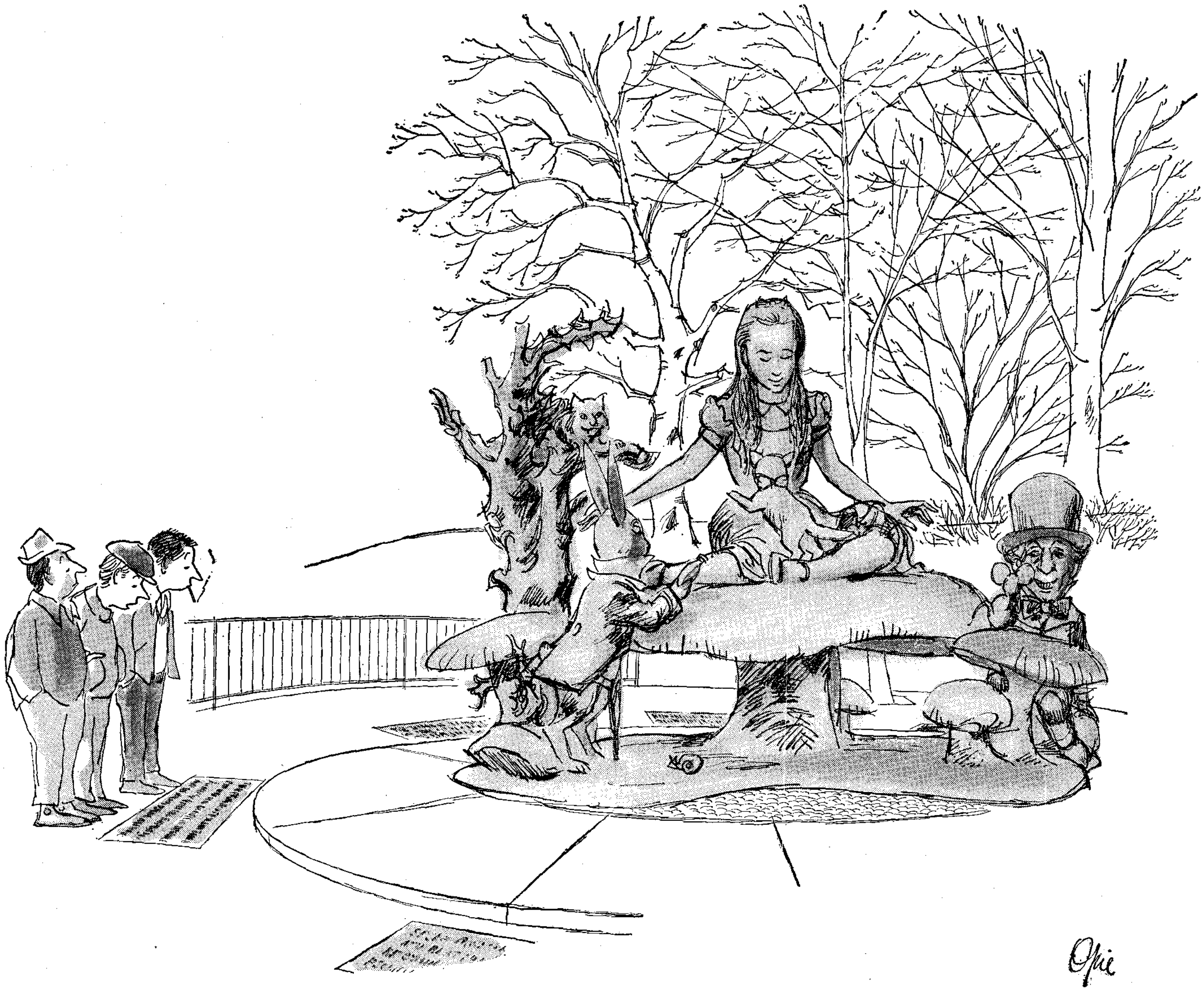
THE Blue Nile pours very quietly and uneventfully out of Lake Tana, in the northern highlands of Ethiopia. There is no waterfall or cataract, no definite current—nothing, in fact, to indicate that this gently moving flow is embarked upon a momentous journey to the Mediterranean, twenty-seven hundred and fifty miles away. The outlet lies in a bay at the southern end of the lake, and it would be quite possible for a traveller to miss it altogether; the shoreline unobtrusively divides into low islands fringed with black lava boulders and overgrown with jungle, and the gray-green water slips in between. There are no villages here, and, except for a few fishermen paddling about on their papyrus rafts, no sign of civilization at all. The silence is absolute. One sees a few spry gray monkeys on the rocks, and the black-and-white kingfisher fluttering ten feet above the water before he makes his dead-straight drop upon a fish. Pythons live in these regions, and they grow to a length of twenty feet or more. This is the place where the river, here known as the Big Abbai, starts its unchecked race to the sea, but in a sense—a technical sense—it can be said to rise in a swamp called Ghish Abbai, some seventy miles to the southwest, from which the Little Abbai River courses down through the Ethiopian highlands to Lake Tana.

Here at the lake, we are six thousand feet above sea level, and the equatorial sunshine is immensely hot and bright. Toward midday, however, a breeze gets up on the water, and it continues until evening, when, in an instant, the sun vanishes in an explosion of lurid color. It can be very cold if you are sleeping out at night. The river is full of these contrasts and surprises. At the outlet, you may feel yourself to be at the extremity of isolation and loneliness, but you can be pretty sure that some dark Ethiopian hidden in the trees is watching every move you make. Across the lake, hardly half an hour away, are Coptic monasteries that have survived since the Middle Ages, and they are inhabited by priests who, in the morning and again in the evening, walk slowly around their circular thatch-roofed churches with the cross in one hand and the smoking censer in the other. In the sanctuaries, overrun by rats and peeling with damp and decay, are wall paintings depicting Christ and his Ethiopian disciples as white men, attended by the half-naked figures of female saints. Only the Devil is black.

The traveller proceeding down the Big Abbai from Lake Tana by boat will be blocked almost at once. A few miles downstream, the water begins to boil turbulently over rocks and shallows that are impossible to navigate with any safety, and so he must take to mules and follow the river as close to its banks as the thick scrub will allow. The landscape here is a delightful combination of tropical and mountainous Africa—acacia trees and lotuses, the banyan and the eucalyptus, palms and delicate water ferns. One is as yet a little too far upstream for the crocodile, but there is an exuberance of birds—fish eagles calling from the treetops in the morning, white storks with delicate fringes of black on their wings, starlings that look like anything but starlings, since their feathers gleam with an iridescent blue. The eastern bank is a succession of rough hills, but on the west black, cotton-soil plains spread away to distant mountains, which are very strange: their tops are the granite cores of extinct volcanoes, and they sprout like vast gray cactuses in the sky.

After about twenty miles of this, one is aware of some sort of commotion ahead. The murmur of the water grows into a roar, and a low, wet cloud hangs over the valley. This is the first intimation of the great Tisisat Falls, and it is an extraordinary thing that they should be so little known, for they are in some ways the grandest spectacle that either the Blue Nile or the White Nile has to offer; in all Africa, only the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi, are to be compared with them. As with the Victoria Falls, there is the same calm approach past small, wooded islands and smooth rocks, and then, abruptly, the stream vanishes in a tremendous white downpour that thunders as it falls. Looking down from the top, one sees, far below, a narrow gorge filled with racing water, and it twists and turns until it is finally lost to sight in the surrounding cliffs. The spray flung up from this gorge creates a perpetual soft rain, and to stand there for just five minutes means that you will be wet to the skin. For the newcomer, it is an alarming sort of place, and he will see with surprise flocks of little black birds with pointed, pinkish wings flying directly into the spray and landing on the slippery rocks at the very lip where the water makes its frightful downward plunge. Unconcerned, they fly off again through a nearly circular rainbow that hangs in the spray like a whirling firework.

The Tisisat Falls are the end of all peace on the Blue Nile. The river now begins to make its great gash through the Ethiopian plateau. For nearly five hundred miles it continues in an immense curve—at first in a southerly direction, then west, then north—until it pours itself out of the mountains onto the hot plains of the south Sudan. The farther it goes, the deeper it cuts; by

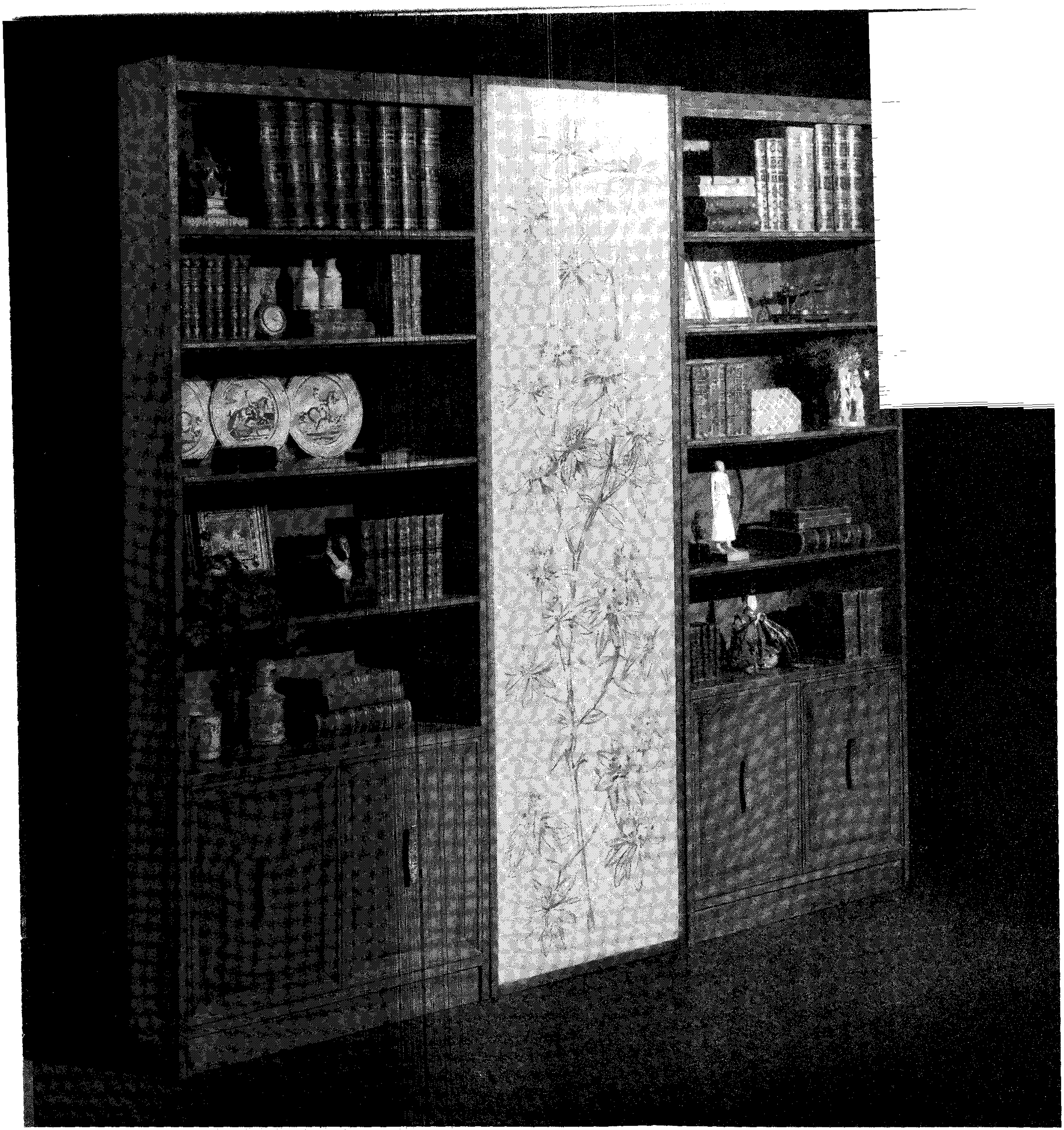


" 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe' . . . ?"

• •

the time it has reached central Ethiopia, the gorge is a mile deep and, in places, fifteen miles wide, yet the river, even at the height of the dry season, still tears and boils along too fast for any boat to live upon its surface. No one has ever made the boat journey down the Blue Nile from Lake Tana to the Sudan; no one has yet managed to walk or take a mule along the full length of its precipitous banks. One can, of course, get down to the river at the points where its tributaries come in from the plateau above, and these tributaries occur in scores. Some, like the Bascillo, which flows in from the highlands of Magdala, in the east, and the Guder and the Didessa, which join from the south, are great rivers in their own right; others are mountain brooks that flow only in winter. But, having once descended these ravines to the main stream, you must go back to the plateau above by the same path; you cannot make your way along the bank. And so the Blue Nile in Ethiopia is really known only from above, and in the early morning you can trace its course by a curving line of fleecy clouds that hang a thousand feet or so above the gorge.

At the places where the river valley temporarily widens out, a few native settlements scrape an existence, remote from all the world, but apart from these no one lives in the Blue Nile gorge; the Ethiopians, who are accustomed to the bright horizons of the plateau, fear to go down into that damp and malarial heat. It is not until one approaches the Sudanese border, four hundred and seventy miles from Lake Tana and some forty-five hundred feet below it, that villages reappear, and one notices at once how great a change has overtaken the people. In the highlands, one was among the Amharic and the Galla races, who resemble no one else in Africa—thin, lively, good-looking people, with skins ranging from light coffee to the deepest black. They have a certain arrogance, which may come from their highland blood and from a religious tradition that dates back well over two thousand years, and their intelligence is commonly a good deal higher than that of the East and Central African tribes that surround their mountain stronghold. The Christianity of the Amharas is not an importation brought in by Western missionaries but an ancient growth dating back to the fourth century, when they were converted from Judaism. Except for this, and for their dark skins and white robes, it is impossible not to associate these people with the Jews—from whom, in fact, their kings



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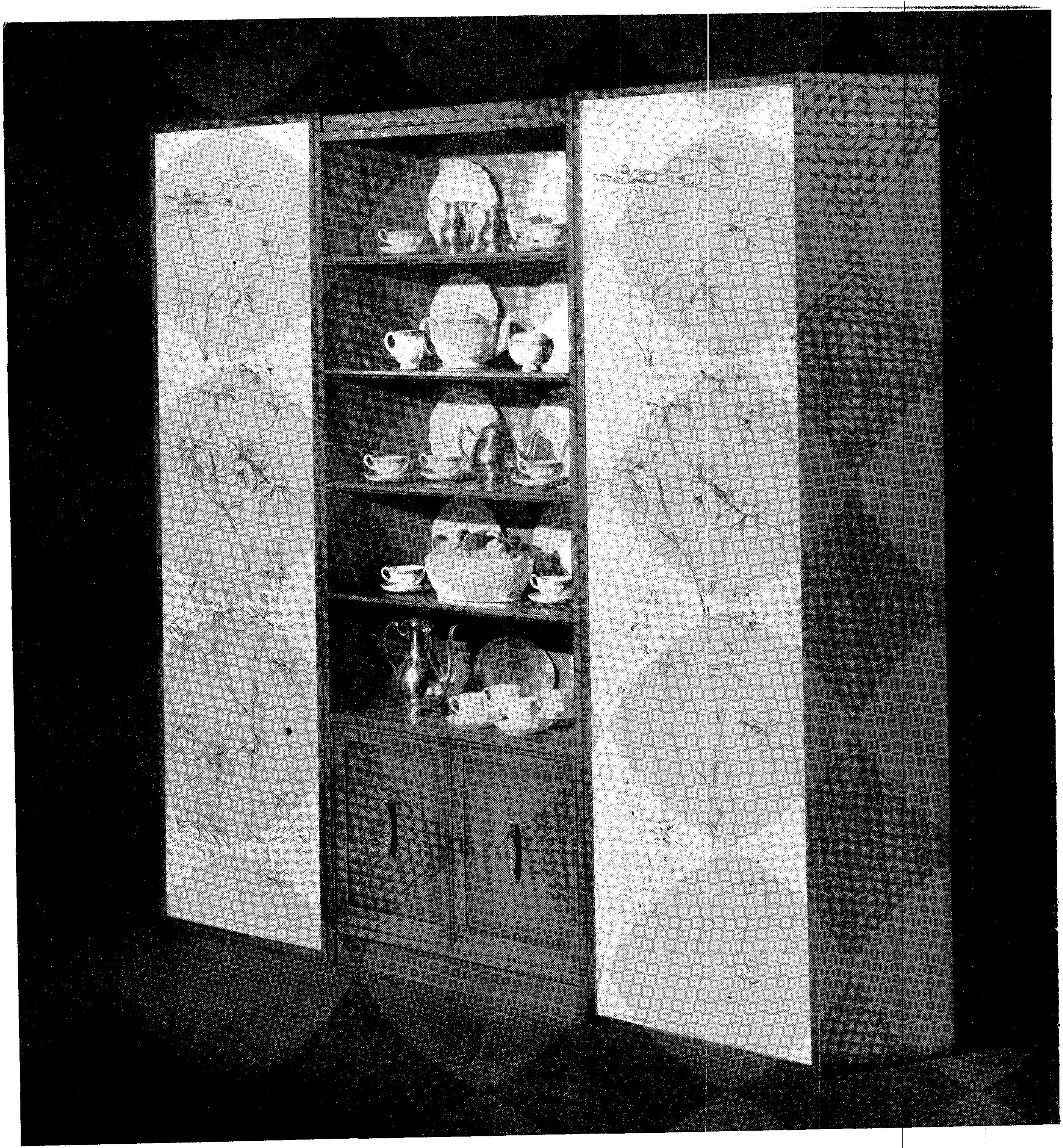

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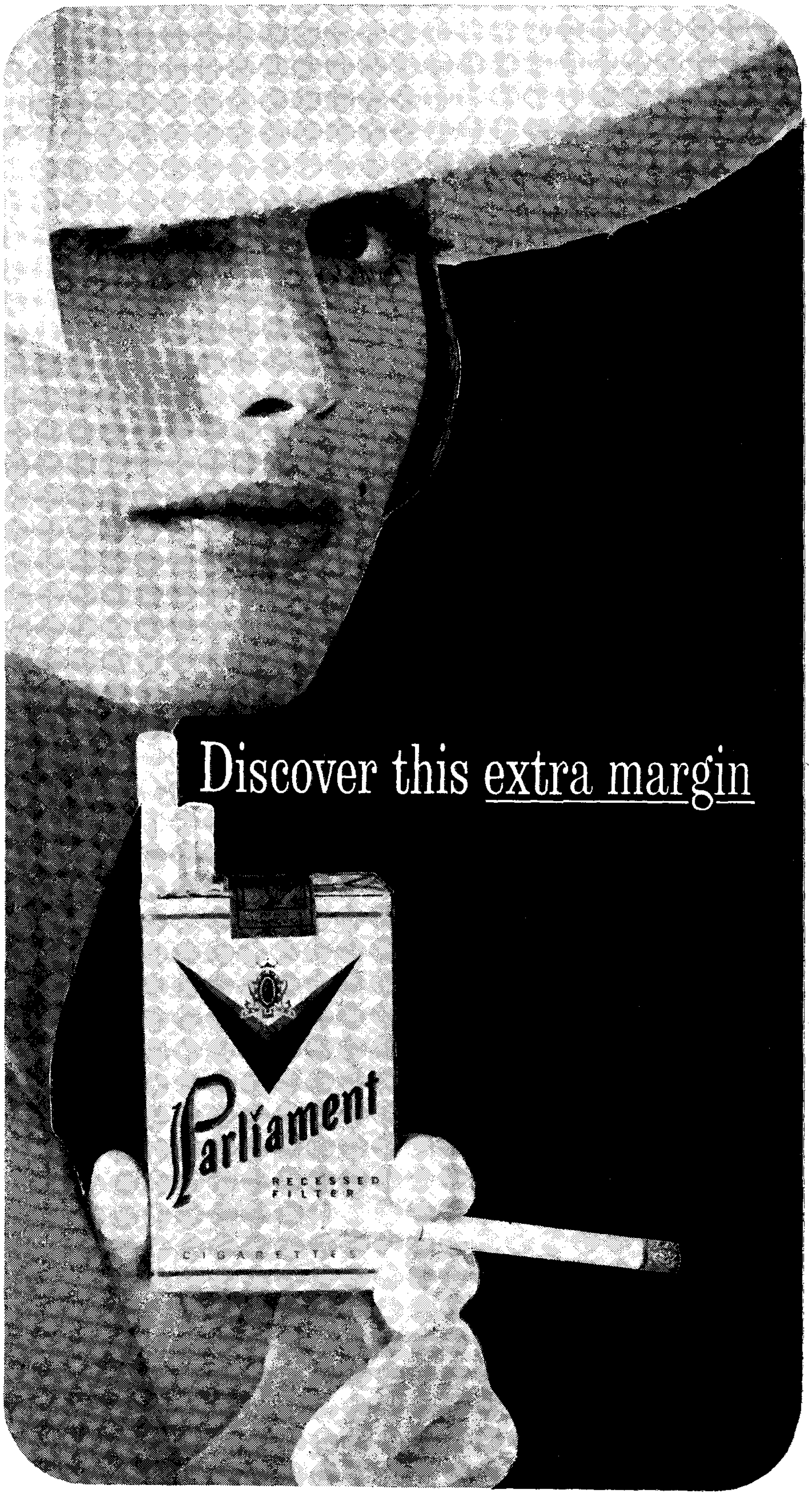
claim to be descended. Now, however, as one comes down from the mountains to the Sudanese border, the Christian civilization falls away, and pagan Negro settlements take its place. This is a country of oppressive heat that creates a sort of woolliness in the mind, and of long, slow, uneventful days that have stunted human ambition from prehistoric times. The river, instead of being a menacing thing, tearing away at the rocks and soil in its forbidding gorge, becomes the reassuring source of life itself. We are not quite in the desert yet; the river still moves along swiftly over black granite boulders and occasional cataracts, with scrub forest on either bank, and the mountains subside only gradually into the plain. Nevertheless, this is a genuine frontier, and anyone who visits this place will come much closer to an understanding of the history of the river. This is the point of contact between the desert Arabs and the highland Ethiopians, between Mohammedanism and Christianity. No one crosses this border with impunity. When the Arab invades Ethiopia, his camels die in the mountains, and he himself soon loses heart in the fearful cold. When the Ethiopian comes down into the desert, his mules collapse in the appalling heat, and he is soon driven back into the hills by the lack of water. It is the conflict between two absolutely different ways of life, and even religion seems unable to make a bridge, since Christianity falters as soon as it reaches the desert, and Islam has never been really powerful in the mountains. Only the river binds these two conflicting worlds together.

The village of Bumbodi is supposed to mark the actual border between Ethiopia and the Sudan, but it is hardly a village at all—merely a few huts scattered through the scrub along the riverbank—and not until we move farther downstream, to Fazughli, where there are gold mines, and to Roseires, where the river passes through its last cataract, do we begin to feel the effect of the hard spaces of the Sudan. All that is now left of the mountains is the djebels, the huge outcrops of isolated rock that stand like sentinels on the empty plain. At Sennar, one is in the heart of Moslem Sudan. There is still a wet season here, and at the first touch of rain every tree and shrub, which has looked dead beyond recall, bursts into hectic leaf. North of Sennar, however, not even the shrubs remain; a few yards inland from the riverbank the desert sand takes control, and it will yield practically nothing unless it is irrigated by canals. Two tributaries come in from the east—the Dender and the Rahad, both of them



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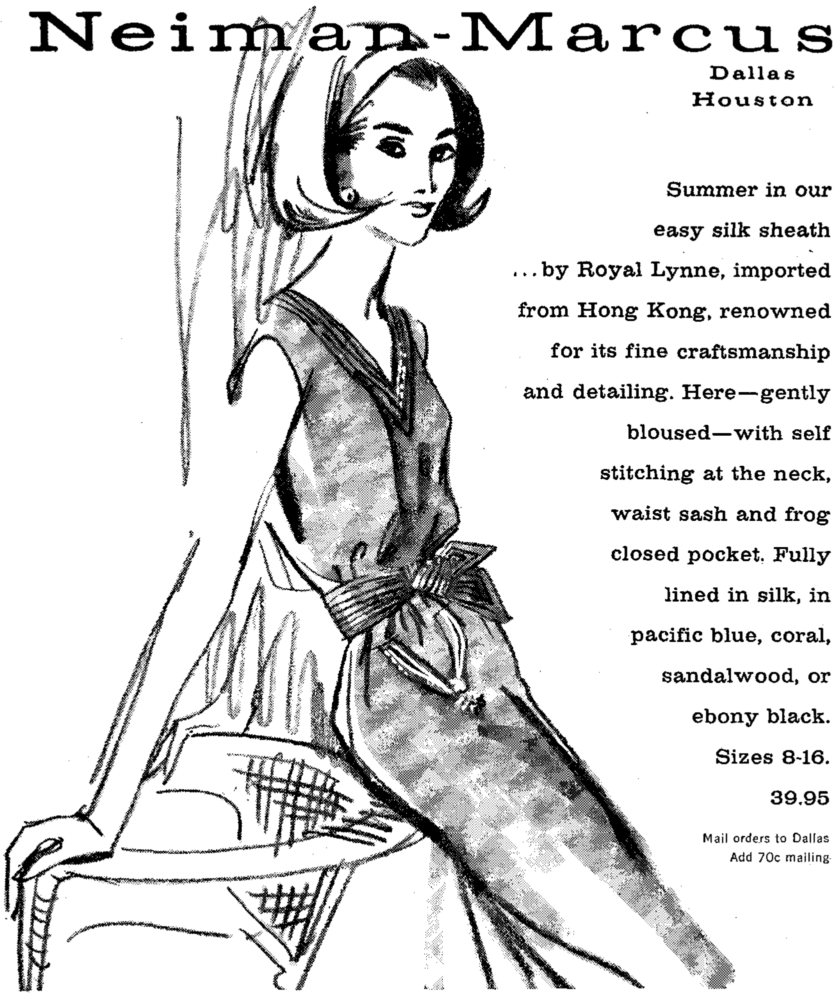

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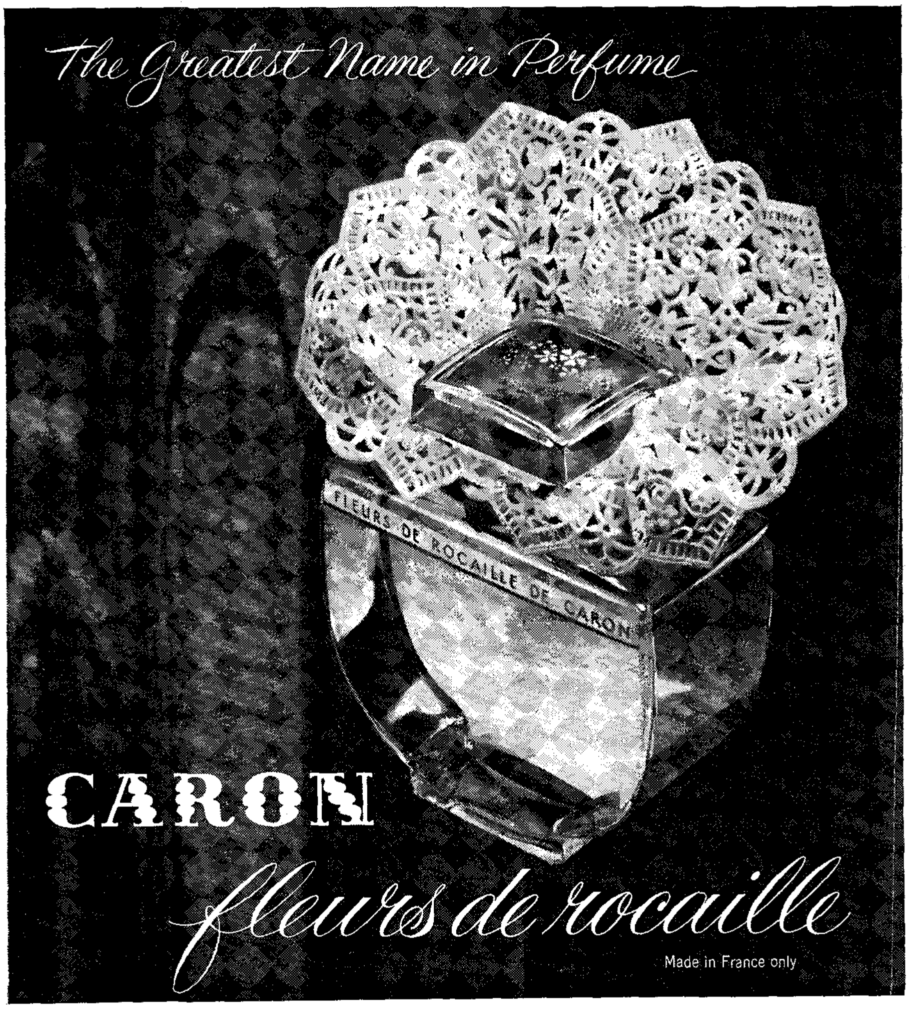

torrents in the wet season—and these, too, have found their way across the desert, by different routes, from the mountains around Lake Tana. The Blue Nile is now a formidable stream, and it flows on with increased force to join the White Nile at Khartoum.

The White Nile is a much longer river than the Blue; at Khartoum it has already come two thousand miles from its source, in Lake Victoria. But the fall of the White Nile's water over this vast distance has been something like twenty-five hundred feet—compared to the Blue Nile's tumultuous drop of nearly five thousand feet—and so it has a quiet and sedate appearance. Steamers and feluccas move about comfortably on its broad expanse. It is very much the parent stream. However, the real strength of the single river that now flows north from Khartoum lies in the Blue Nile. It provides three-quarters of the total volume of water in the combined stream, and for seven months of the year it rushes down from the Ethiopian mountains with the effect of a tidal wave. By June, the force of this flood is so great that the White Nile is dammed back upon itself at Khartoum; it pauses, as it were, and stands aside while the younger, livelier river pushes past, carrying hundreds of thousands of tons of discoloring grit and soil to Egypt. At last, in January, the tremendous rush subsides, and the White Nile begins to assert itself again. Then, at Khartoum, you can see the two rivers flowing on quietly side by side, and for a few miles there is a distinct dividing line between them on the surface of the water—the White Nile not precisely white but more nearly a muddy gray, the Blue Nile seldom absolutely blue, except for certain moments at dawn and in the evening, but more of a brownish green.

The river still has seventeen hundred and fifty miles to go before it reaches the Mediterranean, and it will receive only one more tributary, the Atbara (another gift of the Lake Tana highlands), before it plunges into regions where there is no rain at all—nothing but this warm, brown, softly moving flow of water to relieve the endless sameness of the desert. Here, at last, in a region where everything would seem to conspire to make life a misery—the heat, the dust storms, the isolation, the lack of any green thing beyond the confines of the river—we come upon the first evidence of the ancient civilizations that are a flat denial of the primitiveness of Africa. At Meroë, near Shendi, about a hundred and eighty miles downstream from Khartoum, there are some two hundred ruined pyr-

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Smirnoff® Vodka Gimlet Add 1 part Rose's Lime Juice to *4 or 5 parts* Smirnoff. Stir well and serve over ice.

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amids standing in the desert, and farther on, as the river descends toward the Egyptian border over a series of long but gentle cataracts, more and more temples and fortresses appear. This is the region of Nubia, which is also a frontier of a kind—or, rather, a no man's land, where, in ancient times, invading armies came up the Nile in search of slaves, gold, and ivory. Each conqueror founded a new dynasty and raised new monuments to his own glory, only to be driven out by other conquerors—Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and the Nubians themselves—and it is strange that so many of them worshipped the sun, which was their enemy, and not the river, which was their only hope of life. It is also remarkable that this wild region, so eagerly fought for and so intensively cultivated in the past, should have been so very much abandoned in our own era. Such life as remains is fixed in the Nubian settlements on the riverbank, where the brightly painted designs of the houses remind one far more of primitive Africa than of ancient Egypt; along the caravan routes that wind from oasis to oasis across the desert; and in the pilgrimages to Mecca that continue to cross these wastes, year after year, with a kind of antlike fidelity—a determined search for grace through the awful hardships of travelling in the African heat.

At Aswan, which was a great caravan center in its day, and the southernmost outpost of the Roman Empire, another change overtakes the river valley. For the past few hundred miles, all has been stark rock and arid yellow sand, but now, as one leaves the last cataract and the island temples of Philae, plantations of wheat and sugar cane appear, and lines of camels and donkeys move along the riverbank among palms and tamarisks. It is the beginning of the softness and lushness of Egypt and the end of the wildness of the Nile. The very birds have a tame and unhurried air—whether they are the white egrets feeding in the swamps, the pigeons on every rooftop, or the herons and storks standing in the shallows like decorations on a Japanese screen—and the buffalo, released in the evening from his monotonous circling around the water wheel, comes down to the bank and subsides with a groan of satisfaction into the mud. One after another, the great temples come into view—Kom Ombo, dominating a bend in the river; Edfu, still intact on the western bank; Karnak and Luxor; Dendera and Abydos. There is a monumental stillness in the warm air, an intimation of past existence endlessly preserved, and day after day

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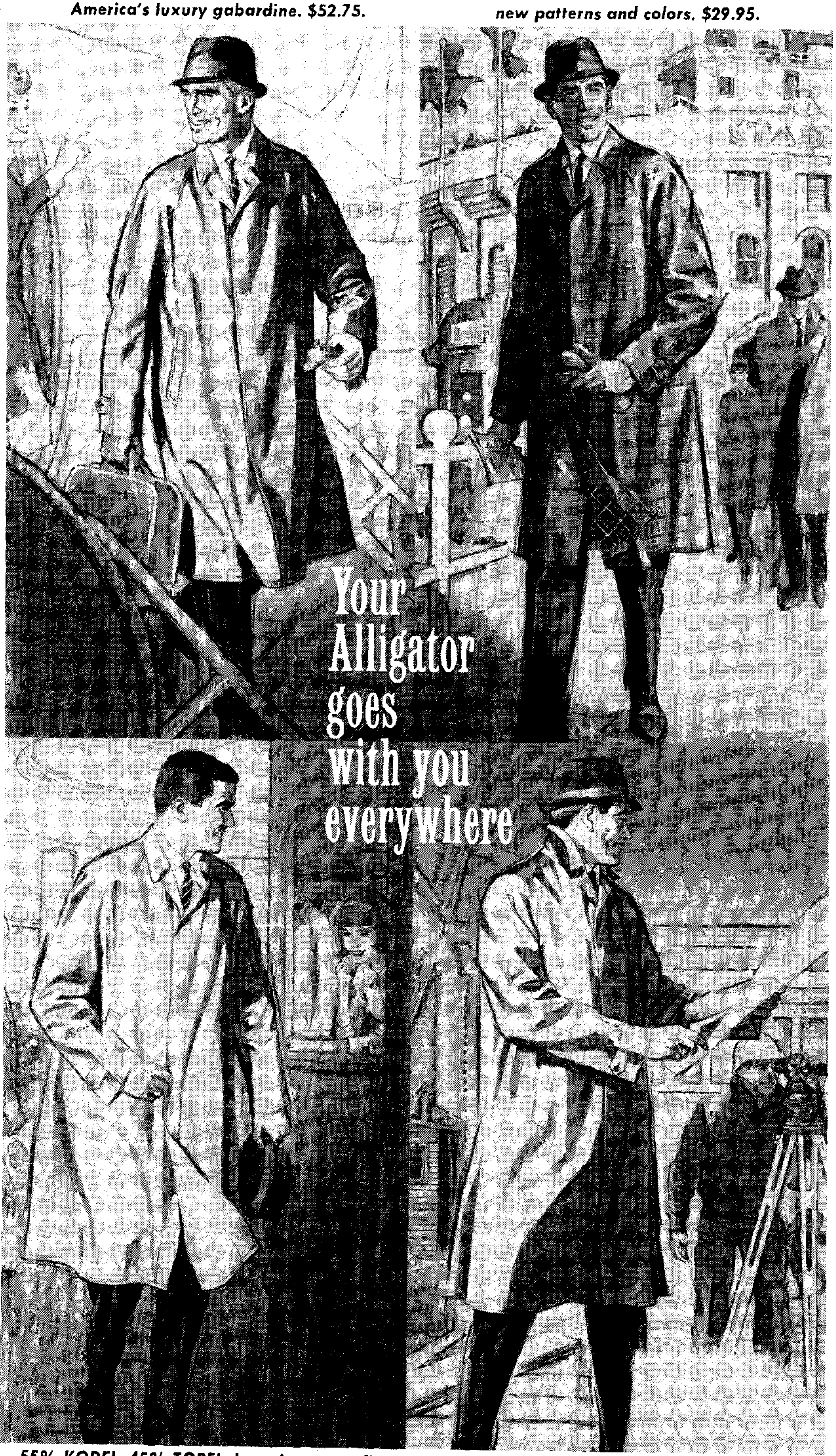
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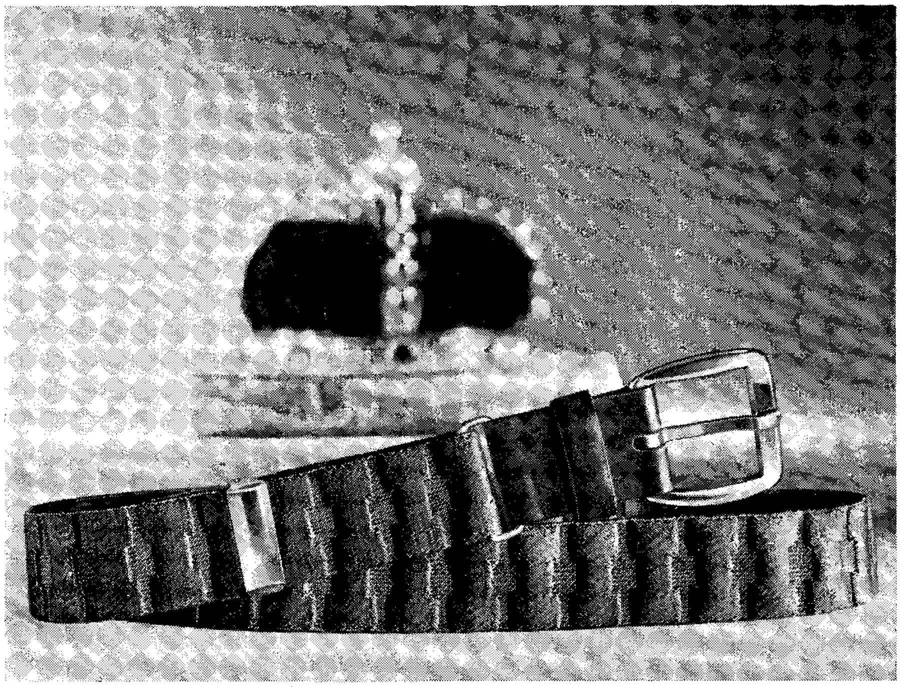

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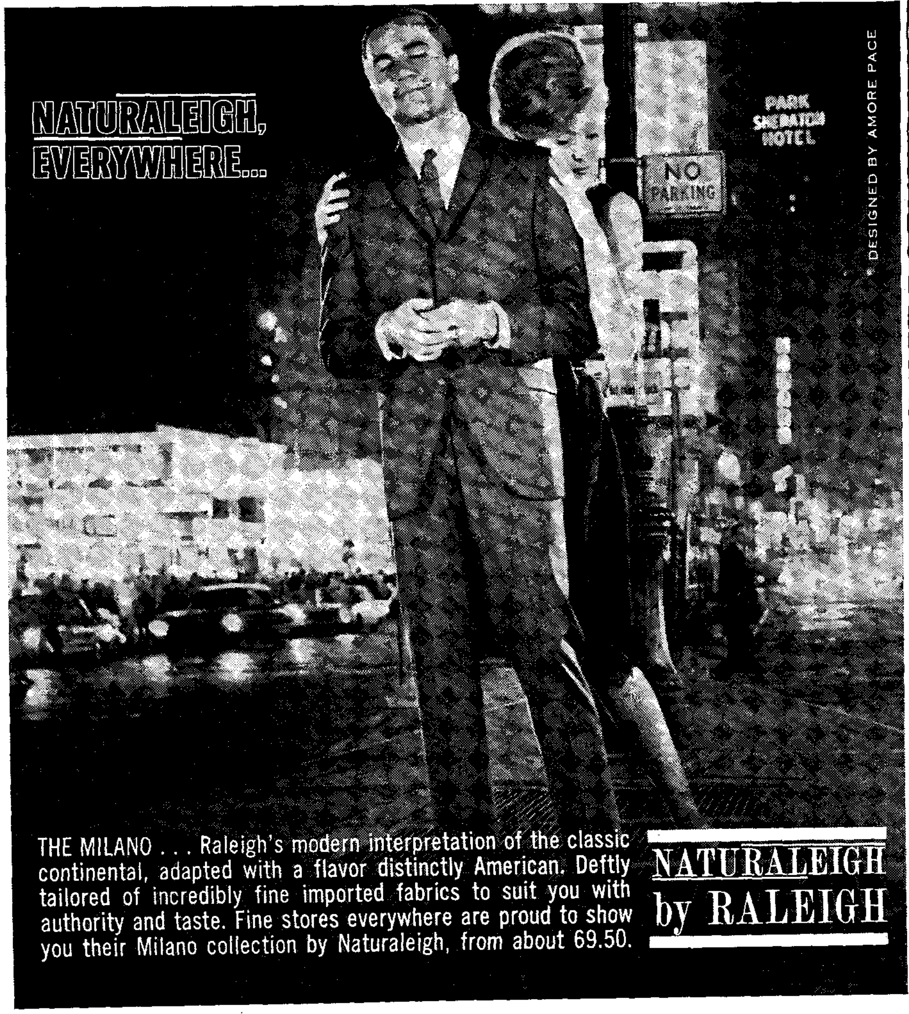

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one glides on to the north, seeing the things that every traveller has always seen. It is a process of recognition; the Pyramids and the Sphinx are prefigured in the mind long before they meet the eye. At Cairo, a hundred miles from the sea, the Nile finally begins to drop its Ethiopian mud. Confused by flatness and its own tame pace, it spreads out through many canals and waterways into the green fan of the delta. Little by little, its falling silt has pushed the land out into the Mediterranean, and the river itself is lost in swamps and lakes. Of the seven mouths that the ancients knew, only two remain—one at Rosetta and the other at Damietta—but at the height of its flood the river still stains the sea for many miles out.

This, then, is the end of the river. Without it, the people of Egypt and of a great part of the Sudan could not exist for a single day. Even a "low Nile"—an annual flood less than the average—is a disaster. This has always been so, and it seems astonishing, therefore, that so little was known about the river even in comparatively recent times. As late as the closing years of the eighteenth century, hardly any commerce moved upon its waters, and, apart from the caravan routes, there were no roads along it. Above Cairo, there were no bridges, no cities of any consequence, no government that looked beyond its own parochial affairs—and this in an area almost the size of Europe. In the ramshackle mud-hut villages that perched on the riverbank, life went by in a torpor of ignorance and monotony. For well over a thousand years, the great civilization of ancient Egypt had been forgotten, and its writings were a closed book. Just a few indomitable foreigners had made their way into this wilderness. In the early seventeenth century, a group of Portuguese priests penetrated Ethiopia from the Indian Ocean, and actually converted the court to Roman Catholicism, but they were soon expelled. Nearly a century later, a French doctor, Jacques Charles Poncet—an engaging character who is described as "an adventurer, a great talker, and a great drinker"—travelled up the Blue Nile with a Jesuit priest and, at Gondar, treated the Emperor of Ethiopia for a "distemper," and after this there were a few others who wandered for a time over the unmapped spaces of the Nile Valley and managed to return to Europe, but by the seventeen-seventies a great silence had again closed over the river, and no one could say what was happening there. Clearly, this de-

The hutch that Hef built

You know Hef, the *Playboy* wonder of the publishing world. ☐ He built his multimillion-dollar bunny empire in less than nine years – on $600 from hocked belongings, $10,000 raised through sale of stock to friends, and an editorial philosophy. ☐ The philosophy: "All the nudes that's fit to print." ☐ Whether Hugh Hefner's gold key to success is 24 carat or polished brass seems to be open to question. The question applies both to the man and his mission. ☐ There is a bit of the plowboy in the playboy, according to an incisive profile by *Saturday Evening Post* editor Bill Davidson this week. On-stage, Hef is the urbane gourmet. Off-stage, his favorite drink is bourbon and cola. On-stage, Hef is the connoisseur of classical music and cool jazz. Off-stage, he listens to 1949 Frankie Laine. On-stage, Hef is a bon vivant surrounded by celebrities and Playboy Club bunnies. Off-stage, he'd rather be alone. ☐ Hefner sees himself as the leader of a "good, healthy, upbeat revolt." He believes that "you should work hard and play hard, and strive to get into the sophisticated upper crust." ☐ A friend of Hefner demurs. "It's cut-rate, mail-order sophistication which American sophomores, many of them middle-aged, think they can buy for a six-dollar subscription to *Playboy* or a fifty-dollar gold key which will admit them to the Playboy Clubs." ☐ Revolt against restrictions or sophomoric sex, something keeps the Hefner rabbitry growing. (His one Easter-red egg was *Show Business Illustrated.)* He is now hopping into hotels, motion pictures and television films. And Hefner is enough of a commercial phenomenon to have been the single subject of a recent mid-term exam in Harvard's Business Policy I. ☐ You'll find the Hef profile in this week's Post fascinating reading. (Along with Speaking Out: The Voice of Dissent," "People on the Way Up," Part IV of the Menninger series, a major article on Billy James Hargis, the fire-breathing preacher of the far, far Right, and many other stimulating pages.) It's the sort of alert, aware writing that makes the Post a leading magazine with America's reading families.

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The Saturday Evening Post

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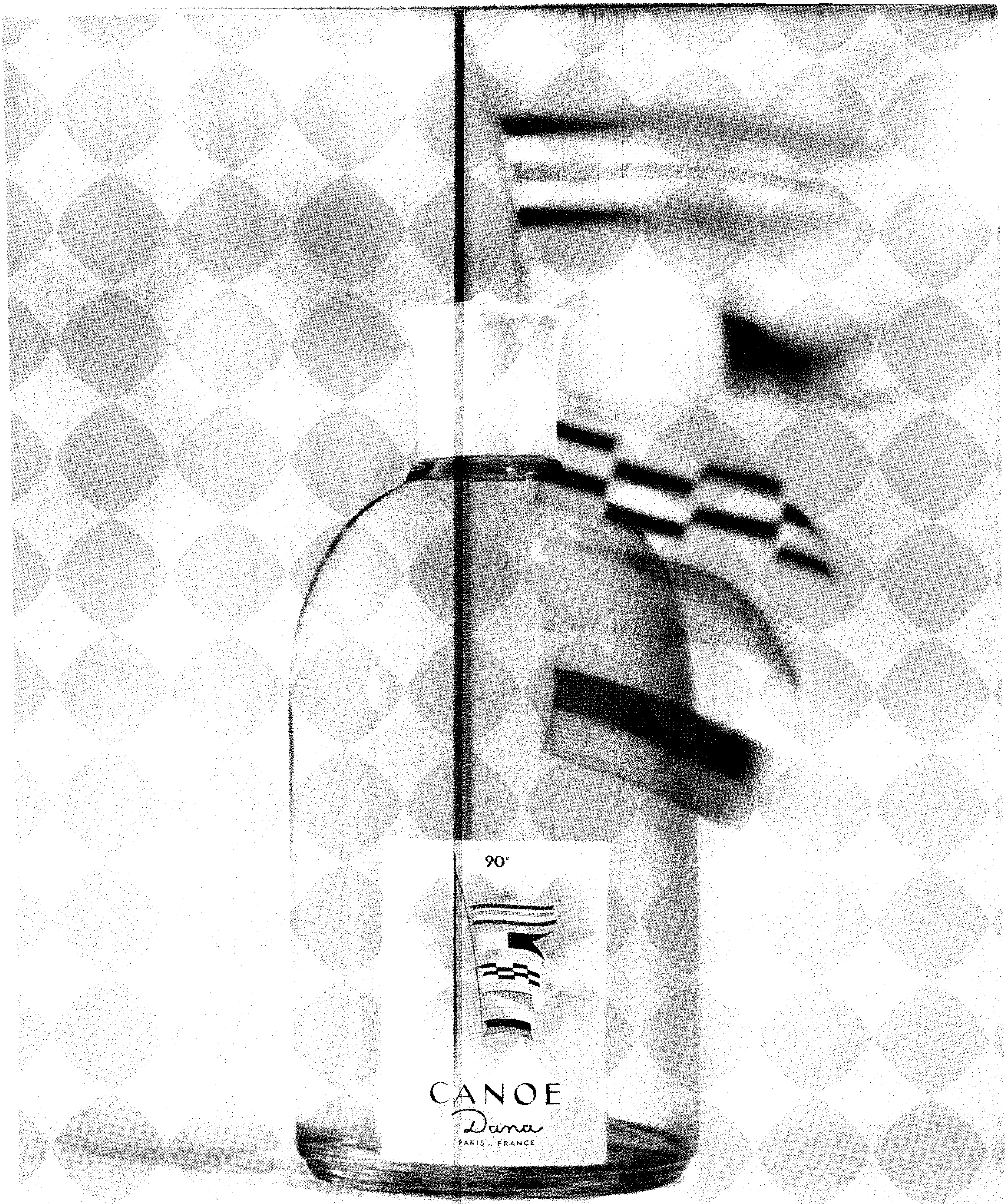
tachment and stagnation could not last. It could be only a short time before the aggressive curiosity of Europe was drawn irresistibly toward Africa. But there were still a few more years of isolation to run out, and it was at this moment that news arrived from the most unexpected and least accessible quarter of all—the heart of Ethiopia itself. James Bruce declared that he had been to the very source of the Blue Nile and had traced its course from Lake Tana to the sea.

EVEN the briefest glance at Bruce's life reveals the great gulf that divides us from the privileged classes of eighteenth-century England. He belongs to a world that seems to us now as dead as the dodo—the ancestral arms and the entailed estate, the classical education and the emphasis on manners, the patronage and the violent prejudices. Bruce hated the Papists as some people hate snakes, and if he did not actually believe in the divine right of kings, he was certainly monarchist to the core. Unlike the Victorian explorers who were to follow him to Africa, he never takes a moral attitude about such matters as the slave trade and the benefits that civilization could confer on the benighted blacks. He does not even make the pretense of being a reformer or an educator. He accepts the world as it is. Quite simply, he is out to do the best he can for himself, and he explores purely for the sake of curiosity and personal adventure. Even by the standards of his time and his class, Bruce was a formidable man. He stood six feet four and was strong in proportion, with dark-red hair and a very loud voice. He had a reputation as a horseman and a marksman, and wherever he went he seems to have dispensed an air of confident superiority. He felt superior. Even Arabic and the Ethiopian dialects did not defeat his natural fluency in languages; he was an enthusiastic amateur of subjects like astronomy; he was socially at ease; and he was rich. If he was quick to take offense (he describes himself as of "a sanguine, passionate disposition, very sensible of injuries") and was often childishly vain and boastful, he was also a man of imagination, and there is no doubt whatever that he was very brave and very determined.

It is strange that, even with all his obvious merits, one does not like Bruce very much, and stranger still that his own contemporaries should have been so brutal with him. Some vital ingredient was missing from his nature—perhaps it was humanity—and when all his hard-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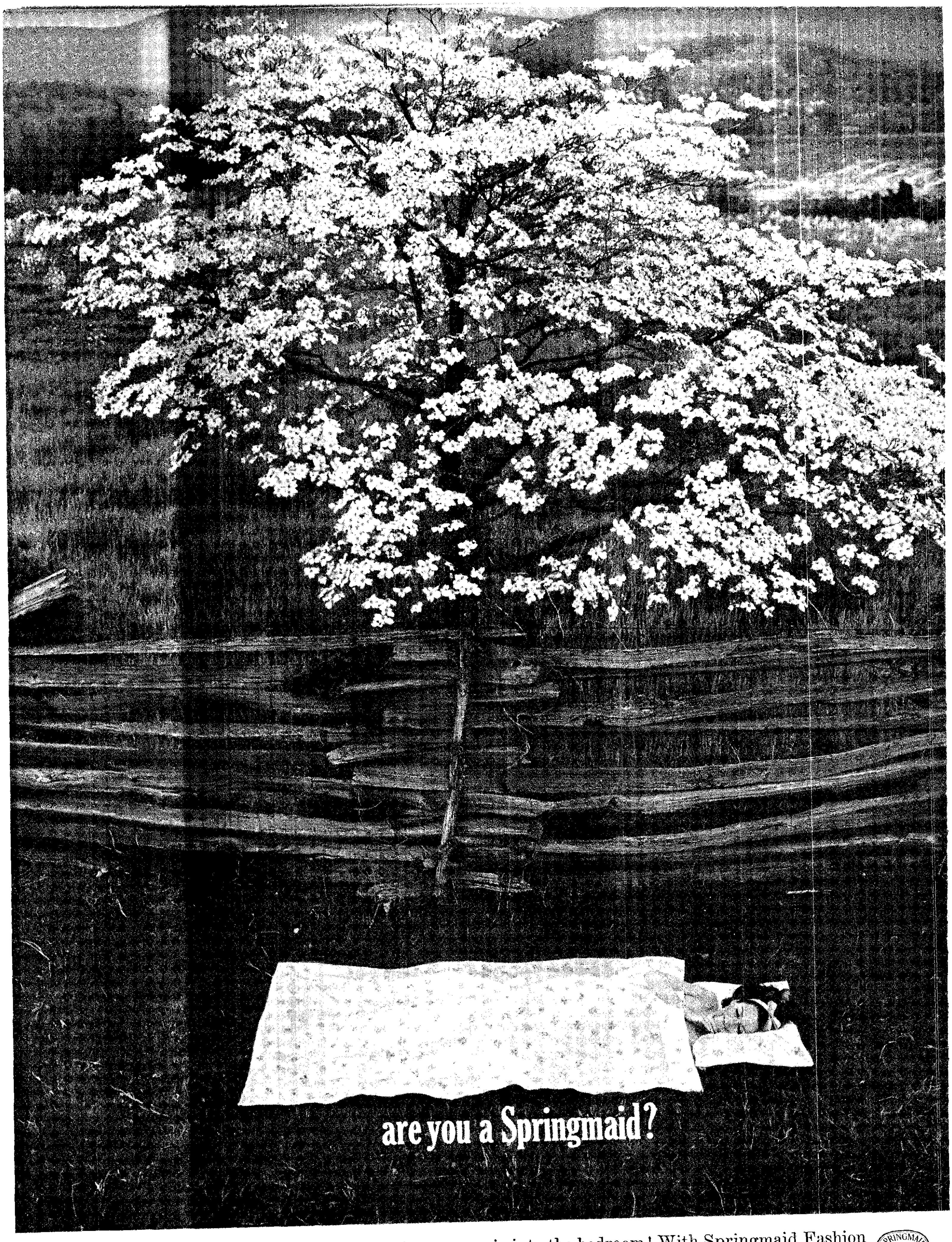

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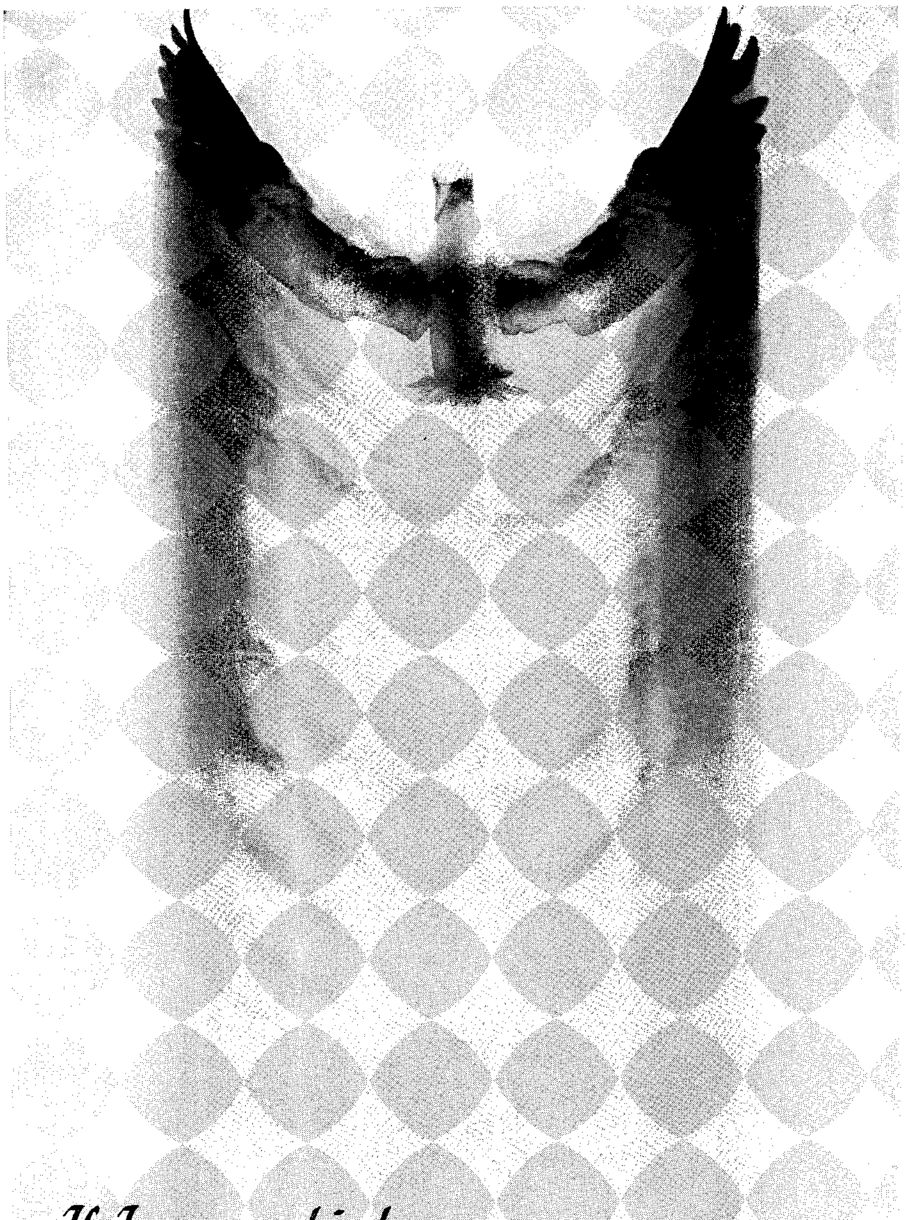
SPRINGMAID FABRICS

ships and misfortunes have been related, one is still left with the cold impression of an intensely self-reliant man, of the kind who repels sympathy by his own conceit. He was born on the family estate at Kinnaird, in Scotland, in 1730, and within three years his mother died. His father soon married again, and had two daughters and six sons by his second wife. Thus, from the first Bruce remained a little apart from the rest of the family, as the eldest son by another wife and the heir to property and privileges that dated back, it was claimed, to the ancient kings of Scotland. He was a delicate child, yet at the age of eight he was sent to London—a week's journey away by coach—to be educated by tutors. At twelve, he was put into Harrow, where he was well thought of as a scholar. Education two hundred years ago was pushed ahead much more rapidly and thoroughly than it is today, and at seventeen Bruce was sent back to Scotland to study law at Edinburgh University. He would have preferred the church, but his father insisted on the law, and this was a mistake, for Bruce hated it so much that he soon became ill. There followed several years of idleness and convalescence at Kinnaird, and in the end it was decided that he should go down to London and find a post with the East India Company. In London, however, he soon fell in love with the daughter of a well-to-do wine merchant, and after marrying her he entered her family's firm. Endowed with wealth and good connections, he was now installed in English society, and it seemed that his career might follow more or less upon that of his near contemporary, James Boswell, who was also destined one day, for all his love of London, to inherit family estates and set himself up as a laird in Scotland. But within nine months of Bruce's marriage his wife died of consumption while she was pregnant, and one has to stop here and consider just how much of Bruce's toughness and self-sufficiency sprang from the sudden disappearance of women from his life, for the same thing was to happen again, and more than once. He and his wife were in Paris, on their way to the South of France, at the time she died, and there was a grisly scene when Bruce, in a Protestant rage, rejected the attentions of the Roman Catholic priests. He eventually found a Protestant burial ground on the outskirts of the city, and she was buried at midnight. Bruce at once got on his horse and rode all night, through a wild storm, to the Channel. At Boulogne, he collapsed, and it was a



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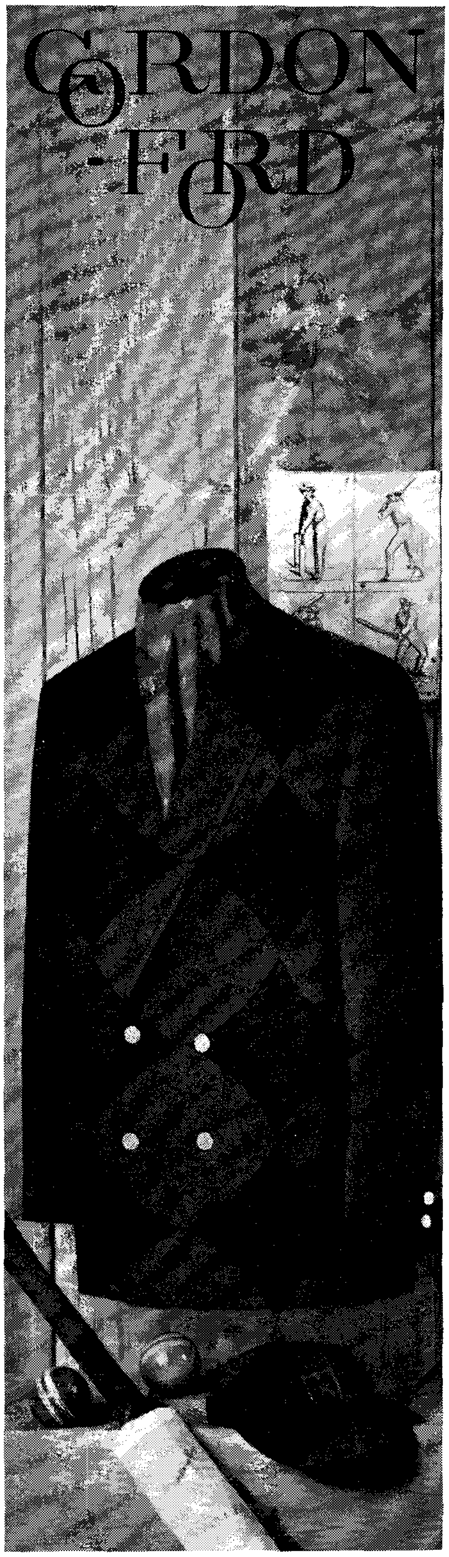

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day or two before he could continue to England. He was now twenty-four, and the tragedy appears to have had the effect of revealing himself to himself. From this time forward, he never really hesitated. He hungered for solitary travel, just as Boswell hungered for social life in London, and he seems to have turned by instinct to Africa and the south.

For the next few years, Bruce's life is that of the talented young man making the Grand Tour. He went to Spain to study Arabic manuscripts in the Escorial; he sailed down the Rhine; he fought a duel in Brussels; he made drawings of ruins in Italy; and eventually George III's Ministers found him a job as British consul in Algiers, among the Barbary pirates. It was not an easy post. Ali Pasha, the Dey of Algiers, was a sensual and cruel old man who thought nothing of throwing foreign consuls into jail and of enslaving the crews of visiting ships. He had disliked the previous British consul very much, and to "the English Vizier, Mr. Pitt," he had written, "My high friend . . . your consul in Algiers is an obstinate person, and like an animal." Bruce presumably knew what he was in for, but already he had vague plans for finding the source of the Nile—that mystery which for two thousand years had been, he declared, "a defiance of all travellers, and an opprobrium to geography"—and Algiers was a step along the way. In March, 1763, aged thirty-three, he arrived in Algiers equipped with two camera obscuras, for making drawings of ruins, and a quantity of astronomical instruments, for charting his journeys in Africa. He found things much worse than he could have anticipated; the Dey was furious at the seizure of one of his ships by the British and the French, and was out for blood. Within the first few months of Bruce's consulship, the French consul was taken away in chains, and Bruce's assistant was threatened with "a thousand bastinadoes" and fled into hiding; Bruce himself scarcely dared to go out. When he finally did have an audience with the Dey, one of the court officials was strangled in his presence. Bruce stuck it for two years before the British Government gave him permission to leave his post and continue his journey to the east. From Algiers, he travelled along the North African coast to the cities and the great ruins of the Near East, and it was a progress in the Byronic manner—brigands, shipwrecks, and hand-to-hand skirmishes besetting him all the way. The year 1768, when he was thirty-

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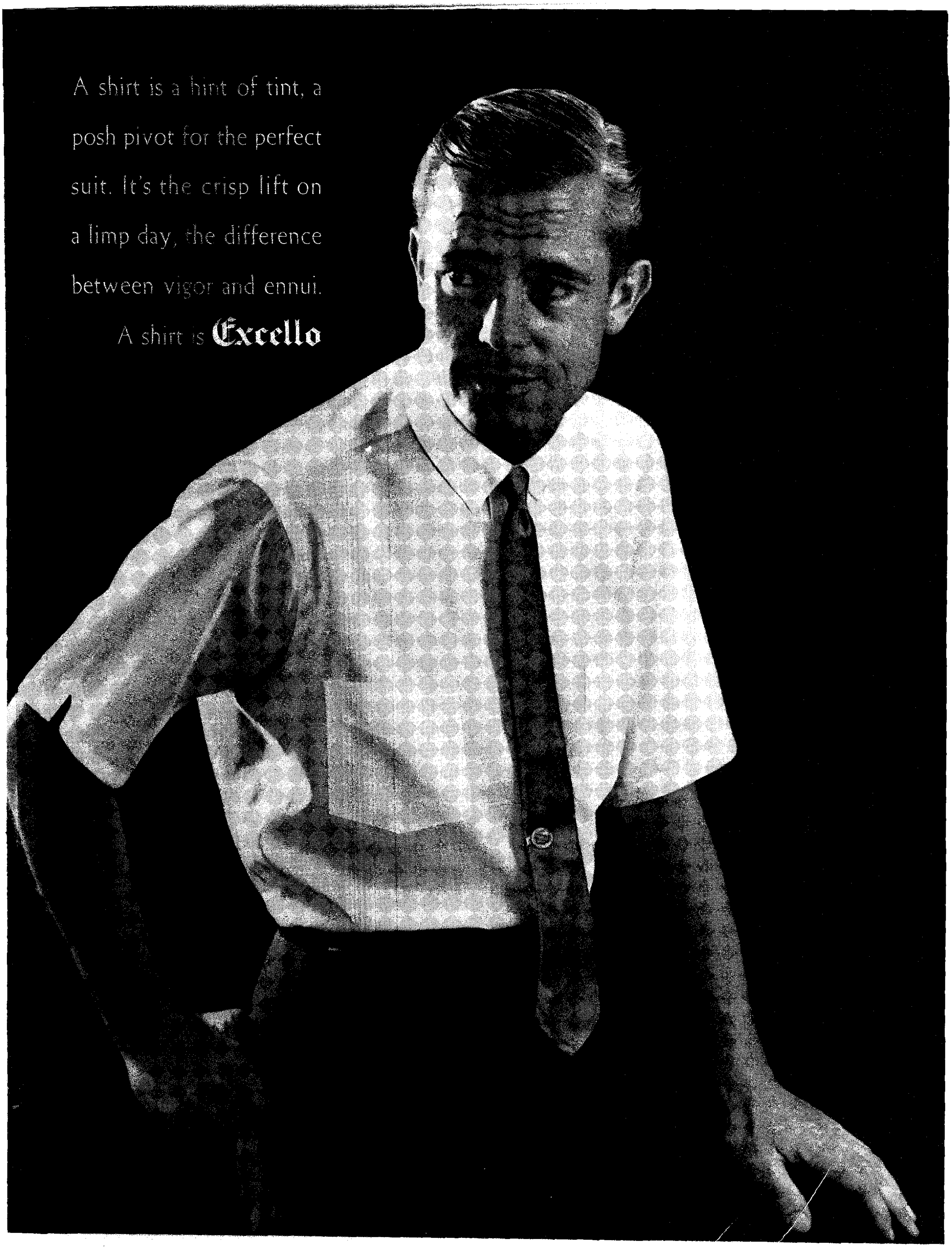
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eight, finds him in Cairo, dressed as a dervish and accompanied by a young Italian artist named Luigi Balugani. And now, at last, he has his great design in view: he will travel up the Nile into the unknown fastnesses of Ethiopia, where the river has its source.

There are a number of unusual aspects about the tremendous expedition upon which Bruce presently embarked. For one thing, he was absolutely fixed in the mistaken idea that the Blue Nile was the main stream and that the White Nile was a tributary. For another, his journey was, in a way, a journey in a vacuum—not only in the sense that the places he visited were virtually unknown to the civilized world but also in the sense of time. Some seventy years had elapsed since Poncet had been in Ethiopia, and after Bruce's visit thirty years more were to go by before any other European penetrated far into the country. So Bruce's account of his journey is like an island in the blackness, and one whose position cannot be plotted from the reports of contemporaries on the scene, for there were none. He set out up the Nile from Cairo, but at Aswan he found his further progress blocked by local wars, so he decided to enter Ethiopia by the Red Sea route instead. He turned back to the town of Qus, below Luxor, and thence made his way across the desert to Kosseir. Here he embarked on a roundabout trip across the Red Sea to Jidda, where he found a British consul who helped him on his way. In September, 1769, he landed at Massawa, which was then in the hands of pirates even more rapacious than those he had left behind so long ago in Algiers. It took him two months to extricate himself from Massawa, and then, in November, 1769, he turned toward the interior. Up to this point, he had covered ground that was dangerous but fairly well explored. Now he faced the unknown.

There were about twenty men in the little party: Luigi Balugani; a Moor named Yasmine, who acted as a sort of major-domo; and a gang of porters, who were mainly occupied in carrying an enormous quadrant and other scientific instruments. Six asses had been bought in Massawa, but Bruce himself walked. In three weeks, he had crossed the coastal plain and had struggled up the mountain paths to Adowa, which was then a place of some three hundred houses and one of the principal strongholds of the country. Here Bruce had a warning of what lay before him when he encountered several hundred miserable wretches imprisoned in cages,

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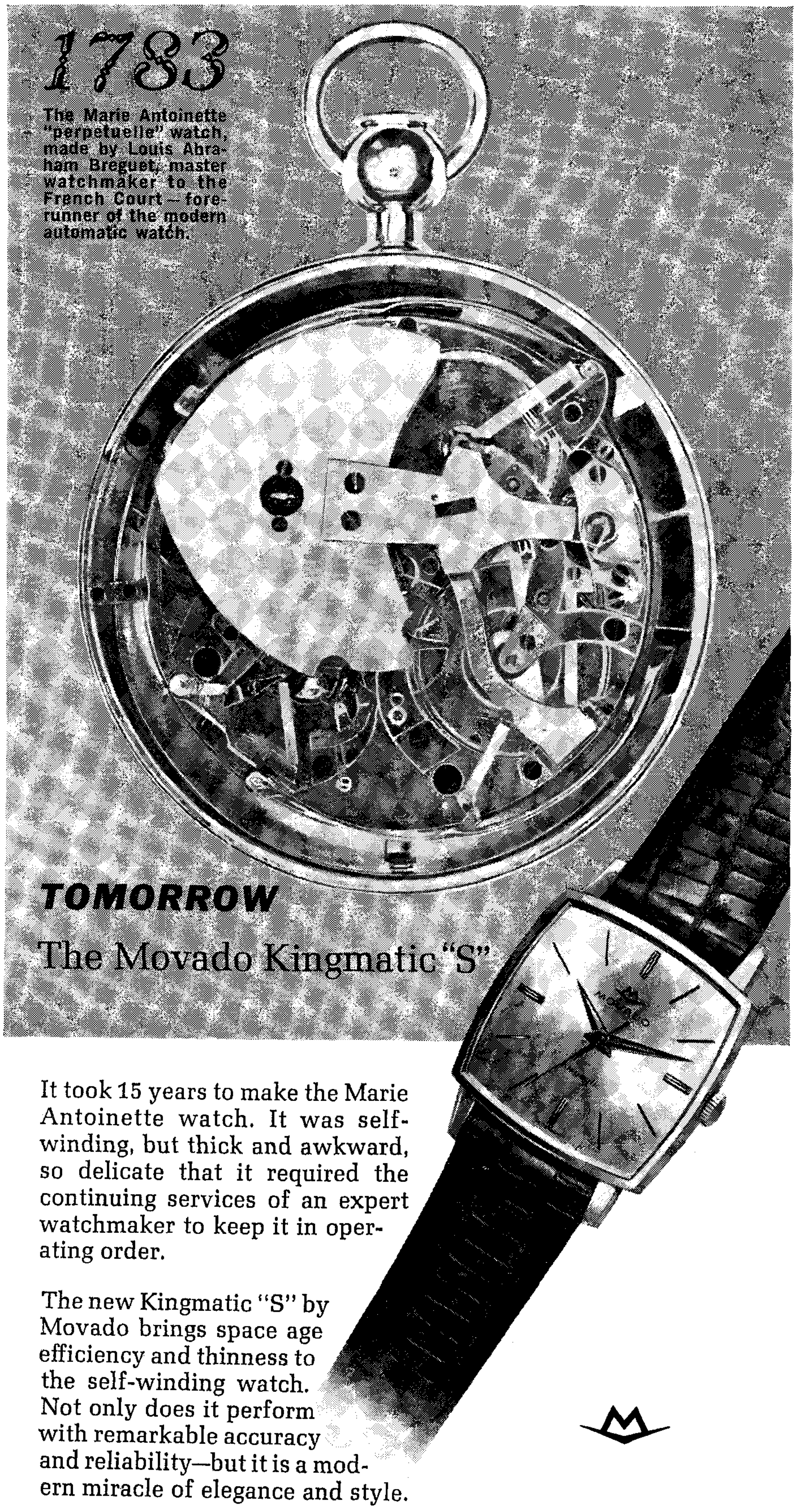
In mid-February, 1770, ninety-five days out of Massawa, the party reached Gondar, and Bruce settled into a house in the Moslem quarter. Addis Ababa at this time had not yet been built, and Gondar was the chief city of the country. It was a settlement of some ten thousand clay huts with conical roofs, except for the king's palace, which was a large, square building flanked by towers and surrounded by a wall. The palace had a view down to Lake Tana, some twenty miles away, and its principal reception hall was a hundred and twenty feet long. For most of the year, however, the court lived in tents and followed the army on its endless meanderings across the Ethiopian plateau. There was an air of nightmarish fantasy about affairs in Ethiopia at this moment, and in the pages of Bruce's book they never really achieve coherence or sanity, from the day he arrived in the country to the day he left. This is the atmosphere of Grand Guignol and of medieval melodrama—of horror piled upon horror until everything dissolves into a meaningless welter of brutality and bloodshed. Bruce describes it all in the minutest detail: the endless marchings and counter-marchings of futile little armies, the pitched battles, the savage feasts, the treachery, and the endless rhetoric. It all recalls the Chinese, who in their traditional opera handle this sort of thing very well. The general struts onto the stage waving his sword and hurling defiance at the enemy, and you can judge his importance by the number of flags stuck in his costume. Then, with a crash of drums and cymbals, he marches off, to be replaced by the rival chieftain, who is an even more terrible fellow, with his black mustaches and his dagger, and he, too, is full of braggadocio. The battle, when it comes, is as stylized as the dia-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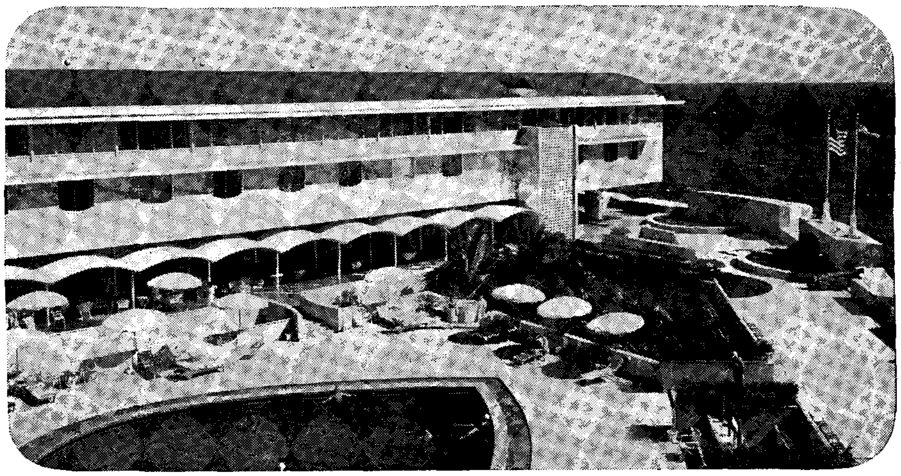

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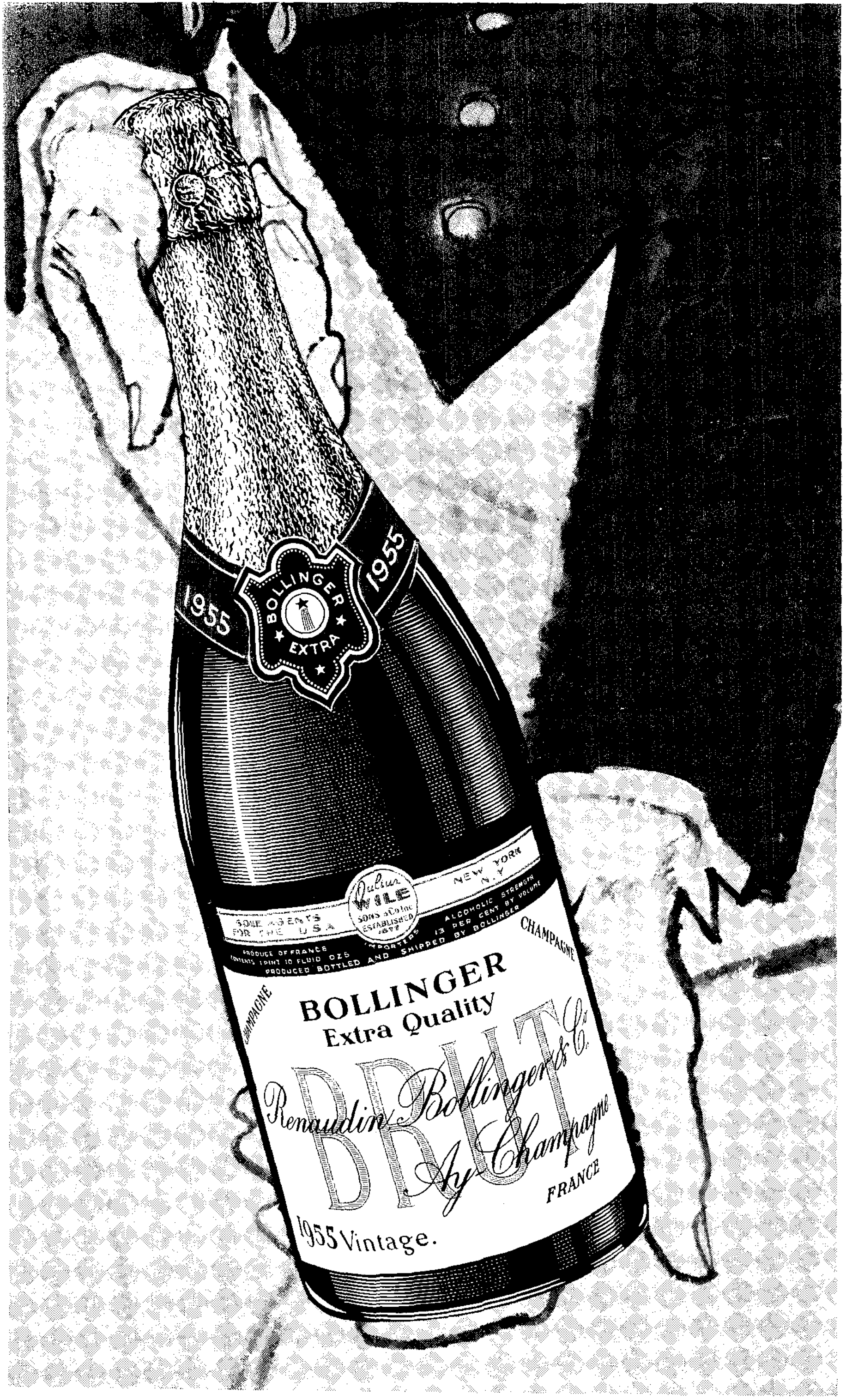
logue—a pattern of rhythmic gestures signifying nothing. There is a great deal of noise, a great deal of rushing about, and, in the end, one side is the victor and the other the vanquished. Then it all begins again. There may be a certain entertainment to be had from these things when they are treated as an illusion on the stage, but when they are presented as actual happenings, the drama is lost, the horror becomes gruesome and tedious, and one begins to hunt about for explanations of why human beings should be as dreadful as this. It almost seems from Bruce's account that a death wish was operating among these people—that they were born expressly to hate and destroy one another—and the fact that they maintained an outward show of Christianity and observed a crude ceremony in their manners only made matters worse.

The young king, Tecla Haimanout, and his vizier, Ras Michael, who really ruled the country, were away on one of their punitive raids when Bruce arrived, so he paid court to Iteghe, the Queen Mother. She seems to have been an intelligent woman. "See, see how every day our life furnishes us with proofs of the perverseness and contradiction of human nature!" she exclaimed one day to Bruce when he had confided to her the object of his journey. "You are come from Jerusalem, through vile Turkish governments and hot, unwholesome climates, to see a river and a bog, no part of which can you carry away were it ever so valuable, and of which you have in your own country a thousand larger, better, and cleaner. . . . While I, on the other hand, the mother of kings, who have sat upon the throne of this country more than thirty years, have for my only wish, night and day, that, after giving up everything in the world, I could be conveyed to the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and beg alms for my subsistence all my life after, if I could only be buried at last in the street within sight of the gate of that temple where our blessed Saviour once lay." Her daughter Ozoro Esther, who was married to Ras Michael, also attracted Bruce's sympathy, for she was a beautiful girl and she was driven half mad by the violence around her. Hardly as much could be said for Tecla Haimanout and Ras Michael; when Bruce first met them they were busy putting out the eyes of a dozen captives. Of the King's appearance Bruce tells us very little, but Ras Michael emerges as a fairly well-defined figure—a terrible, white-haired old tyrant in his seventies, gaunt, authoritative, about six feet tall, and with very intelligent eyes. Bruce made the customary obeisance to him, kissing the ground at his feet, and was well received.

It is wonderful that Bruce should have survived, and have even been honored, among these violent men, whose first instinct was to kill a stranger and then rob him of his goods. He had a certain value as an oddity, of course, and he carried with him a formidable portfolio of letters from the sultans in Constantinople, Cairo, and Mecca, but they hardly counted for much in this barbaric Christian world. He tells us that the Ethiopian warriors were greatly impressed by the power of his rifle, especially when he galloped about on a black charger potting at the mountain kites. His skill as a doctor also made him very welcome, and it was useful that he had learned to speak Arabic and the local language, Geez. But in the end, probably, it was his commanding presence and his air of assurance that really saved his life. Explorers in Africa tend to fall into two groups—the sophisticates and romantics who absorb the protective local coloring of the country and go about in disguise, pretending to be merchants, couriers, or even pilgrims on their way to Mecca, and the practical men who boldly announce their identity and disarm opposition by marching ahead to their objectives with a show of perfect confidence. Bruce was no fool in the arts of persuasion—he tells us that in Ethiopia he got himself up in chain mail, cloaks, and bright cummerbunds stuck with pistols, like any other chieftain—but he tends, on the whole, to belong to the practical group. And so, when he had cleared the Queen Mother's palace of smallpox and had flirted with Ozoro Esther and had flattered Ras Michael, they were ready enough to take him off on the next expedition, to the south of Lake Tana, where a rebel chief named Fasil was raising an army against the throne.

This was precisely the direction in which Bruce wanted to go, and it was a great disappointment to him that Fasil surrendered before he could get to the Little Abbai, which he believed to be the true source of the Nile. He did, however, reach the Big Abbai, close to its outflow from Lake Tana, and here he turned southeast to the Tisisat Falls. "The cataract itself," he says, "was the most magnificent sight that I ever beheld. The height has been rather exaggerated. The missionaries say the fall is about sixteen ells, or fifty feet. The measuring is indeed very difficult;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but . . . I may venture to say that it is nearer forty feet than any other measure. The river had been considerably increased by rains and fell in one sheet of water, without any interval, about half an English mile in breadth, with a force and noise that was truly terrible, and which stunned me and made me, for a time, perfectly dizzy. . . . It was one of the most magnificent, stupendous sights in the creation, much degraded and vilified by the lies of a grovelling fanatic priest."

The passage is revealing; in fact, it provides a valuable key not only to Bruce's nature but to the account of his journey that he was eventually to publish in England. There is, first of all, his inaccuracy, and it is very puzzling. One cannot altogether blame him for exalting the scene before him—after all, most of the explorers were guilty of exaggeration, and the Tisisat Falls are indeed very fine. But such phrases as "one of the most magnificent, stupendous sights in the creation" are perhaps a little too much; they smack of the storyteller. Then, when he gets down to facts, he makes the falls much wider than they really are but less than a third of their true height; the actual drop is not forty feet but a hundred and fifty. The references to the missionaries and the "grovelling fanatic priest" are even more disturbing. These were the two Portuguese priests—Pedro Paez and Jerome Lobo—who were in Ethiopia about a hundred and fifty years before Bruce. Paez was the remarkable man who, after being for many years a captive in Arabia, made his way to Ethiopia and, in 1621, converted the Emperor Susenyos to Roman Catholicism. The ruins of a large and beautiful church at Gorgora, at the north end of Lake Tana, are a witness to Paez's ability as an architect and a builder. Father Lobo, who followed Paez to Ethiopia, left an account of a journey to Tisisat. In it he declares that he clambered out on a ledge of rock below the falls and underneath the arch of water. From this perch, he says, he looked out through the cascade and saw rainbows in the gorge. Bruce makes great play with this. The whole story, he says, is "a downright falsehood;" no man could have reached that spot through the thundering, boiling water. But what he overlooked was the fact that while he himself visited the falls when the river was in flood, Lobo arrived at the height of the dry season; where Bruce's own explorations were concerned, he was as jealous and as prickly as a lover, and his hatred of the Jesuits was a spe-

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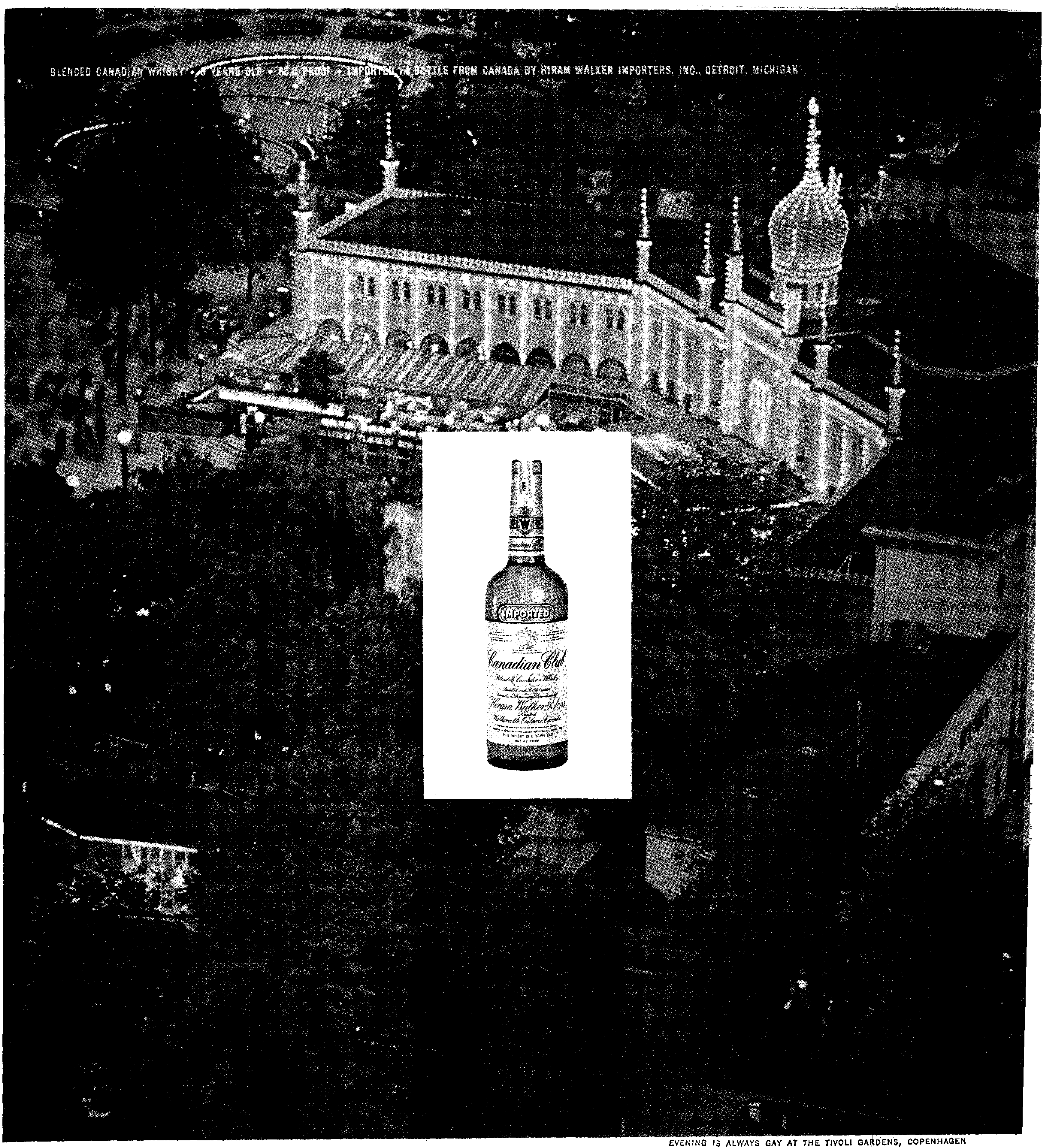

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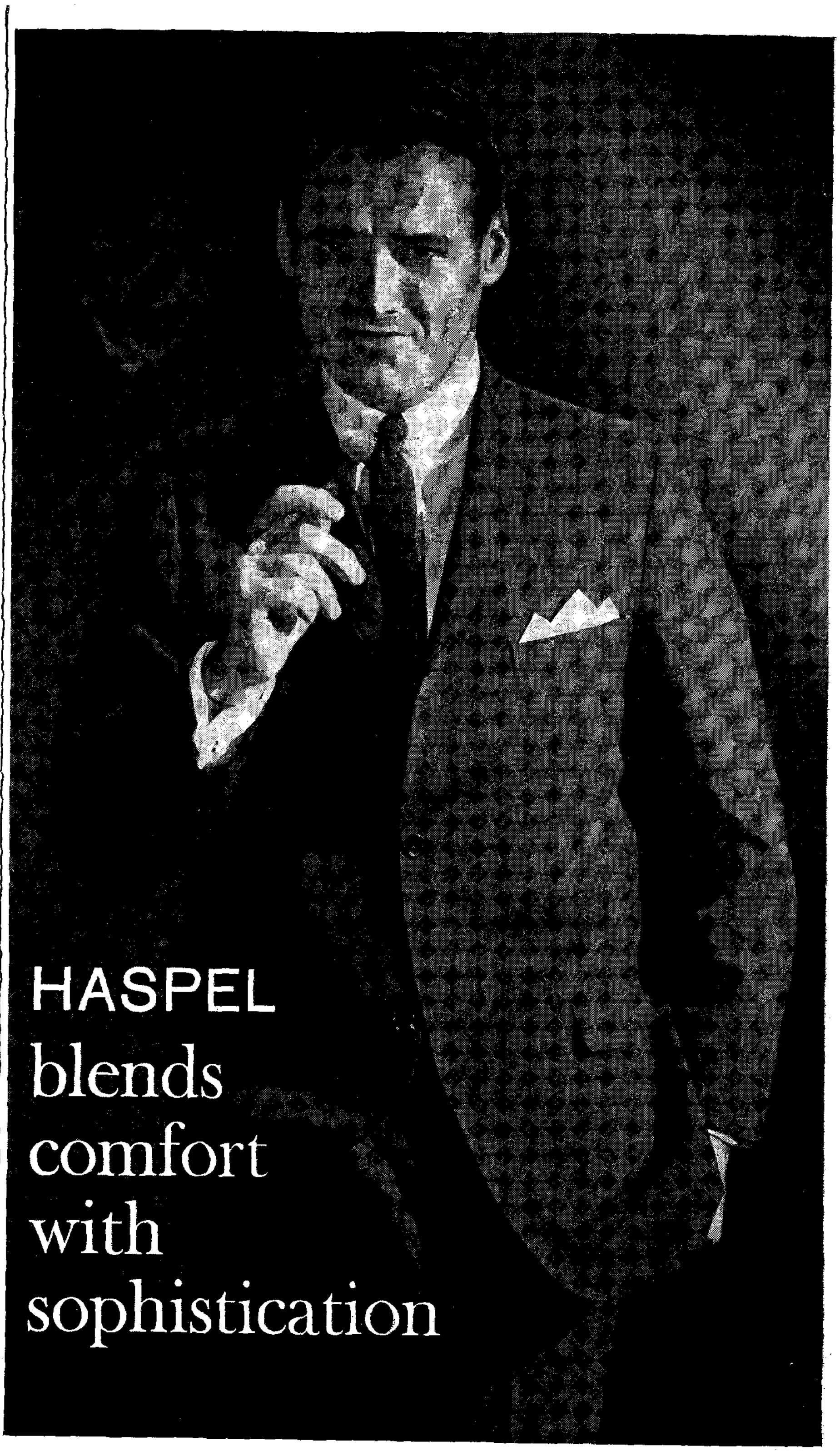
cial hate. This attack on Lobo was the prelude to a much stronger onslaught, which occurred shortly afterward.

For the moment, in any event, Bruce was thwarted in his attempt to reach his main objective, the source of the Little Abbai, and he returned with the army to the intrigues at Gondar and the mutilation and massacre of the prisoners there. For a while, he was ill with fever (*no doubt malaria*), and it was not until October, 1770, that he was able to set out again. This time, he travelled with his own small party, which included Balugani and a Greek named Strates, along with porters carrying the quadrant, as before. The country was temporarily at peace, and Bruce had got himself into the good graces of the King and Ras Michael to the point where he had been named governor of Ghish, the territory around the source of the Little Abbai. It was hardly more than a nominal appointment, since Bruce had neither the means nor the intention of residing there, but it provided a sort of passport for his journey, and it enabled him to impress the local chieftains he met along the way. He passed around the western side of Lake Tana and then moved up the valley of the Little Abbai toward Ghish Mountain, which is about seventy miles southwest of the lake. The final march was made on November 4, 1770, through charming country filled with flowering shrubs and tropical birds, and commanding a view of vast mountains in the distance. Late in the afternoon, when the party had climbed to ninety-five hundred feet, they came on a rustic church, and their guide, pointing downhill beyond it, indicated a little swamp with a hillock rising from its center; that, he declared, was the source of the Nile. "Throwing my shoes off," Bruce says, "I ran down the hill, toward the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant . . . and I stood in rapture. . . ."

There was no actual flow to be seen—the water merely appeared to seep through the swamp, from several springs, to a point where it combined into a tiny brook—but there was clear, cold water in the brook, and to Bruce at that moment it was sacred. "It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at the moment," he says, "standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. . . . Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind over kings and their armies." Picking up half a coconut shell to use as a drinking cup, he filled it and obliged Strates to



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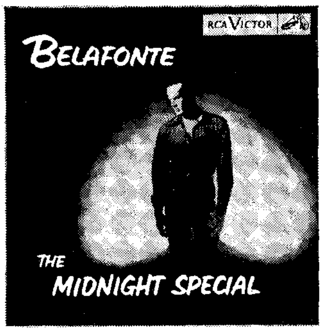
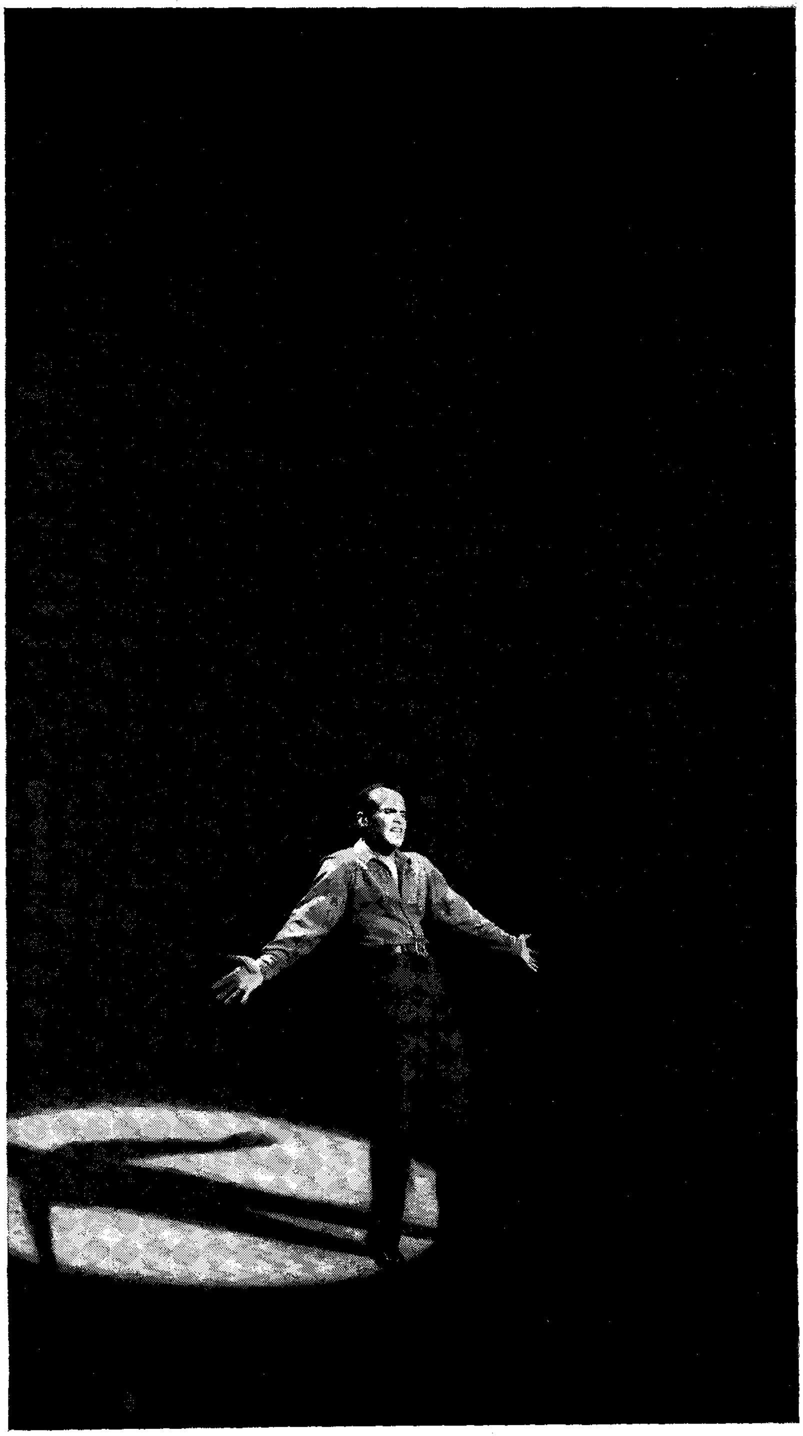


THE NIGHT HE PLAYED TO AN EMPTY HOUSE...

Outside on New York's East 11th Street, a bitter rain had peppered the pavements since early evening. Inside mosque-like Webster Hall, the musicians' coats had long since dried; midnight had come and gone. Harry Belafonte and a group of hand-picked musicians were now completing the last of dozens of "takes," nine of which would comprise a special record album in concert form to be played and enjoyed in the home.

For hour upon hour, the empty hall—a barren marvel of acoustics—had echoed the compelling, heartbreaking ballads of lonesomeness, work, faith. Songs brushed with blues and jazz. "Gotta Travel On," "Michael Row the Boat Ashore," "Muleskinner," "Crawdad Song"... reworked, even rewritten on the spot, until Belafonte's disciplined genius and unerring intuition were appeased. His "On Top of Old Smokey" is virtually a new song. It will become classic.

When the session had reached its climactic end, only the musicians, jubilant but exhausted, commented appreciatively to Mr. Belafonte and filed out into an early morning mist. They had played to an empty house but they had peopled it to overflowing with the spirit of humanity and inspired musicianship. And it is now etched for all time, and for all mankind, in an album appropriately titled "The Midnight Special."



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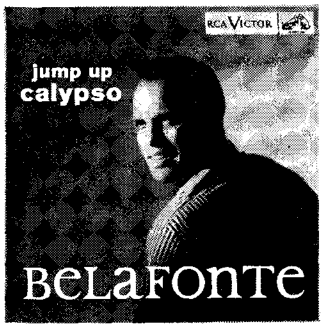

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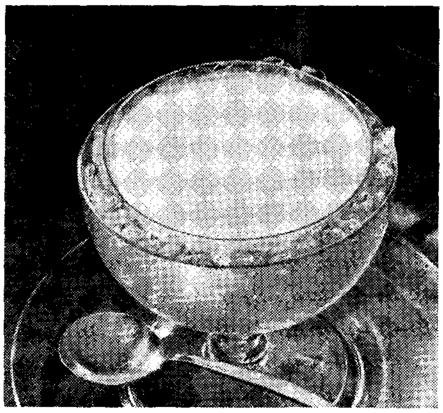
drink a toast to "His Majesty King George III and a long line of princes" and another to "Catherine, Empress of all the Russias"—this last a gesture to Strates' Greek origin, since Catherine was attacking the Turks in the Aegean just then. There was still another toast. "Now, friend," Bruce said, "here is to a more humble name, but still a sacred name, here is to—Maria!" Strates asked if he meant the Virgin Mary, and Bruce answered, "In faith, I believe so, Strates." We are to hear more of this lady later.

It was a strange scene, full of delusions. If Bruce was looking for the source of the Nile, he was on the wrong river; the true source was in Lake Victoria, a thousand miles away. And if he thought that he was the first European to reach this spot, he was utterly mistaken. Pedro Paez had been here in 1618, and his account of his experiences is very clear and very similar to Bruce's: "On April 21 in the year 1618," Paez says, "being here, together with the king and his army, I ascended the place and observed everything with great attention; I discovered first two round fountains, each about four palms in diameter, and saw, with the greatest delight, what neither Cyrus, the king of the Persians, nor Cambyses, nor Alexander the Great, nor the famous Julius Caesar, could ever discover," and he goes on to give a detailed and accurate description of the swamp and the surrounding country. It is useless for Bruce to claim that all Paez's distances and place names are wrong, and that Paez's whole account is based on hearsay. There can be no doubt whatever that Paez had been here a hundred and fifty years earlier, and Bruce's attack was both spiteful and ungenerous. It can be said, of course, that the whole argument was very trivial—who really cared about the discovery of a remote spring in Ethiopia?—yet it is true that from Cyrus to Julius Caesar the kings of the ancient world had occupied themselves with this matter in vain. And it is also true that the history of the river is compounded not of calm deductions and wise decisions but of just such petty disputes and jealousies. It is a story that unfolds through rivalry, pride, greed, and, finally, bloodshed.

AFTER spending five days at Ghish to complete his observations, Bruce returned to Gondar, to find that during his absence the whole country had abandoned itself to civil war. There was no possibility of his returning home while the hostilities continued, and so, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians,



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he threw himself into the fray and helped his friends where he could. It was a valuable period; as month after month went by, he was able to observe the Ethiopians more closely than any other European had ever done. He took great pains with his study of their history, and his list of their kings is one of the few authentic documents on the subject that we have. He made collections of original manuscripts and of plants and minerals, he kept daily meteorological recordings ("Smart showers in the evening and night; inches .324," runs a typical entry; it was always raining), and he visited the Coptic churches. (He did not think highly of the traditional Ethiopian frescoes—"a daubing much inferior to the worst of our sign-painters.") But even these researches could not make the cruel and murderous life of the country more tolerable, and in the end Bruce found himself sinking into a daze of apathy and disgust. "I at last scarce ever went out, and nothing occupied my thoughts but how to escape from this bloody country," he wrote. It was a bad time. Balugani died of dysentery, and Ras Michael was driven out in disgrace; one after another, the corpses of the Prime Minister's followers were laid out on the flat hilltop of Gondar to be picked clean by the hyenas.

At last, in December, 1771, a full year after his return from the Little Abbai and over two years since his arrival in the country, Bruce got permission to go. He was determined not to trust himself once more to the bandits on the Red Sea at Massawa, and instead chose the long inland route that led down from the mountains to Metemma and the deserts of the Sudan, and thence along the valley of the Nile to Cairo. Thus he would not see the Blue Nile again until he reached it at Sennar. He left Gondar in surprisingly good order, with a gang of porters, and he carried with him, in addition to his quadrant and his collections, a gold chain that had been given him by the court and a quantity of cloth and other goods, with which to buy off the predatory local chieftains along the way. He was now forty-one, and a diet of raw meat and honey had not impaired his strength in the least, but the hot, malarial foothills and the empty desert were very nearly his undoing; he came down with an attack of fever that lasted for two months, and some of his followers died of thirst. Eventually, at the end of April, 1772, four months after leaving Gondar, the little band crossed the Dender and Rahad Rivers and struggled into Sennar.

Bruce was now among the desert

Gertrude Stein — at home in Paris in March of 1930.

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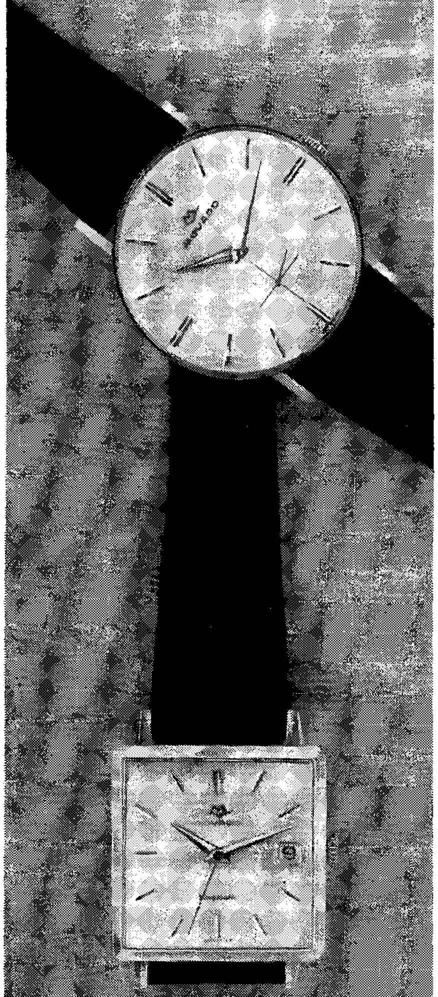

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Moslems and could reasonably expect to find a more cultivated way of life than he had encountered in Christian Ethiopia. But the declining empire of Sennar was hardly the best recommendation for Islam. The king, Ismail, like Tecla Haimanout in Ethiopia, was scarcely more than the puppet of his vizier, the Sheikh Adelan. Ismail was a derelict young man of about thirty-four, with an Arab, rather than a Negro, complexion, and he seems to have had a weak and fretful disposition. The Sheikh Adelan, on the other hand, was a very different sort of man—a genuine desert leader, with a clear eye and a direct approach. Commander of a famous troop of four hundred warriors mounted on Arab stallions—the Black Horse of Sennar—he ruled through his cavalry, and it is surprising that he did not achieve more than he did, for the Black Horse of Sennar was the strongest striking force on the Upper Nile and was kept in a state of remarkable efficiency. The fact is, however, that the Moslems were, if anything, even more sharply divided into warring tribal groups than the Ethiopians, and the decay at the court had spread outward like a wasting disease. Bruce hated Sennar, and fled from it as soon as he could get away, but not before he had been mulcted of nearly all the goods he had brought with him from Ethiopia; when he left, only six links of his gold chain remained to him to pay his way down two thousand miles of the river to Cairo. In September, 1772, he arrived on camelback at the junction of the two Niles, at Halfaya ("a large, handsome, and pleasant town, although built with clay"), which stood farther back from the river than the present city of Khartoum. Of the White Nile, Bruce says barely a word. One can almost see him turning his head away from it—how unbearable, after so many years of danger and hardship, to admit the thought that his own stream, the Blue Nile, could have a rival! He concedes that the White Nile is larger than the Blue, but he refuses to call it the Nile at all; he refers to it by its native name, the Abiad. One sympathizes.

He was now growing very tired, and, to add to his discomfort, he had contracted in one knee the Nilotic disease of Guinea worm, which is a parasite that eats into the flesh. However, he moved on, passing through Shendi ("It is impossible to avoid risking a guess that this is the ancient city of Meroë," he noted in his journal, and his guess was perfectly right), crossing the Atbara, the Nile's last tributary, and, finally, at the end of October, arriving in Berber, where he

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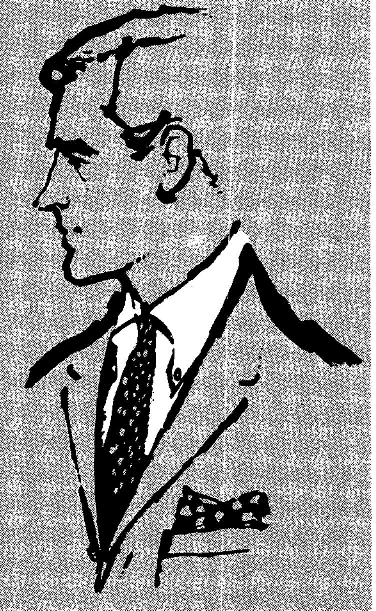

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paused to rest and buy more camels before setting out on the fearsome caravan route that ran directly across the desert to Aswan. This was a journey of some four hundred miles, but it was vastly shorter than the alternate route, which followed the river on its great loop around to the west.

There was a final visit to the riverbank ("I bathed myself with infinite pleasure for a long half hour in the Nile; and thus took leave of my old acquaintance, very doubtful if we should ever meet again"), and on November 11, 1772, Bruce and eight men "committed themselves to the desert." It was said by later travellers that Bruce greatly exaggerated the horrors of this crossing, yet it is only fair to remember that he had just recently come from the mountains and that he may have struck a particularly severe heat wave. One of the men went mad and was abandoned. Bruce's camels died, and the quadrant, along with the rest of his baggage, had to be left behind. He himself went lame with blistered and suppurating feet, and, in addition, the party was constantly fighting off marauding Arabs around the water wells. At last, on November 28th, like sailors who know from the appearance of floating driftwood that land is near, they were reassured to see river beds in the sky, and the following morning they dragged themselves into Aswan. The crossing had taken eighteen days.

Bruce was now virtually back in civilization, since from here on the Mameluke government of Egypt was in control and he still carried his firman from the Mameluke Bey in Cairo. The governor of Aswan was helpful; Bruce recovered his abandoned baggage from the desert, and on December 11th he set sail down the river. A month later, looking like a beggar, feeling ill and exhausted, and suffering great pain in his feet, he arrived in Cairo. Here he recuperated for two months, and by the time he sailed for Europe, in March, 1773, only the Guinea worm was troubling him. He landed in Marseille after a three-week voyage.

IT was just ten years since the traveller had last seen Europe, and at this point his behavior, which had been extraordinary enough, became bizarre. One would naturally have expected him to hurry home—first to London to meet his friends and give them his news, and then to Scotland. He did nothing of the kind. He spent a month in Marseille, getting treatment for his leg, and here he was befriended by Buffon, the celebrated naturalist. The two men

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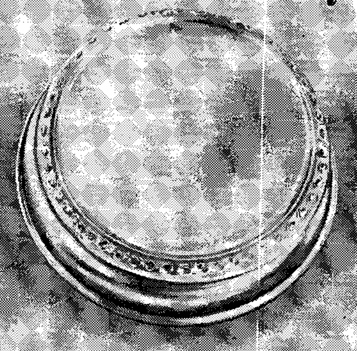

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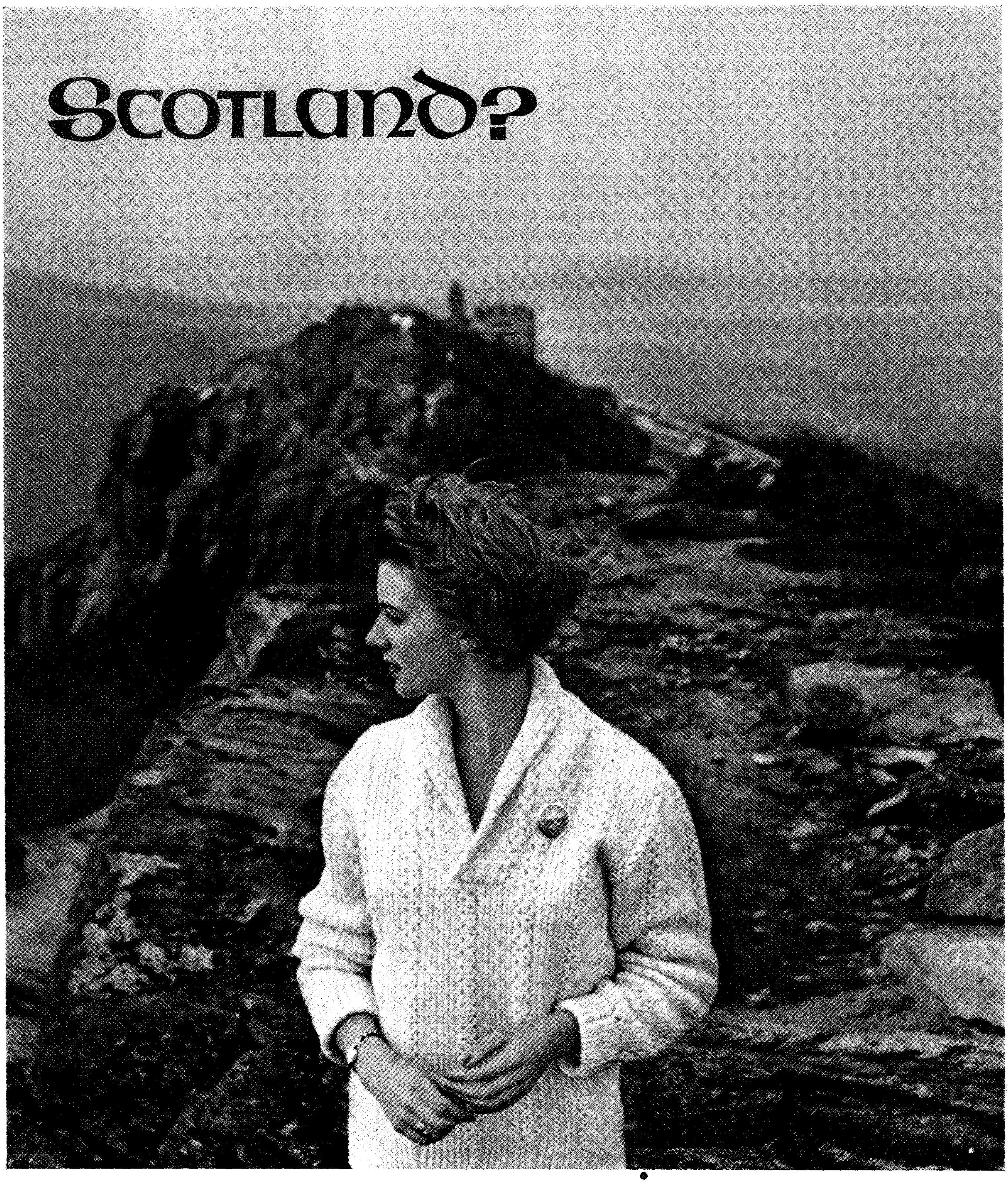

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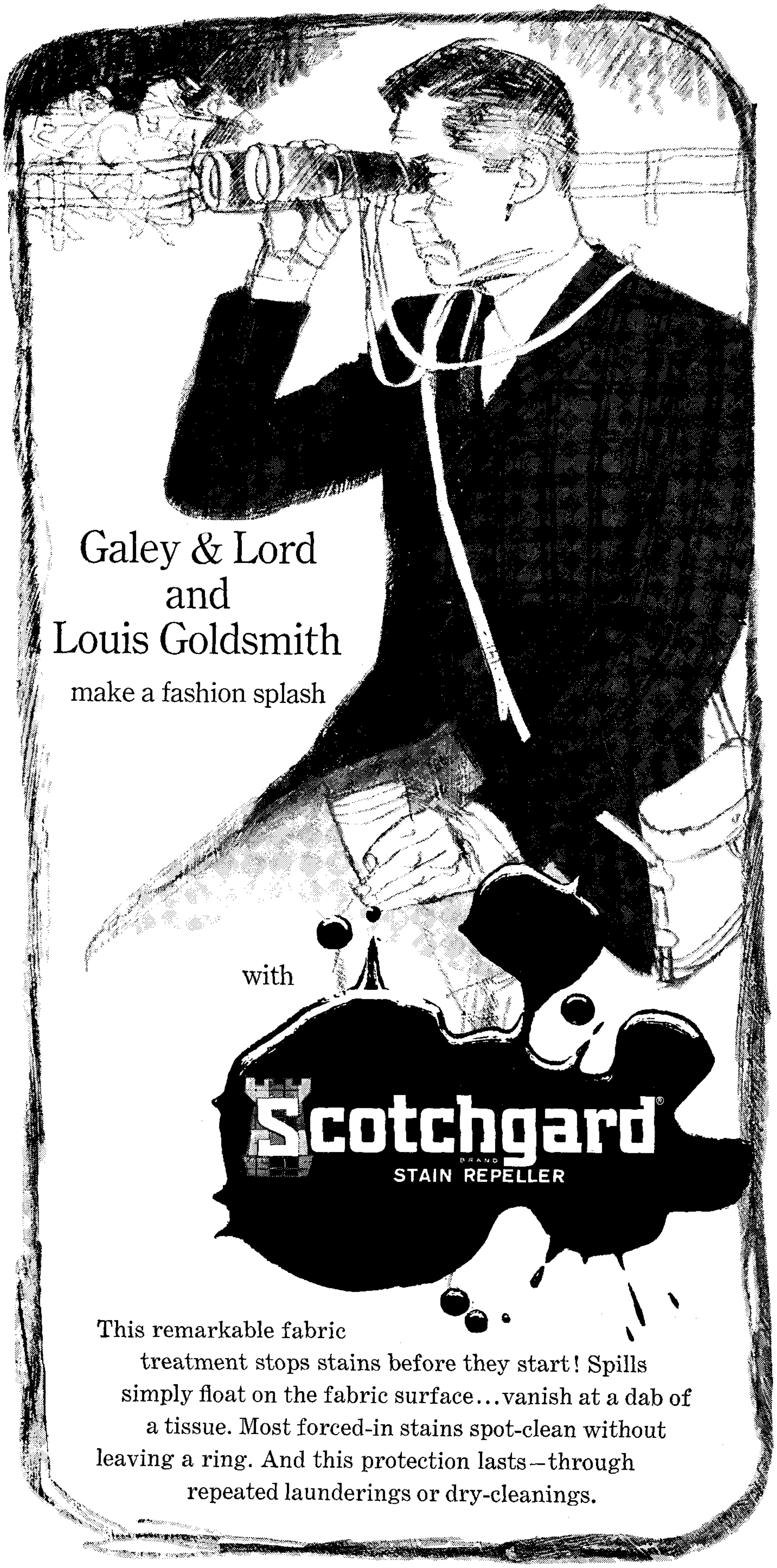
IMPERIAL — A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION travelled up to Paris together, and for two months Bruce was entertained very agreeably in the capital. He was received by Louis XVI, and later sent the King some seeds of rare Ethiopian plants for his garden. Next, he turned south to Italy. The ostensible reason for this new journey was that his knee was still troubling him and he intended to try the medicinal baths at Porretta, in the Apennines. The real reason, however, was that he had discovered, like so many soldiers returning from the wars, that his girl had abandoned him for another man. This was the Maria whom he had toasted at the source of the Little Abbai. She was a Scotswoman to whom he had become engaged before setting out on his travels, and it seems that he had seriously expected her to wait for him—without letters or news of any kind, and for twelve years. But she had not waited; she was now the wife of an Italian aristocrat, the Marchese Filippo d'Accoramboni, and was living in Rome. Bruce, on arriving there, burst in on the astonished husband with an effect that might have been devastating if it had not been so near to French farce; one must remember his six feet four inches and the fact that he was now a gaunt, weather-beaten figure, and very angry. He wanted an apology or, failing an apology, a duel. The Italian, aghast, wrote out a letter saying that he had never even heard of Bruce until this moment, and that he hastened to offer his apologies if he had done him any wrong. With this, Bruce retired, and settled down to a winter season in Rome, getting treatment for his leg and calling upon Pope Clement XIV.

In the spring of 1774, he turned north again. But still he lingered, and it was not until June that he crossed from Paris to London. At first, things went well. The fact that George III kindly received his drawings—or, rather, Baluganni's drawings—of the ruins and cities of the Near East and Africa perhaps did not mean very much, since His Majesty, in that scintillating age of Burke, Gibbon, Johnson, and Walpole, was always receiving books and portfolios of one kind or another and was not the best appreciator of them. But the learned societies and the salons of fashionable London were very ready to hear what Bruce had to say. It was soon apparent, however, that they were listening not with respect but with amusement—the sort of amusement that one reserves for marvellous storytellers like Baron Münchausen. What on earth was all this about cutting steaks from cows? And how droll the good



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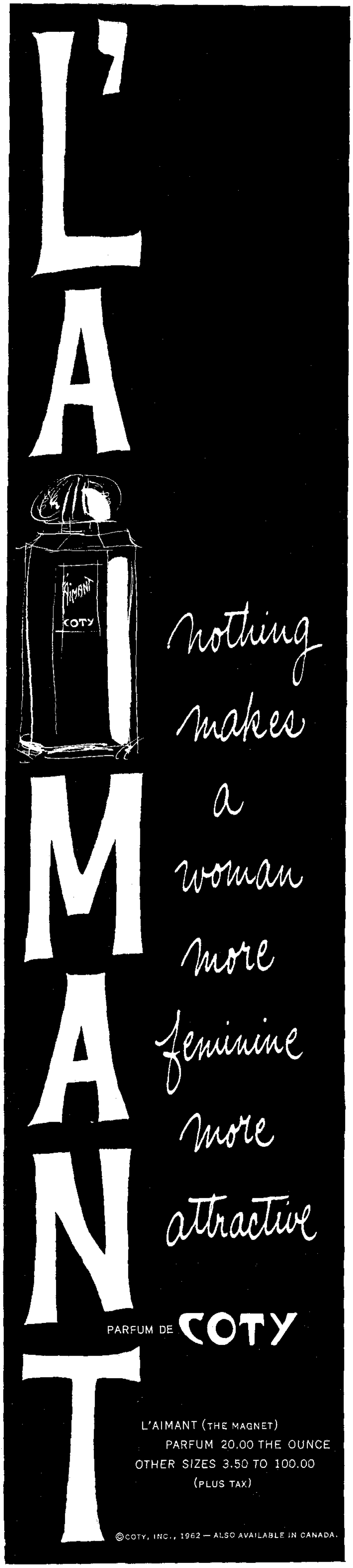
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man was about his barbarous emperors and sheikhs! There can hardly have been another time when London could produce so many wits to deal with this sort of thing. Peter Pindar, the fashionable satirist of the day, soon composed a couplet:

> Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
> Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.

It was all too good to be true.

The explorer's fate was finally sealed when Dr. Johnson turned on him. Johnson, now an old man, was deeply interested in Ethiopia. Some forty years before, he himself had translated Father Lobo's "A Voyage to Abyssinia" into English. It was his first published work, yet in his preface to the book he produced, in its full power, the rolling Johnsonian style: "He [Father Lobo] appears, by his modest and disaffected narration, to have described things as he saw them; to have copied nature from life; and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks, that destroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey without tears; and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening their neighbouring inhabitants. . . . [The reader] will discover, what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason." Holding these views about Father Lobo, Johnson did not at all welcome Bruce's description of the man as a liar. On the contrary, he found Bruce himself very unreliable—a man who consulted his imagination rather than his senses, and was in no way modest. We have it on the authority of one of Johnson's biographers that he said "that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe he had been there, but that he had afterwards altered his opinion." There is even a slight note of derision from Fanny Burney, who also met Bruce about this time. She wrote, "Mr. Bruce's grand air, gigantic height, and forbidding brow awed everybody. He is the tallest man you ever saw *gratis*."

Bruce was affronted and disgusted. "As soon as Bruce found that in England public opinion was against him," his biographer, Francis Head, says, "in sullen indignation, he determined to retire into his own country . . . his spirit too proud to accept a smile as an atonement for a barbarous prejudice and an unjustifiable insult." Edinburgh re-

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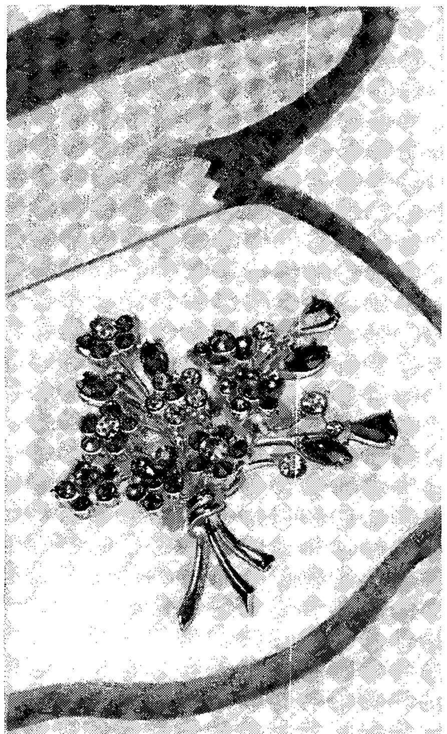
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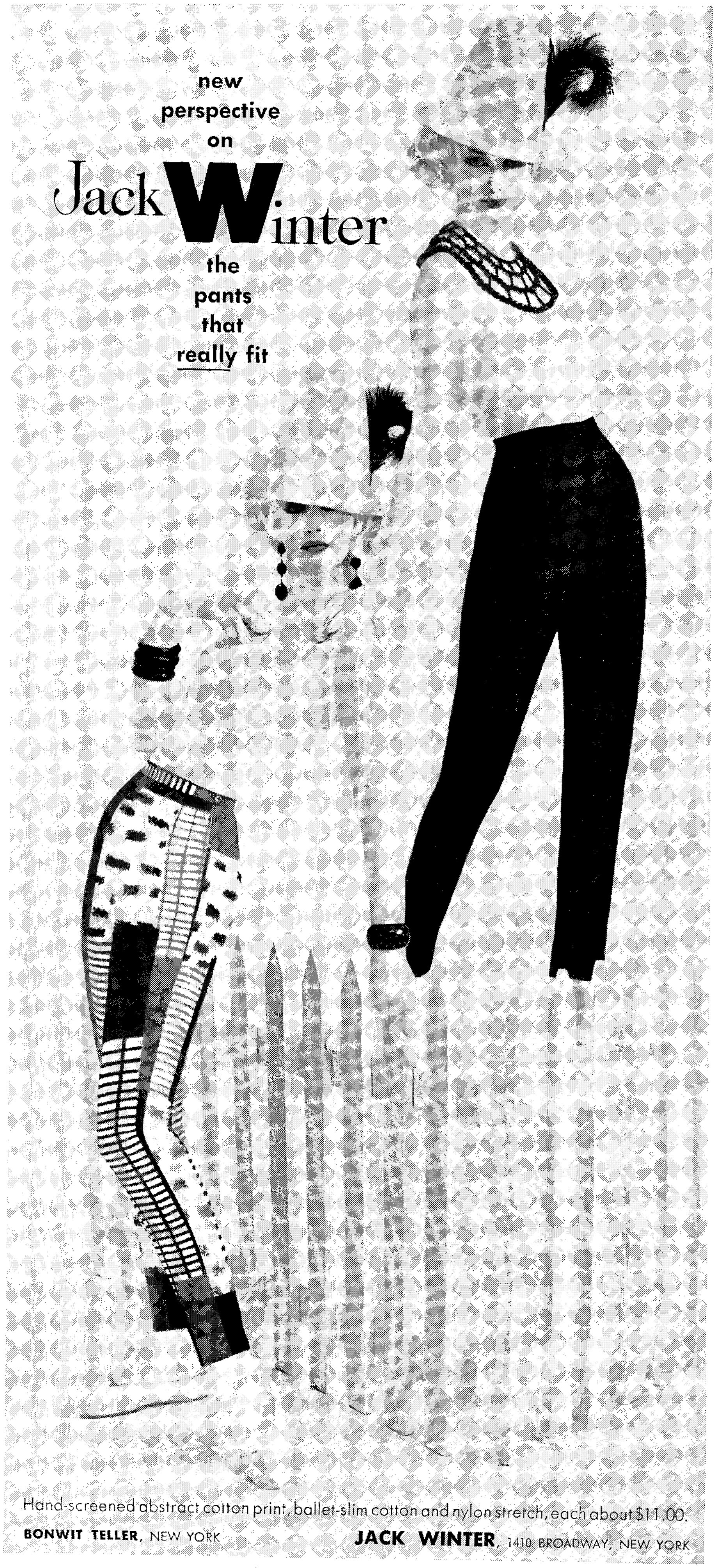
ceived him better, and so did Bruce's own estates at Kinnaird, which, though badly in need of attention, now included a number of valuable coal mines. Within two years, he married Mary Dundas, a charming girl who was a granddaughter of the Earl of Lauderdale and had been born in the same year that Bruce's first wife died; she was thus twenty-four years younger than her husband. They had several children, and Bruce, now a rich man with a fine house, was happy enough dispensing patronage and hospitality. He went over his collections. He indulged his passion for astronomy by erecting an observatory on the top of his house, and there he could often be found, dressed in a turban and an Ethiopian costume, observing those same stars that had looked down on him so long in the Ethiopian mountains. He continued to be an active horseman, but he grew so fat that his carriage was observed to bend sidewise when he got into it. He was a laird in the grand manner, gracefully growing old. Yet still the sullen indignation burned on. He would not publish. He arranged his journals and he made translations of Ethiopian documents, but he resolutely refused to commit anything to print. It could well have been that things would have gone on like this, but one more tragedy awaited him. In 1788, when he was fifty-eight, his young wife died. Bruce felt this blow very deeply, and, in an effort to arouse him from his apathy and melancholy, friends urged him to bring out an account of his travels. At last he gave way. After all, the critics had had their moment of malice fourteen years before and were hardly likely to return to the attack. The book was to be his final justification.

Bruce was not the first traveller to find that writing can be, in its own way, as irksome as the most arduous journey, and he began his task with great difficulty and very slowly. However, an amanuensis was found for him in London—a Mr. B. H. Latrobe, who was the pastor of the Moravian church in Fetter Lane—and in May, 1788, Bruce went there to work with him. "This was a task that required the most persevering attention, as well as a great quickness of pen," Latrobe later wrote, "as he himself, seated in an easy chair, had nothing to do but crowd his ideas upon me, and he was very impatient if I did not keep pace with him." In addition, Latrobe edited the resulting manuscript, which ran to nine folio volumes, and he found this "a very tedious and disagreeable task," since "I had once or twice the misfortune to offend him in



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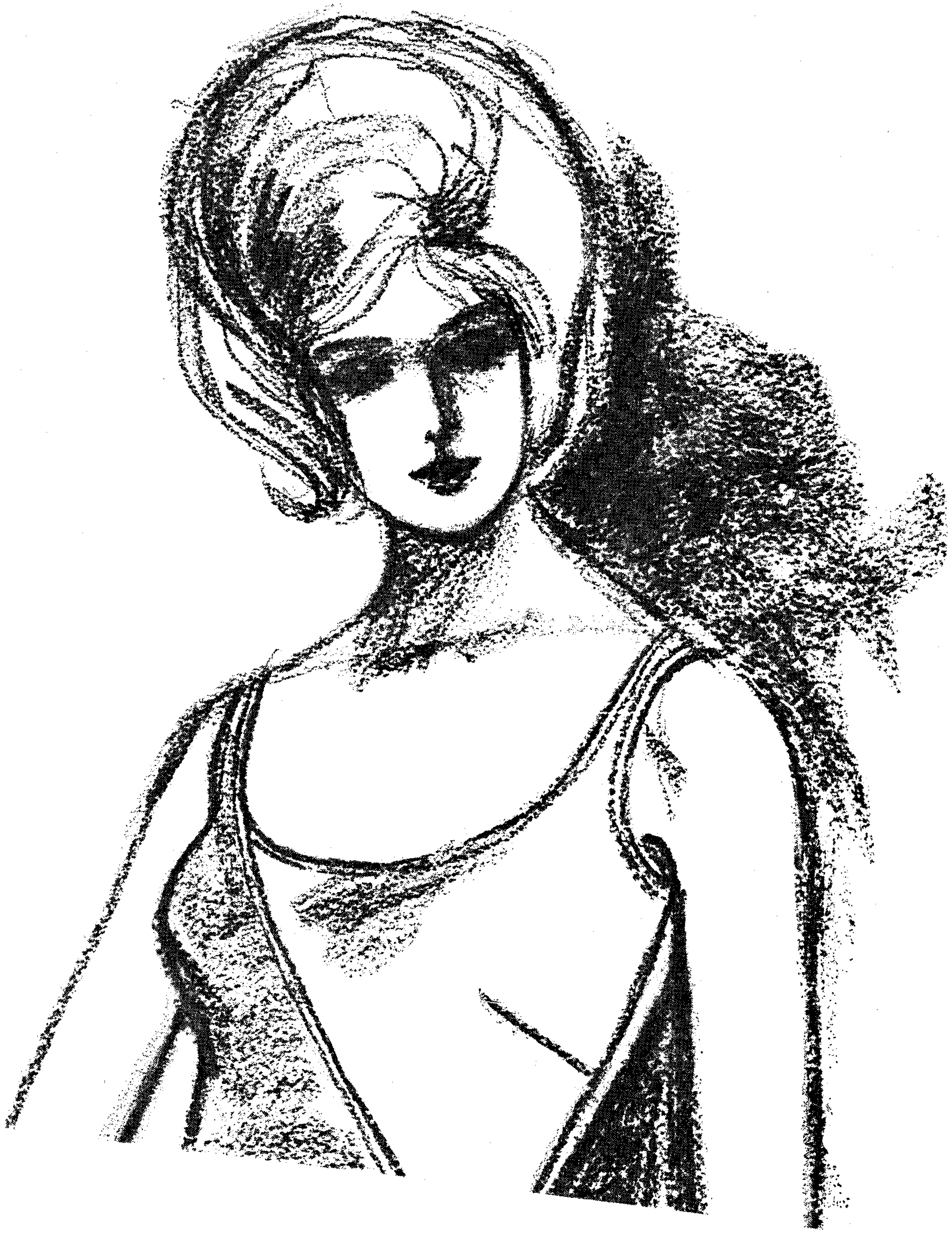
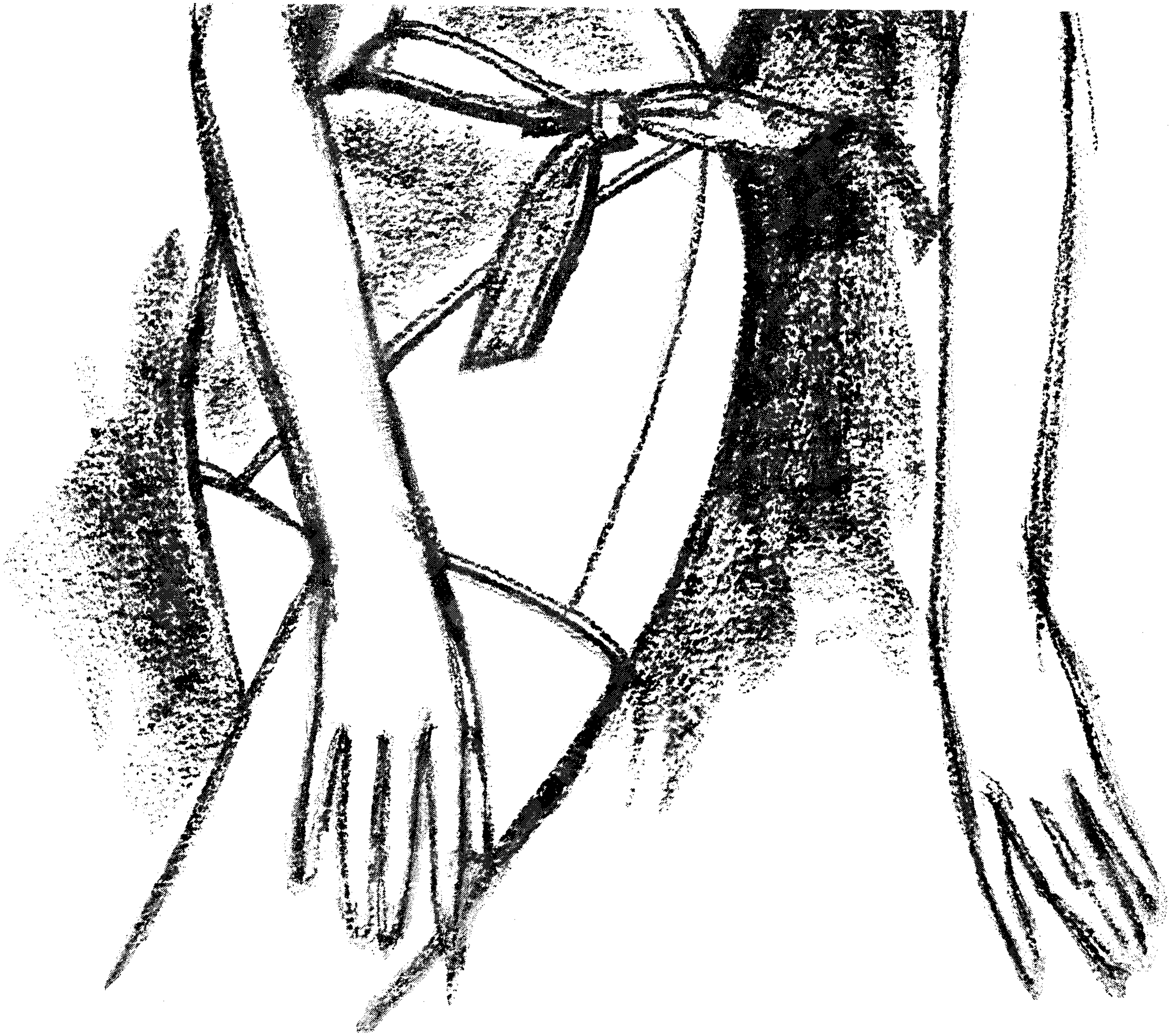



the difference is Elisabeth Stewart swimwear

endeavouring to expunge a few grammatical errors."

By June, 1789, a year after its commencement, the work was finished, and Bruce returned to Scotland. There was now the delicate matter of Latrobe's remuneration, and after months had gone by with no word from Bruce on the subject, Latrobe undertook to get off a polite letter. At last, after two months' further delay, the following answer arrived:

Mr Latrobe.
SIR,

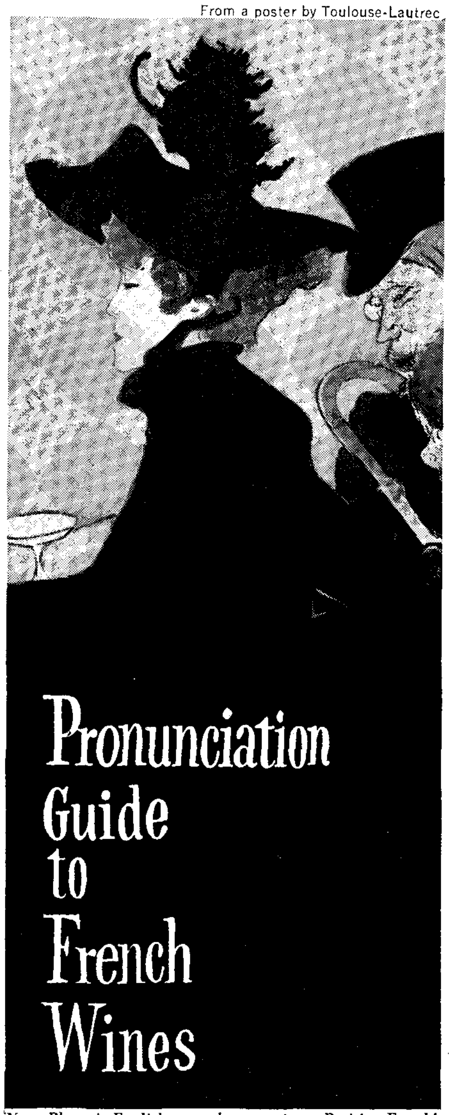
I have received your letter and really never thought you put yourself on the footing of payment, nor do I well know for what, for it has been of no use to me.... As for your reading of the book, I never understood it was to be material to me; indeed, it is so little so that I have quite changed and new-modelled it and wrote it fair since you saw it, nor has your reading the manuscript saved me an hour's work. Elmsley [Bruce's London agent] has an account with me; that is to say I am in his debt, and it is his own fault that I am so, for I keep no account. If he will advance you such a thing as five guineas for me, I will repay him and he may draw upon the whole, but I really never thought I had another debt in London.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
JAMES BRUCE

All this bears a strong resemblance to Bruce's treatment of Balugani, the Italian artist. Not only did Bruce present Balugani's drawings to George III as his own but he never—in his book or elsewhere—acknowledged that Balugani had even gone with him to the source of the Blue Nile; indeed, he hardly mentions the artist at all. In short, Bruce lived in a private world of egomania, and he could not bear either a partner or a rival.

The book, when it appeared in 1790, seventeen years after Bruce's return from Ethiopia, was a handsome affair of five large quarto volumes, entitled "Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773," and it was dedicated to George III. In his introduction, Bruce declares that he will not deign to reply to "any cavils, captious or idle objections" that the critics might raise—"What I have written I have written." But, according to his biographer, "his enemies, with pens in their hands, had impatiently waited for his book, like Shylock whetting his knife, and it was no sooner published than Bruce was deprived of what was actually nearest to his heart—his honor and his reputation. It was useless to stand against the storm that assailed him; it was impossible to swim against the torrent which overwhelmed him. His

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Pronunciation
Guide
to
French
Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge	*Prance Rouge*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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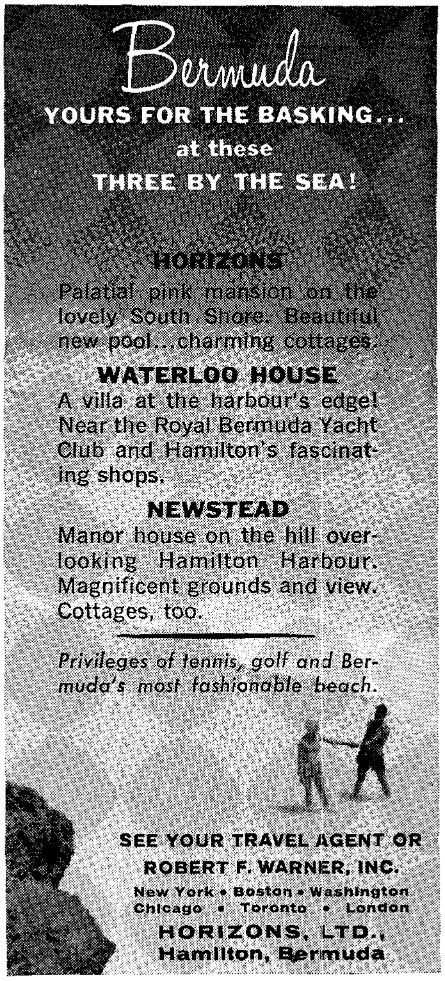

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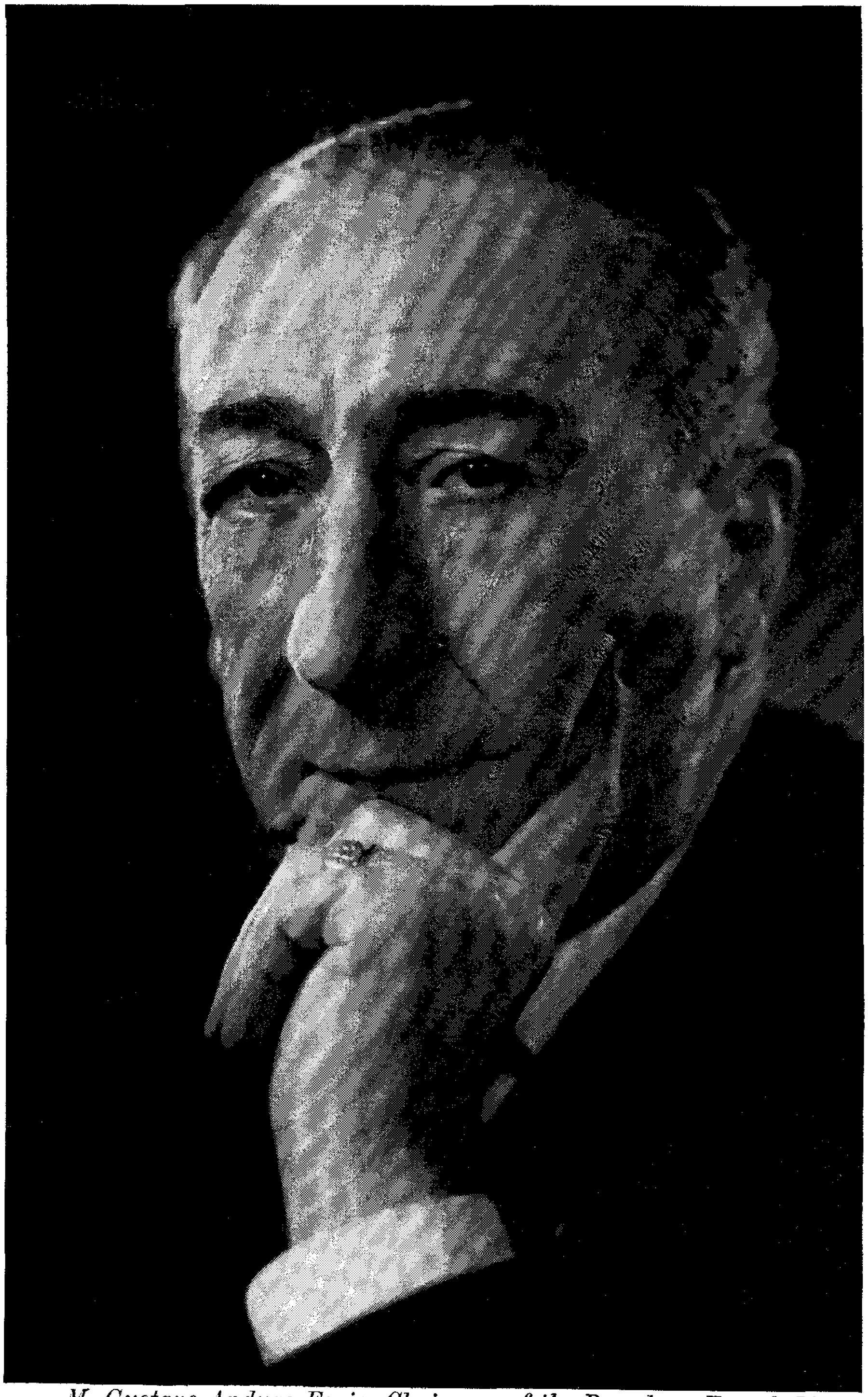
volumes were universally disbelieved." Once again, the old outcry against such stories as the eating of raw beef cut from living cattle was raised; meticulously, wittily, and maliciously, the book was reviled and taken to pieces. Walpole found the five volumes "dull and dear," and it seemed that there were no lengths to which literary London would not go to turn Bruce into a laughingstock. A new edition of Baron Münchausen was brought out, subtitled "The Vice of Lying Properly Exposed," and it was dedicated to Bruce. Morose and enraged, he retired into his shell in Scotland. He made a few brief visits to London, but he remained for the most part with his family at Kinnaird, entertaining his neighbors. The news of the execution of his old patron, Louis XVI, in the French Revolution increased his disgust with the outside world. Just occasionally, he flared up, as when a guest at one of his houseparties was rash enough to say that it was impossible that the Ethiopians could eat uncooked meat. Bruce went out to the kitchen and returned with a piece of raw beef that he had peppered and salted in the Ethiopian manner. "You will eat that, sir, or fight me," he declared. When the unfortunate guest had consumed the whole steak, Bruce said, "Now, sir, you will never again say it is impossible."

It was at another party at Kinnaird, on April 27, 1794, that Bruce died. Having seen off one of his guests, he was hurrying up the great staircase of his house to fetch another when he tripped and fell, pitching onto his head. He lived for a few hours but never regained consciousness. He was just sixty-four.

IT is still a little difficult to assess Bruce's place in African travels. Long after his death—for forty years, at least—his book was believed by many people to be romantic fiction, and critics continued to attack it. Yet it had a popular success almost from the first, and in the last hundred and fifty years it has been reprinted repeatedly and read all over the world. Copies of the first edition, which were once burned as wastepaper in Dublin, are now valuable items in rare-book shops. There are, of course, innumerable weaknesses and inaccuracies in the text; the author is a vain and intolerant man who embroiders and exaggerates, and it is hardly likely that the grandiose speeches he so confidently puts into the mouths of his wild characters were really made in just that way. Yet all this does not explain why his contemporaries should have failed to see



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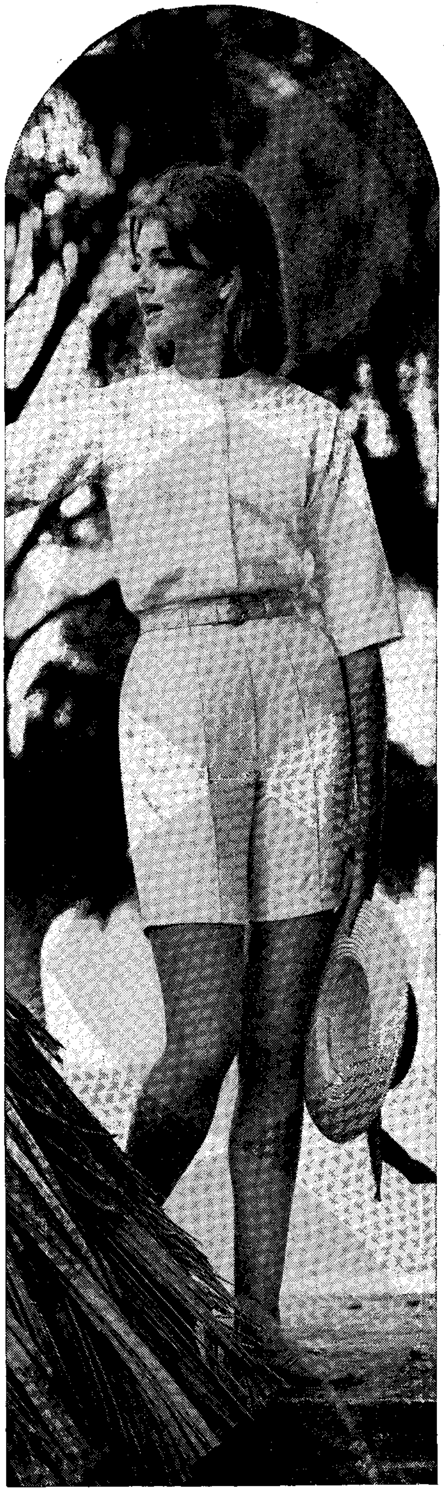

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here a work of major originality and importance, which stuck to the truth in all its more serious aspects and was far in advance of the scientific and geographical knowledge of Ethiopia at that time. No one doubted Captain Cook, a contemporary of Bruce's, who brought back accounts of equally marvellous things from the South Pacific. Actually, it seems that Bruce's contemporaries disbelieved him because they wanted to disbelieve him. They disliked his manner, and in attacking his facts they were really attacking his ungenerosity to his companions, his boastfulness, his snobbery, and his aggressive pride—in short, his bumptiousness.

But Bruce's place may be even more complicated than this. He was disbelieved but he was not ignored. He gave life to a legend and he stirred up people's imaginations; at a time when European politics and ambitions were moving outward, he turned people's attention to the Nile. A new and more scientific generation of explorers and men of action was being born, and it was not long before the more serious among them began to discover that Bruce, far from being a romancer, was a most reliable guide. Little by little, they got through the embroideries of his book to the heart of the story he had to tell, and they found it astonishingly sound. These effects were even more important in France than they were in England, for the French had never scouted Bruce's achievements. They took him very seriously, adding his information to their own African archives and to the work being produced by men like their geographer Jean-Baptiste Bourguignon d'Anville, who had already published a map of the Nile Valley that was far superior to any other in existence. And so an attraction toward Africa that was both geographical and political was building up in France at the end of the eighteenth century, and it needed only a dominant figure to give it direction and force. Now, at last, the long Egyptian sleep was ending, and the great irruption into the Nile Valley was ready to begin.

—Alan Moorehead

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

COMMENT—STOCK IS UP SHARPLY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR DUE IN PART TO PUBLICITY AND GOOD BOX OFFICE RECEPTION TO RECENT FILMS SUCH AS "LIVER COME BACK."—*Dope sheet from Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith.*

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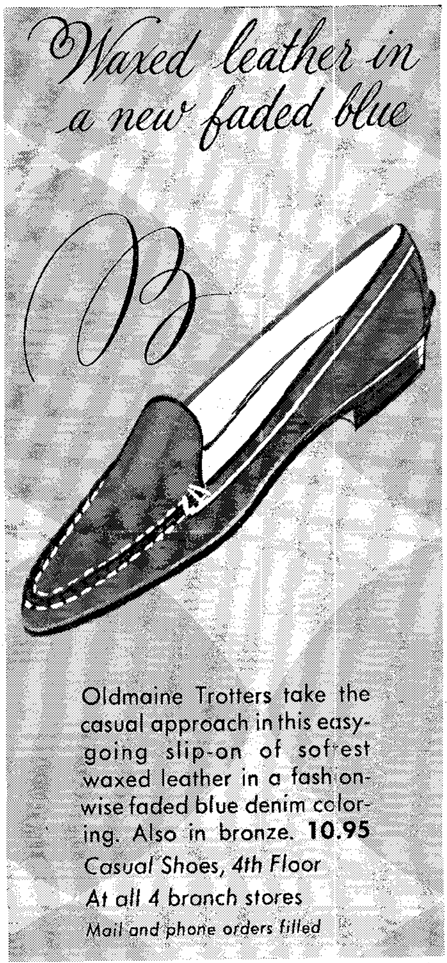

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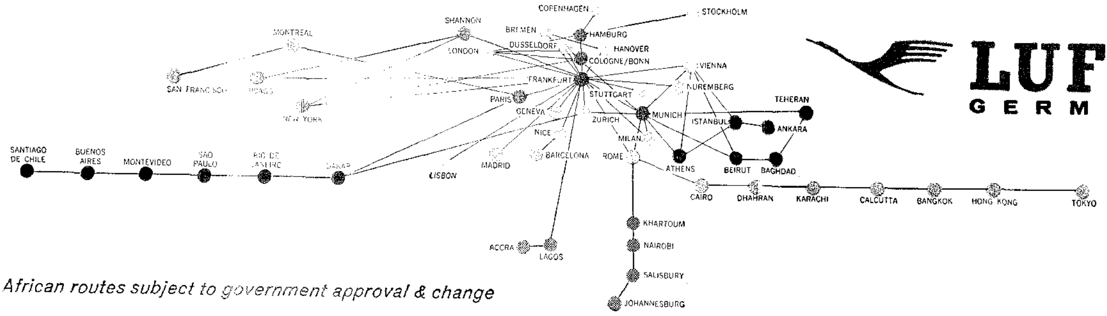
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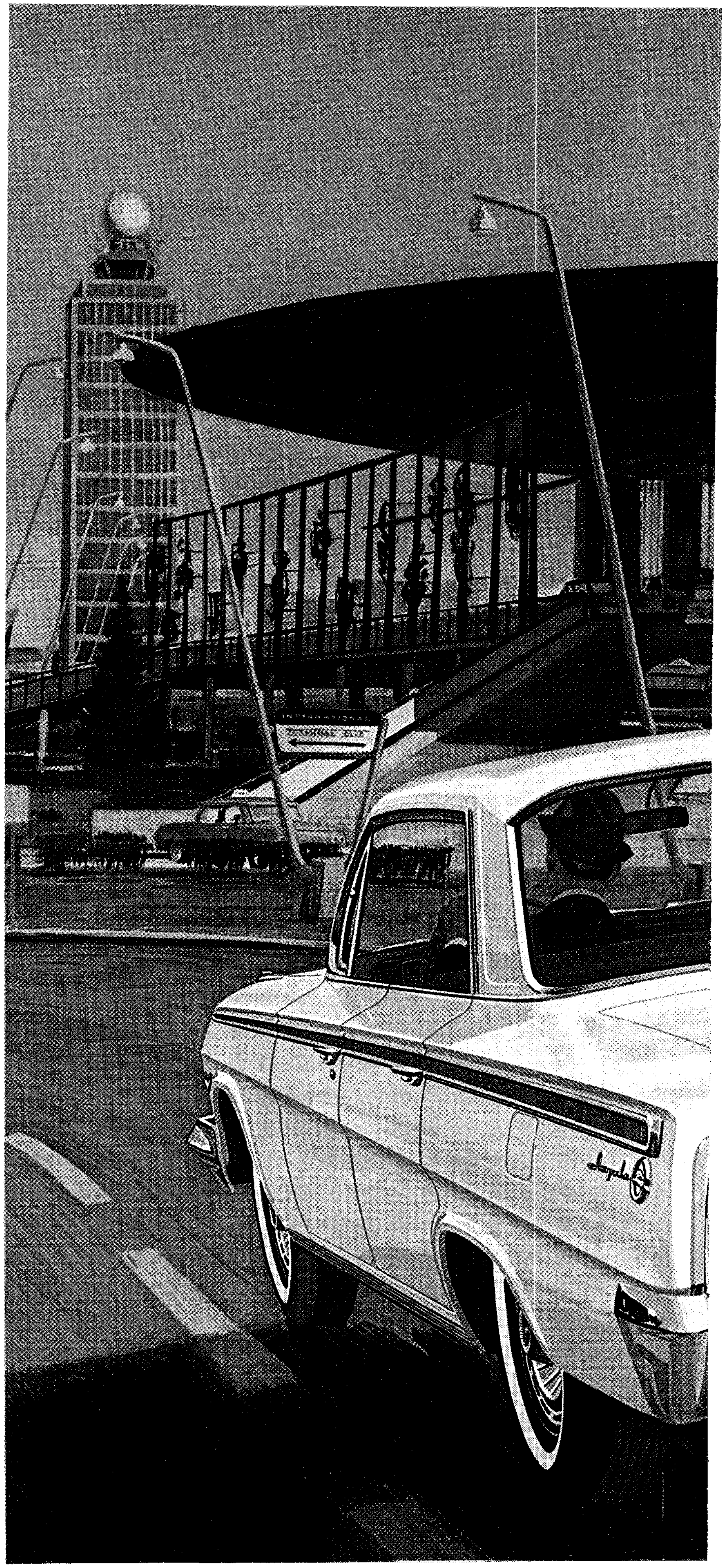

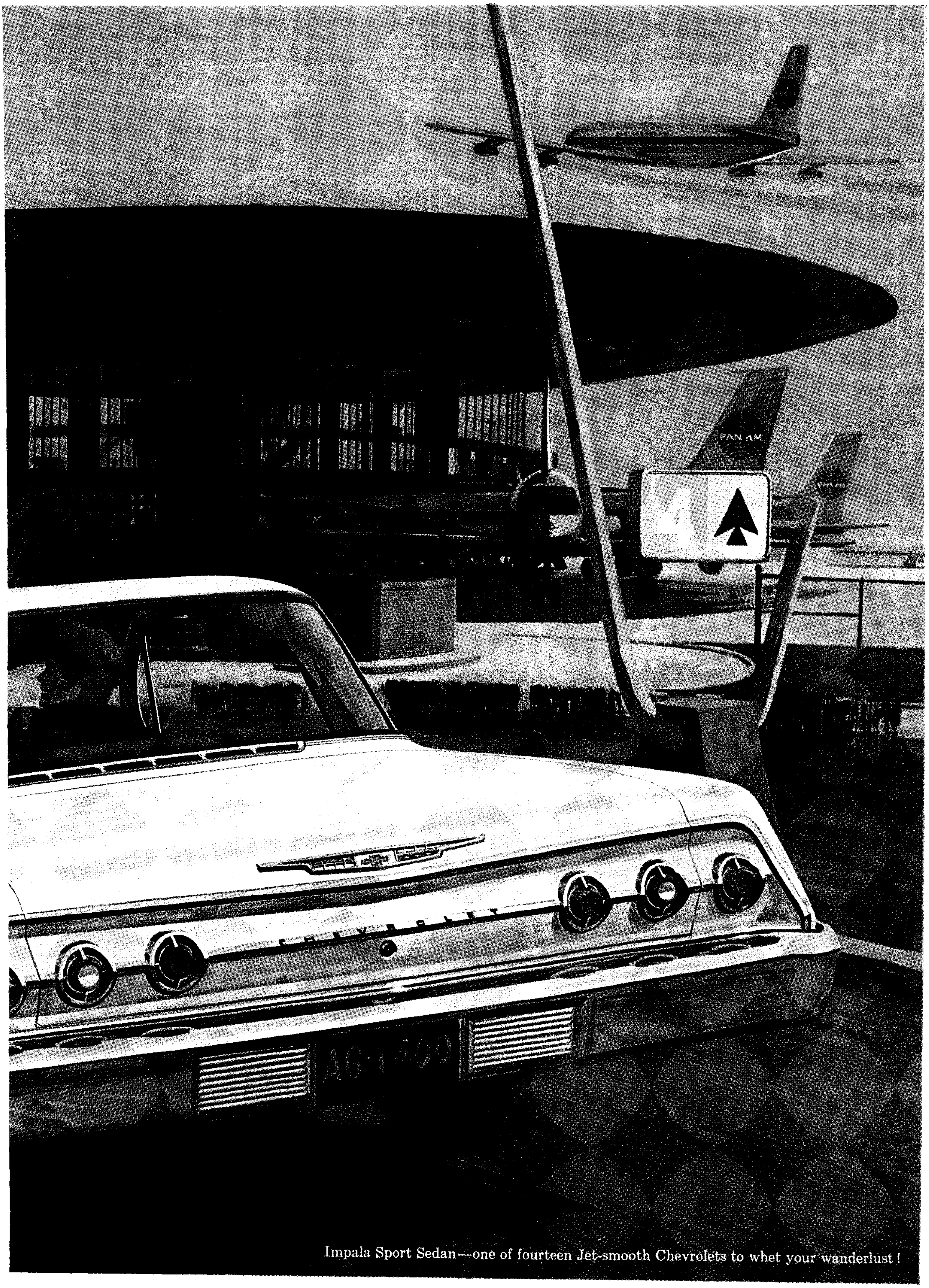
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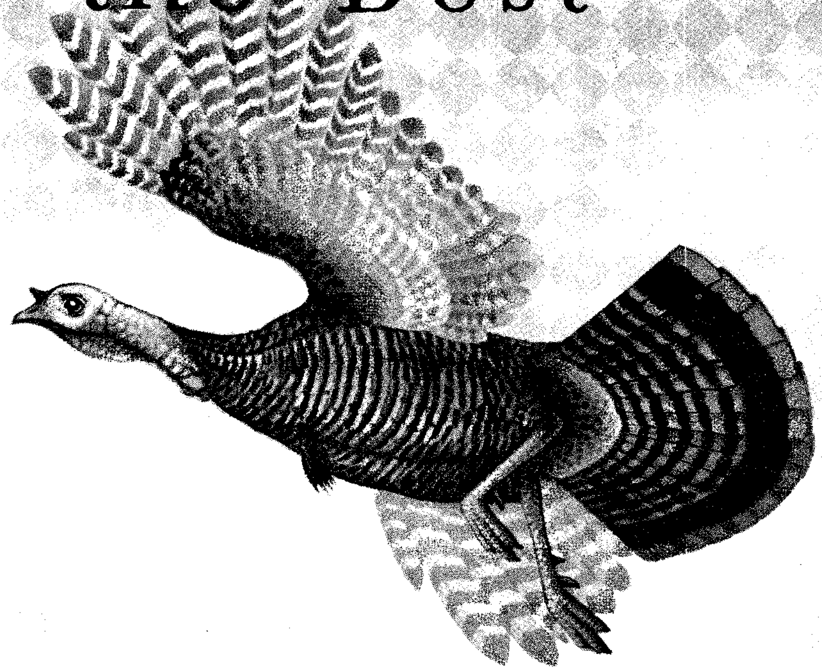
The Responsibility of Being the Best



There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

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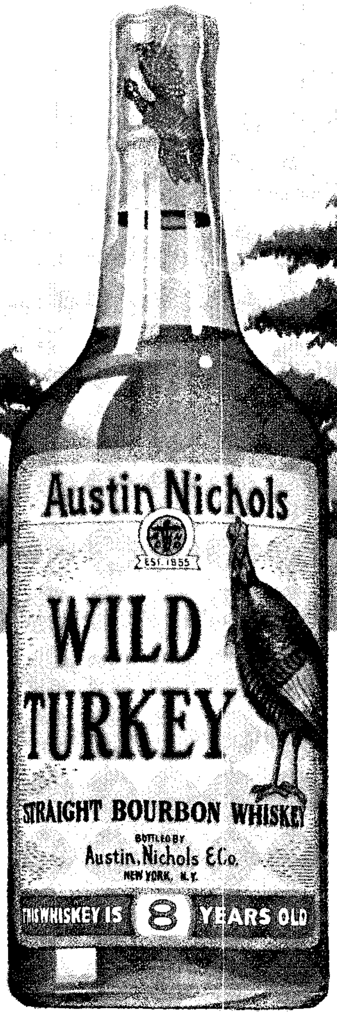
Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.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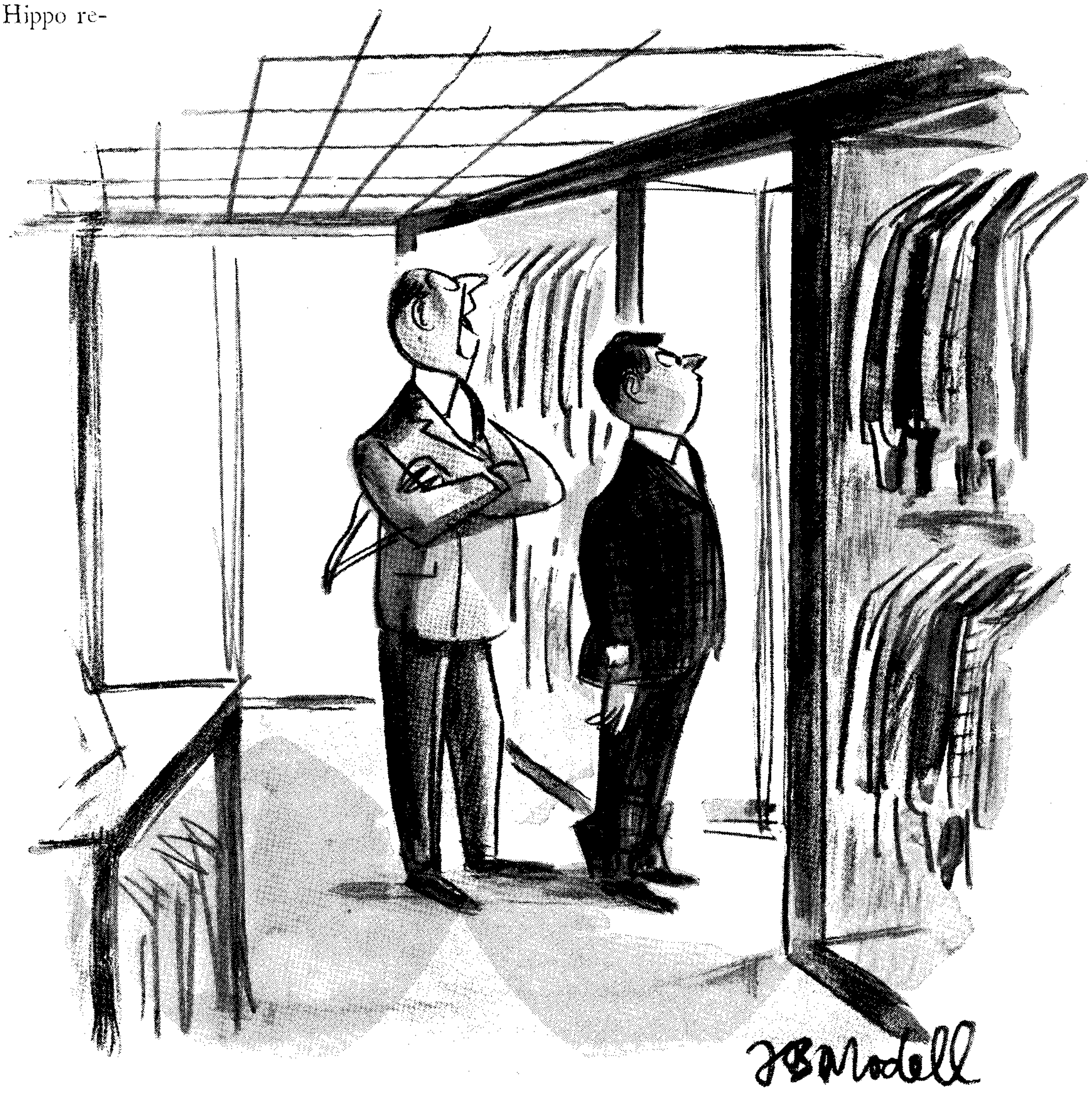
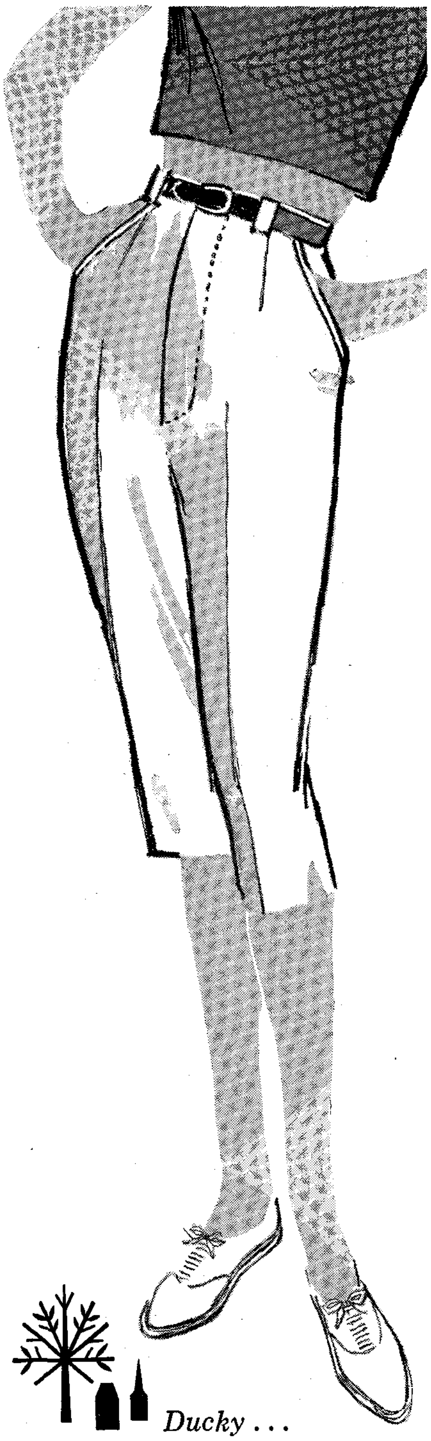
"King of the Whole Damn World," a musical at the Jan Hus, has pleasant songs and dances, some amusing lines and some ideas that work, attractive scenery, a number of attractive performances, and the always droll, rasp-voiced Tom Pedi, as a paternal cop. In fact, it would meet every requirement of young and old if it weren't so doggedly lovable; there are moments, especially in the second act, when the show is almost too endearing to sit through. George Panetta has adapted the book from his own play "Comic Strip." The setting is Bleecker Street in 1940, the beat of a kindly, sappy policeman, Officer Hippo, who looks after the volatile residents. "Hippo reporting," he says into the call box. "Nothing to report." Nothing to report, that is, until a small boy named Iggie, the son of the local barber, writes the word "CAT" in colored chalk on the freshly clipped pate of an even smaller boy named Jimmy Potts, and thereby sets off the chain of high-pitched misunderstandings that make up the plot. Whenever calm temporarily threatens, the admonitory voice of Mayor LaGuardia is heard over the radio, whipping up excitement and setting a lofty and menacing moral tone. The tone is so menacing that Hippo, in a moment of panic, tears up the betting slips of his pal the bookie, and this is responsible for the high spot of the evening—a rendition, in barbershop harmony, of a sentimental ballad called "Don't Tear Up the Horse Slips." Mr. Pedi is certainly a funny fellow. As Iggie, Alan Howard manages to be appealing and professional without ever seeming precocious (one tiny quibble: he has a tendency to mouth his cues before delivering his lines), and Boris Aplon and Floria Mari are good as his Italian parents. (I admired Miss Mari's ability to surmount a chenille bathrobe of hair-raising pink.) So are Brendan Fay as a police sergeant, Joseph Macaulay as a saloonkeeper, and Kenneth McMillan as the bookie. Francine Beers, who sings well enough, turns in a depressingly cute performance as a spinster named Hannah Klein (bush-league Gertrude Berg) who has set her cap for the cop. A fetching unactor of seven, Sheldon Golomb, almost steals the show as Jimmy Potts. I don't think I shall ever forget him, sitting cross-legged on a table at Bellevue (never mind how he gets to Bellevue), flirting with the audience, and looking like a wee, merry swami. The music and lyrics are by Robert Larimer (B for tunes, C for words), and the choreography is by Zachary Solov. Jack Ragotzy is the director.

Notes on a pair of duds that also opened last week: The first, "Bring Me a Warm Body," at the Martinique, treats with inexplicable intensity the farcical situation of a movie director who feels that he must resort to every torture short of the thumbscrew to get a passable performance out of his leading man. The only reason for mentioning the show is that some members of the cast—notably Don Galloway, Rosalyn Newport, Keith Charles, and Barbara Davis—do quite well. Robert Bowers, who plays the director and, under the name Robert Dale Martin, wrote the play, does not.

"Witches' Sabbath," at the Madison Avenue, is set in fourteenth-century



"You are now looking at a man whose appearance says 'I do not travel with the herd.'"



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France. Its elements include a baron who, after being held captive by the English for several years, comes home embittered because nobody in his fief has bothered to ransom him, and finds that his wife has been sporting with one of his/her pages; a young bride who, while waiting around for the baron to exercise his seigneurial right on her wedding night, is raped by his steward and sees her bridegroom stabbed to death; a scene of Satan worship presided over by a witch; a denunciatory scene before a visiting bishop, in which the ravished bride, demented by grief, gets the whole neighborhood into trouble; a couple of sneaky, becowled spies for the Inquisition; a gaggle of other clergymen; and words, in unlimited amounts, on heresy and related topics. Again, a few of the actors manage to sustain characterizations in the midst of considerable shouting, stamping, and groaning, as they slowly proceed through a thicket of obscure and high-flown prose. Their names are Judith Doty (bride), Roy Poole (baron), and Don Gunderson (a parish priest). The playwright's name is Harry Granick. Jack H. Cornwell's setting—a matter of ramps and platforms on the tiny stage of the playhouse—is impressive.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

For many years the Bell System has been working to automatize its communications network so that at any time under almost any conditions information can be moved from where it is to where it is needed at the customer's pleasure. If you are wondering where I got the word automatize and whether there is such a word I am sure I don't know, but as I was thinking about what I would say to you this morning it popped into my mind and so I have used it. This may be the way words are born.—*From a speech by H. J. McMains as reported in the Petroleum Industry Electrical News.*

Funny, we had the crazy notion that maybe you got the word on page 148 of Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged. It just shows the way things sometimes pop into *our* mind.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE SURVIVAL FRONT

[*From the Houston Chronicle*]

An article on nuclear survival in The Houston Chronicle last Sunday mistakenly suggested that car battery water can be drunk if no water is available.

The article should have suggested distilled water, which is recommended for use in batteries.

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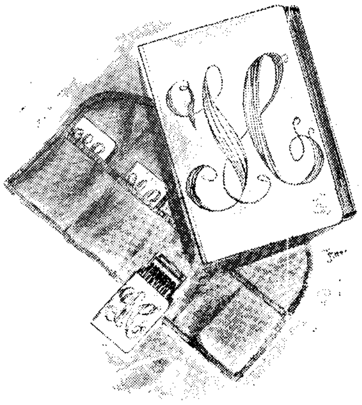

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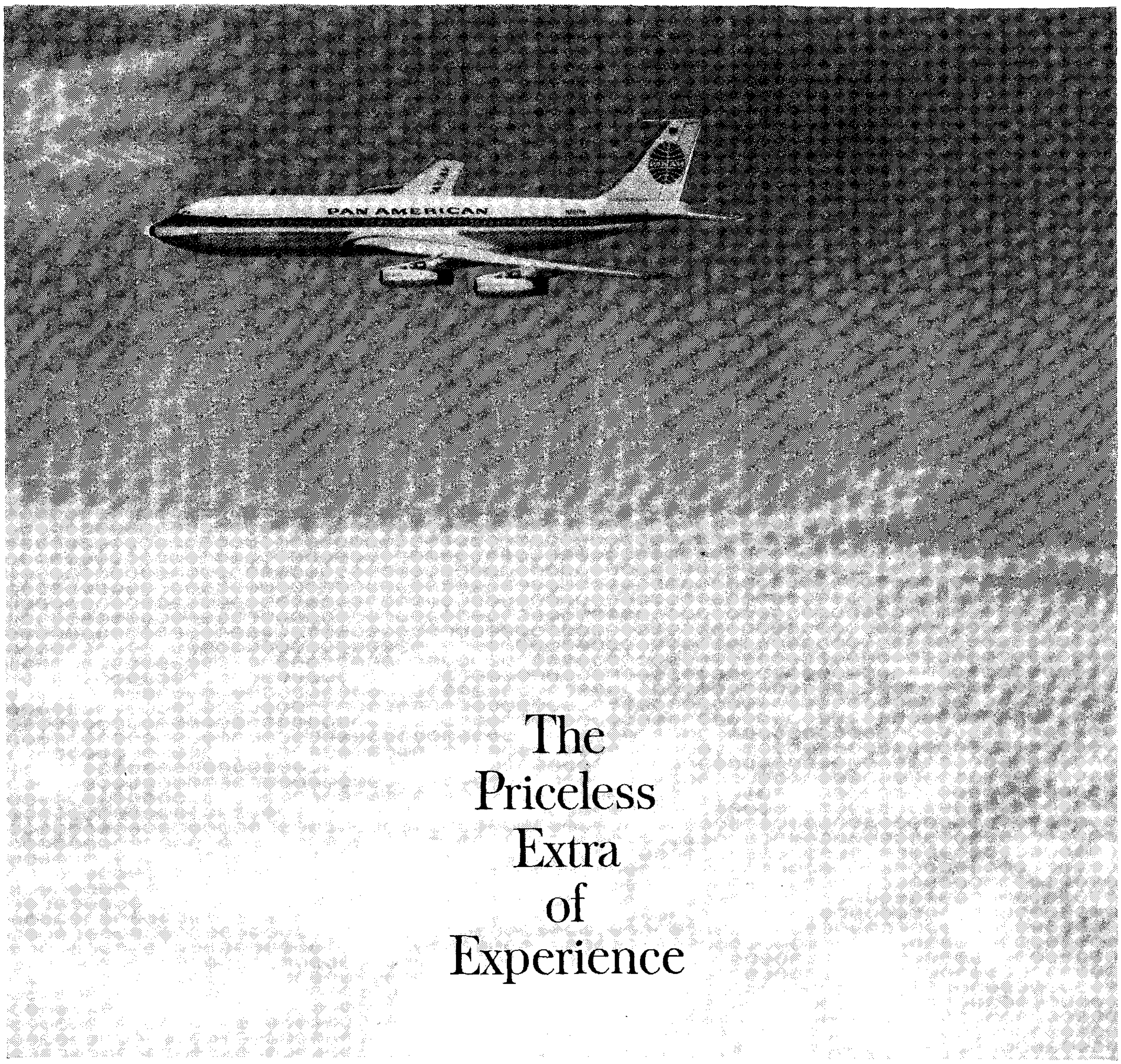

THINK FOR A MOMENT of the many choices we make in life which are determined by our confidence in somebody's experience.

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VISIT THE SICK

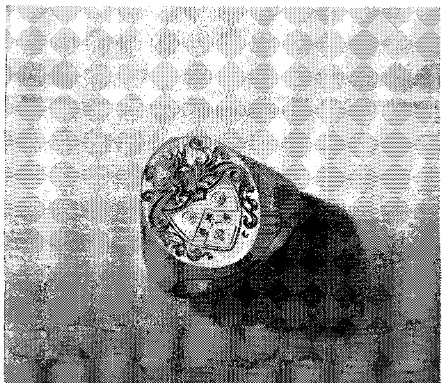
WE moved to Paris from Quebec in October, 1935, after school had begun, and when Mlle. Marthe, who taught the first grade, asked the pupils to bring in clean cotton and wool rags on the following Friday "*pour faire le petit nid*," or "to make the little nest," I was too ashamed of my backwardness to ask any questions.

That evening, I asked my mother for some rags. Unlike my father, who is an American, representing an American manufacturing firm in Paris, my mother is French. But she didn't know about the rags, and, worried, as always, about doing the right thing for her son, she asked *me* a good many questions. What kind of rags? Rags to be used for what purpose? Did the color matter? In the offhand manner that I assumed even then to hide my ignorance, I told her that it didn't matter, any kind of clean rags would do. Mother found some rags for me.

On the next Friday afternoon, two hours before school ended, while we still had on our work aprons, Mlle. Marthe announced that we were to get out our rags, which we had brought in paper bags, and begin our *petit nid*. I watched very carefully out of the corner of my eye to see what the other children were doing. They were calmly and intently picking their rags into threads, tearing the long rags into lengths of about five centimetres and then making a shapeless and, as far as I could tell, purposeless heap of the threads. I followed their example, while Mlle. Marthe opened a storybook and began reading to us. After an hour, she put away her book and said that it was time for singing. Still picking our rags to shreds, we followed her in a few patriotic songs, including "Ma Normandie" and "Madelon."

Every Friday, we came to school with replenished stocks of rags, pulled the threads out, and then were read to and sang. Friday afternoon easily became the most pleasant time of the week, especially as the days grew shorter, and we sat in the classroom, with the bulbs burning brightly, bent over our work, listening or singing, while, often, snow was falling outside. Each heap of threads was collected in a big cardboard box at the end of the period and stored in the closet with the chalk, pencils, and ink. That box took on a marvellous meaning in my mind. Anything could come of it.

After school, walking home with my friend Paul, I tried at first to get the secret of the threads from him with-



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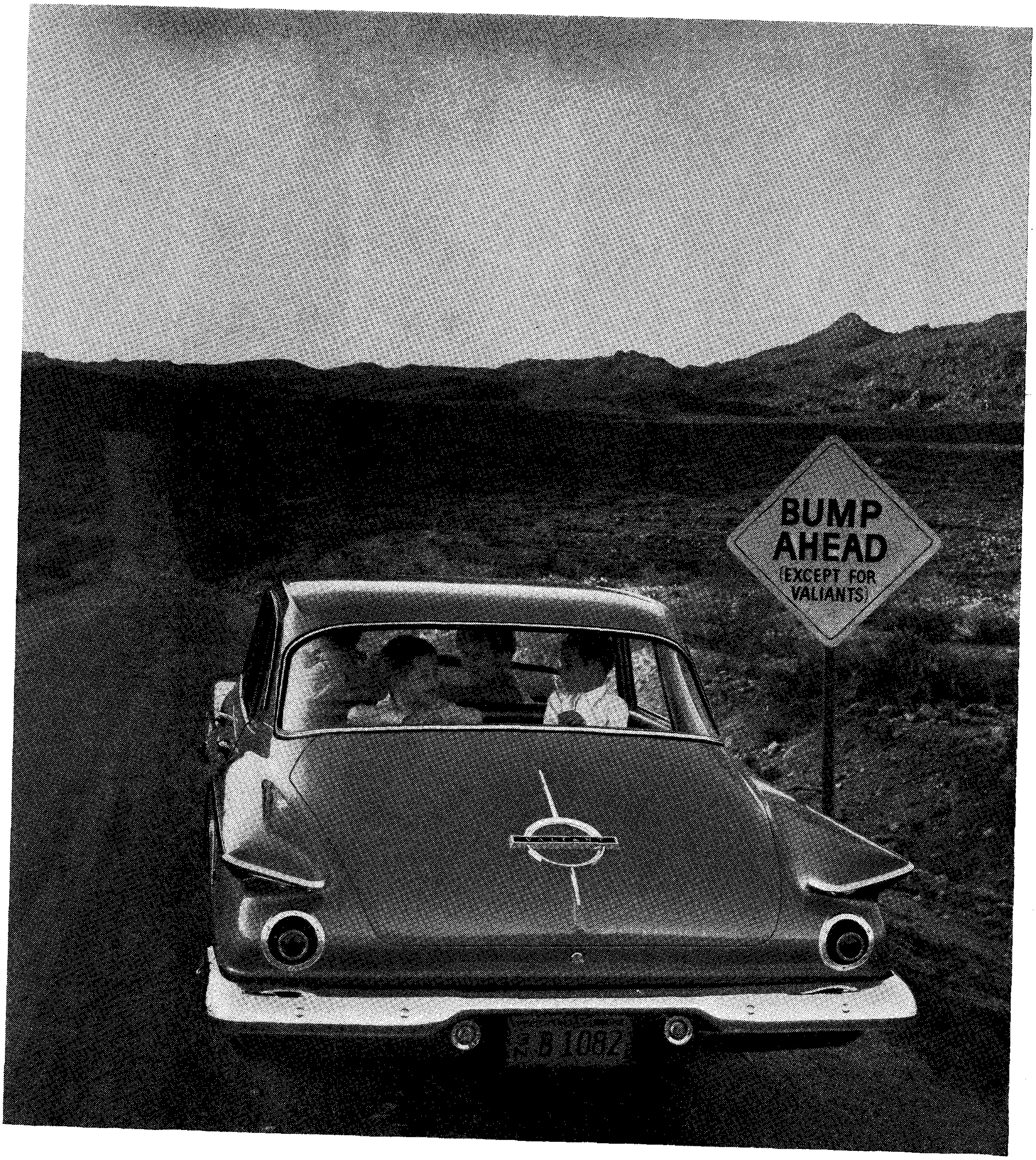

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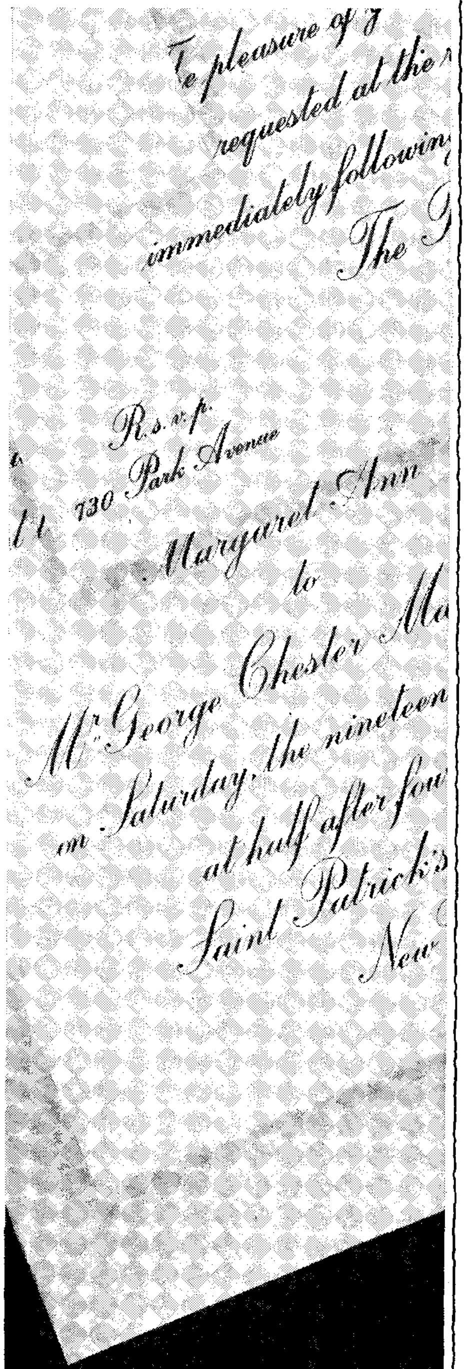

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out showing my ignorance. Eventually, however, I came to fear a revelation. I clung to the surprise that, for me, lay ahead, when the function of the threads would appear before me suddenly, radiantly. All the way home, we would talk of the quantities of threads the two of us had been able to produce that week, gravely comparing them to our previous week's output and to that of friends and enemies in the class. Felly (her name was Felicitas), whom I greatly admired, was far ahead of all, and I would point out contentedly that she had easily produced twice as many threads as Henriette, the rather plain girl who had bewitched Paul.

"Yes, Jacques," Paul would agree, "she has done far more threads, but she uses cotton, and even burlap. Henriette brings only woollen rags."

"There is nothing wrong with cotton," I countered, defending Felly. "Mlle. Marthe does not forbid it."

"It is a matter of quality," Paul said complacently. His father was a textile merchant, a fact that gave Paul an advantage in questions of this sort.

When people asked me what I liked best at school, I unhesitatingly answered, "Making the little nest," and they looked benign and said how nice that was.

ONE Friday after the singing, Mlle. Marthe said that we now had enough threads for the *petit nid* and that the following Friday would be the day of presentation. She asked us to tell our mothers to give us each a *cinq-sous* piece for carfare and dress us in blue for the occasion. The day of presentation! I could scarcely contain myself during the next week. I told my parents that I would need two *cinq-sous* pieces. If we were going on a journey, I wanted a safe financial margin.

The first three hours of school on the following Friday were torture. During the lunch hour, I was so excited that I ate only half the sandwiches packed in my tin. Near the end of the last period, Mlle. Marthe said, "Take off your aprons now," and put on her coat. It was a coat we'd never seen her wear to school before. Around the collar there was a little fur animal with crafty glass eyes, biting its own tail. We removed our aprons and hid them away in our desks. Then we put on our scarves, coats, mittens, and tasselled caps. Mlle. Marthe meanwhile had brought forth an impressive length of rope, and she led us out into the hall, telling us to form a double file. She then passed the rope down the middle and told us to hold on

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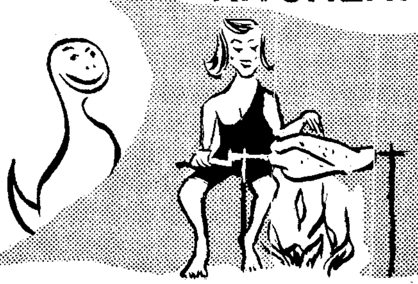

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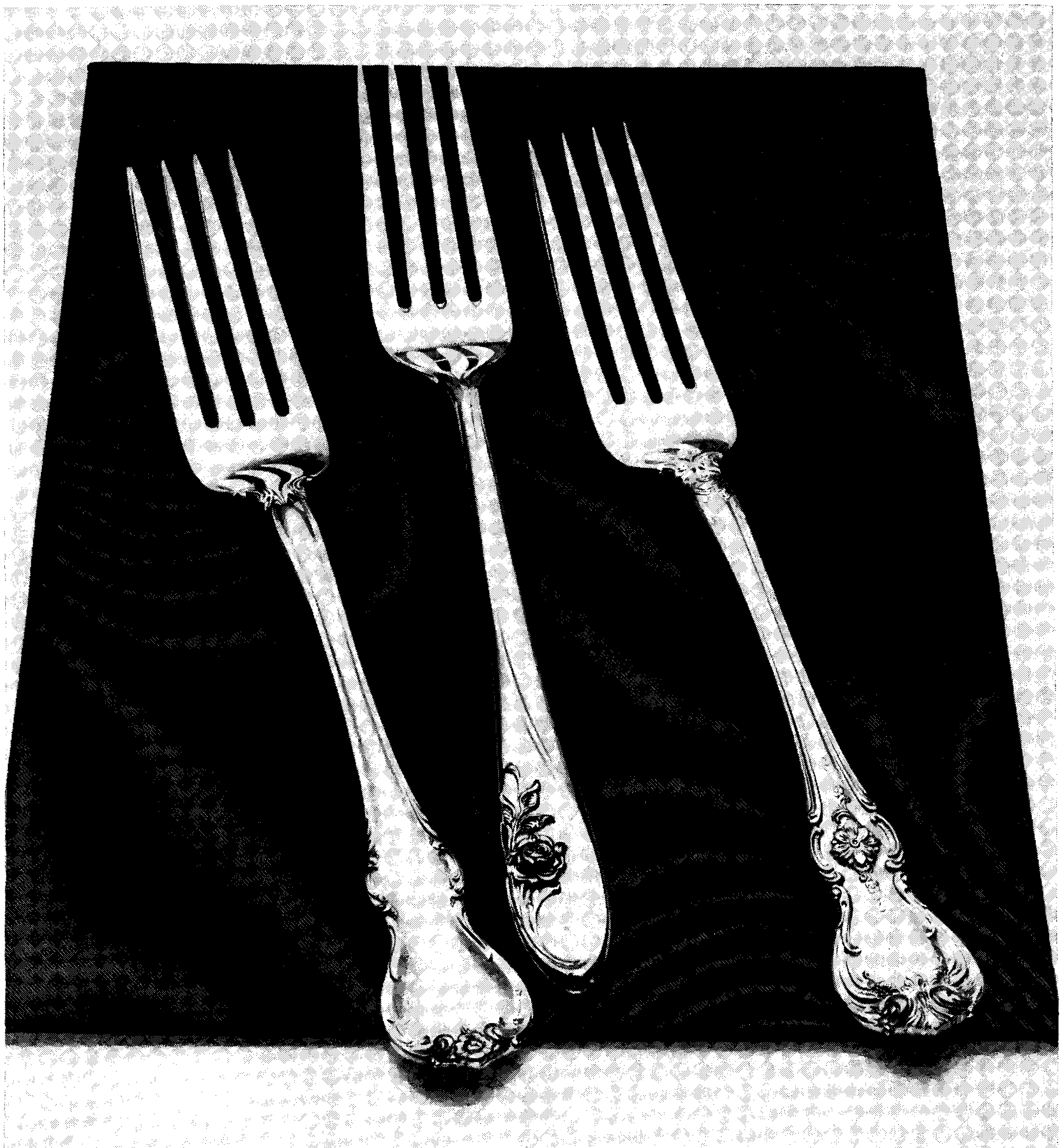

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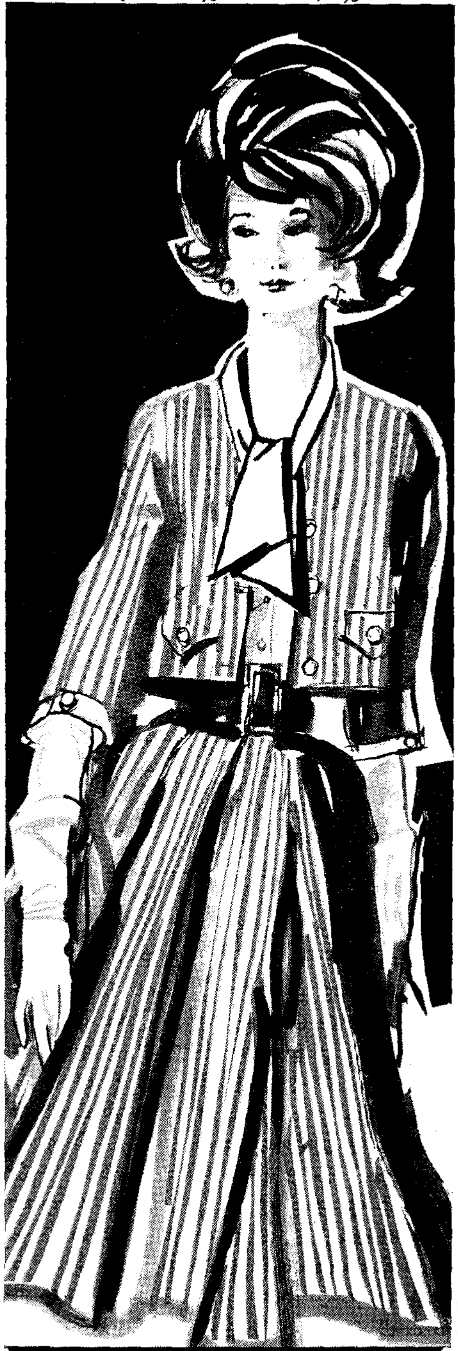

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to the rope with one hand no matter what happened. *Anyone letting go at* any time would be severely punished. She was very firm about that. Silently, we trooped out of the building and into the intense cold, clutching the rope grimly. There was no rule against speaking to each other, but we never opened our mouths.

Two blocks from school, we entered the Métro. There was a great deal of business to be transacted between Mlle. Marthe and the ticket vender. We were from a state school and so were entitled to a reduced fare, but that meant filling out an extended questionnaire. Heads had to be counted, names had to be entered, and the document had to have tax stamps affixed to it. Hurried passengers wishing to purchase tickets were forced to wait, and they stood about us cursing loudly. Realizing our power to hold up traffic and our impunity, since the ticket vender refused to pay attention to the grownups around us, we quickly became insolent and jeered at them.

A little man waiting his turn next to me finally gave me an exasperated shove and said, "*Va, petite espèce de crotte* [piece of dirt]."

I howled. Paul proudly screamed, "*Mlle. Marthe! Mlle. Marthe! Ce monsieur a traité Jacques de crotte. Mlle. Marthe!*"

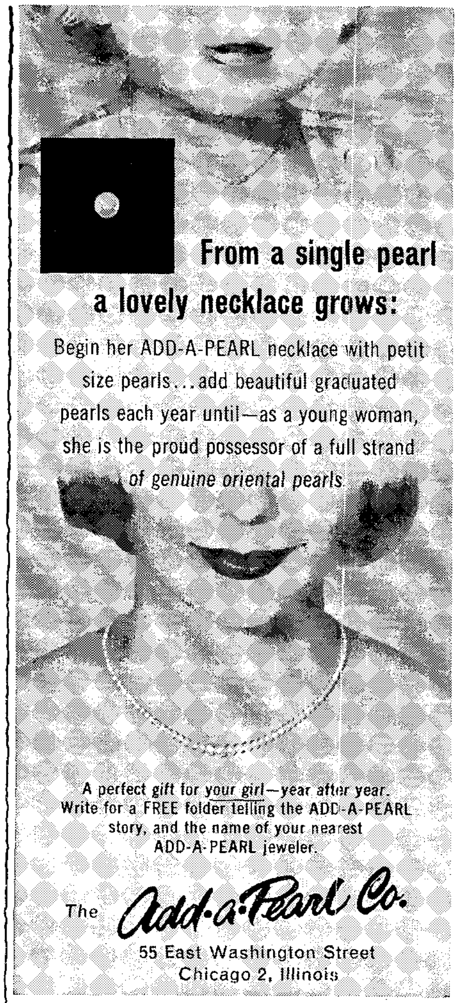
My classmates gave forth reverent and indignant "Oh"s and "Ah"s, and Mlle. Marthe left the counter to confront the man who had pushed me. I continued to howl, but at a lower volume, so that I would not miss anything.

"Monsieur," said Mlle. Marthe, drawing herself up. "Shame! One does not hurt children. Do you not realize, Monsieur, that children are the hope of France? To hurt a child willfully is to outrage the nation. These children are on their way to the Invalides to fulfill a patriotic duty. They have done more, I daresay, for their country than you, Monsieur, have ever done."

"Pardon, Madame, a thousand pardons. I did not know. . . . I offer Madame my assurances that I dearly love children. I am a father myself. My apologies." He was utterly confused and humbled. "See here, little one," he said, bending down to me. "I have not hurt you, have I? What is your name?"

I stopped howling, but scowled, to make clear that I was not to be cajoled.

"Here," the man said. "Here, take this." He fished in his pockets and came up with a small box of cough bonbons. I took one and said a frigid "*Merci.*" He smiled, faced Mlle. Marthe again, and lifted his hat. Without a word,



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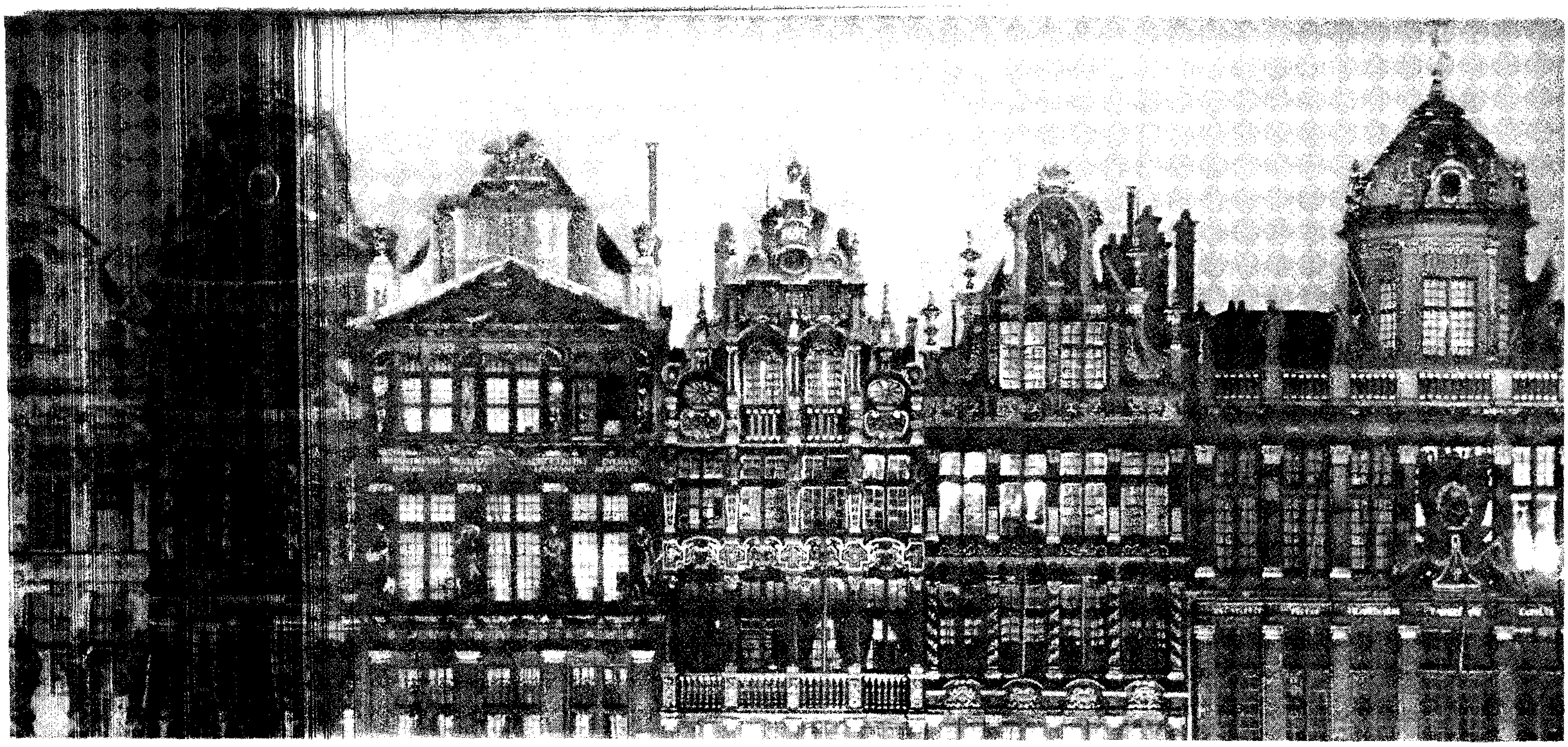

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Mlle. Marthe returned to the ticket vender.

"*Il y a des gens avec des manières, mais des manières!*" the ticket vender murmured, in sympathy with Mlle. Marthe, and continued the business of the form and the *fiches* at the same maddeningly slow pace. At last, all was arranged and, still holding tightly to our rope, we passed down a long tunnel toward our train.

"*Dépêchez-vous! Mais dépêchez-vous donc, voyons!*" Mlle. Marthe cried over her shoulder at us as she hurried along the passage.

Ahead of us was a flight of steps to be descended, with an automatic gate, now open, at the end of it, and we could see our platform. Mlle. Marthe hurried down the steps and through the gate, and half of the children had followed her when the gate started to close with the approach of a train.

"*Attention! Attention!*" rose cries from all sides.

Implacably, as the train came to a halt the gate shut with half the children clinging to the rope on the platform and the others holding to it on the staircase, still unable to pass.

"We are going to the Invalides on a patriotic mission!" Mlle. Marthe shouted above the din of the train, rallying the crowd in the name of France. "We are late already!"

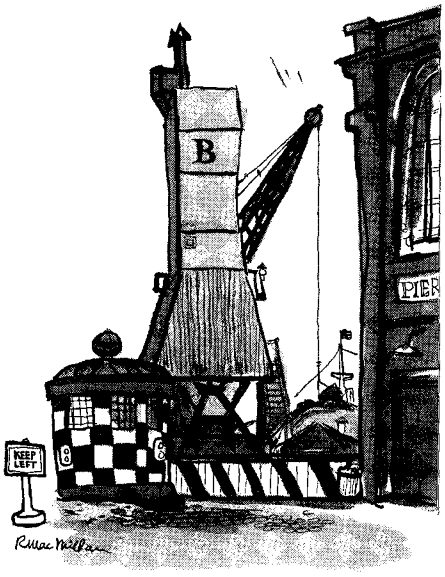
"I will tell the conductor to wait," a man offered.

"We must try to open the gate for the little ones," someone else called.

With concerted effort, everyone tried to drag back the gate.

"It is of no use to pull. We must have the central switch released," someone else suggested.

Miraculously, the train waited. Two men detached themselves from the clump of people pulling at the door and



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ran in the direction of the *chef de gare*. There was a sigh and a wheeze from some mechanism, and slowly the gate opened. We hurried into the train. Everybody cheered and the train took off.

AFTER we emerged at the Invalides station, things ran more smoothly. The weather had softened a little, and snow was beginning to fall, shrouding the dome of the Invalides in a white veil. Pulling our scarves tighter and our caps lower, we hurried along the sidewalk, clattered across a hushed court, and entered the grandiloquent edifice. It seemed to be snowing inside, too, everything was so white. To the left, a nurse in a big winged coif stood waiting for us. "This way, this way," she whispered, and as we filed past her and started up a stairway, she smiled and said several times, "Welcome."

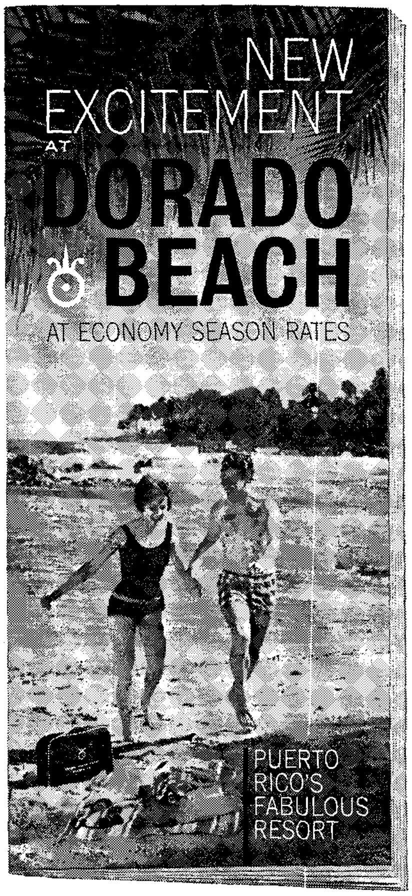
The trip on the Métro had been so exciting that I had forgotten about the *petit nid* and the presentation of it. Now I again became solemn with anticipation. Upstairs, in a big empty hall, we were told to remove our coats. The rope that had held us together was coiled up and put away, and a tremendous sack, containing the threads, was handed to the sister who had met us. Mlle. Marthe inspected us carefully, giving a stroke of the comb here, pulling a skirt or a jacket aright there, and then, with a smile, assured us that we were quite perfect.

"This way," said the nun who bore the sack of threads. I was enchanted by her—so starched and clean, and yet so friendly.

With a small clatter of boots, we followed her down a narrow corridor, passed through an immense double door, and found ourselves in a long room. Through high windows, a cool, shadowless, snowy light filtered into the room, illuminating two rows of neat white enamelled beds, all occupied. In the aisle between the beds stood a line of about fifteen nuns, dressed the same as the nun with the sack of threads. I didn't have much time to look the scene over, for Mlle. Marthe was already busy grouping us around her. We felt so small in the long ward that we kept our eyes fixed on her.

"Let's sing 'Ma Normandie' first," she whispered, and raised her right hand to give us the beat. "One, two, *three*."

Our voices rose, dimly at first, with a few shy stragglers hastening to catch up. Then we grew bolder. The song, sung together, made us feel less small. It was like holding hands in a circle. Mlle. Marthe smiled encouragingly at us, and we were very grateful to her. When the song came to an end, the



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nurses in the aisle began to clap mechanically, and here and there a dry, rattling noise of applause came from the beds. We shifted uneasily.

"My friends," the sister with the sack of threads announced, "these are the children of the first grade in the school of the Rue du Dobropol, who I told you would soon pay us a visit. They have brought with them a wonderful present. Look!" She held aloft the sack of threads as high as she could. "They have brought us this for making bandages and cushions. They have worked hard every week preparing their gift, and we are all very, very grateful to them, *aren't we?*"

Again there was the abrupt rustling of dry hands.

"Yes, we are very, very grateful," the nun went on. "And now we are going to have a little visiting hour. Sister Dorothée-Rose, will you please help me?"

One of the sisters came over to where we were standing and sorted us out, with a rough and indifferent hand, into groups of four. Then she signalled to the other nuns, who came and led us away. We followed hesitatingly, looking back and clinging with our eyes to Mlle. Marthe, who still smiled at us and motioned us onward whenever any of us hung back.

The nun who was leading the group in which I found myself was not as nice as the one with the threads, I decided. She was starched, too, and very clean, but she never smiled, and her step and gestures were impatient. I was frightened and awed. Suddenly the nun detached me from my friends and shoved me in between two beds, where there was a chair. I climbed into it.

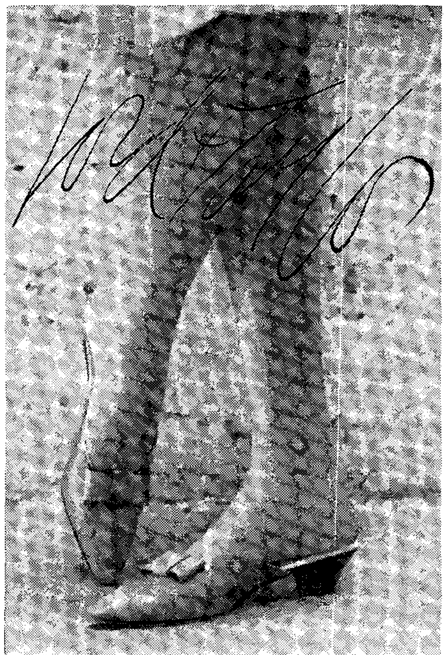
"*Bonjour, Monsieur,*" I said politely to the man in the bed at my right, and repeated this to the man at my left. There was no answer from the one on the right, but the man at my left asked me what my name was. I told him, and then there was silence again.

"*Est-ce que vous êtes très malade?*" I asked the man at my right.

He stared at me furiously without a word, and the man on my left said, "Don't bother speaking to Henri. He doesn't want anyone to visit him. Nobody ever visits him, and when the schoolchildren come he never speaks to them."

"Imbecile!" Henri spat out. "What do you know about what I want and what I don't want? Just because you're an idiot and always willing to speak like one to anyone who's willing to listen! Come here, little boy," he commanded me.

I had some trouble getting down



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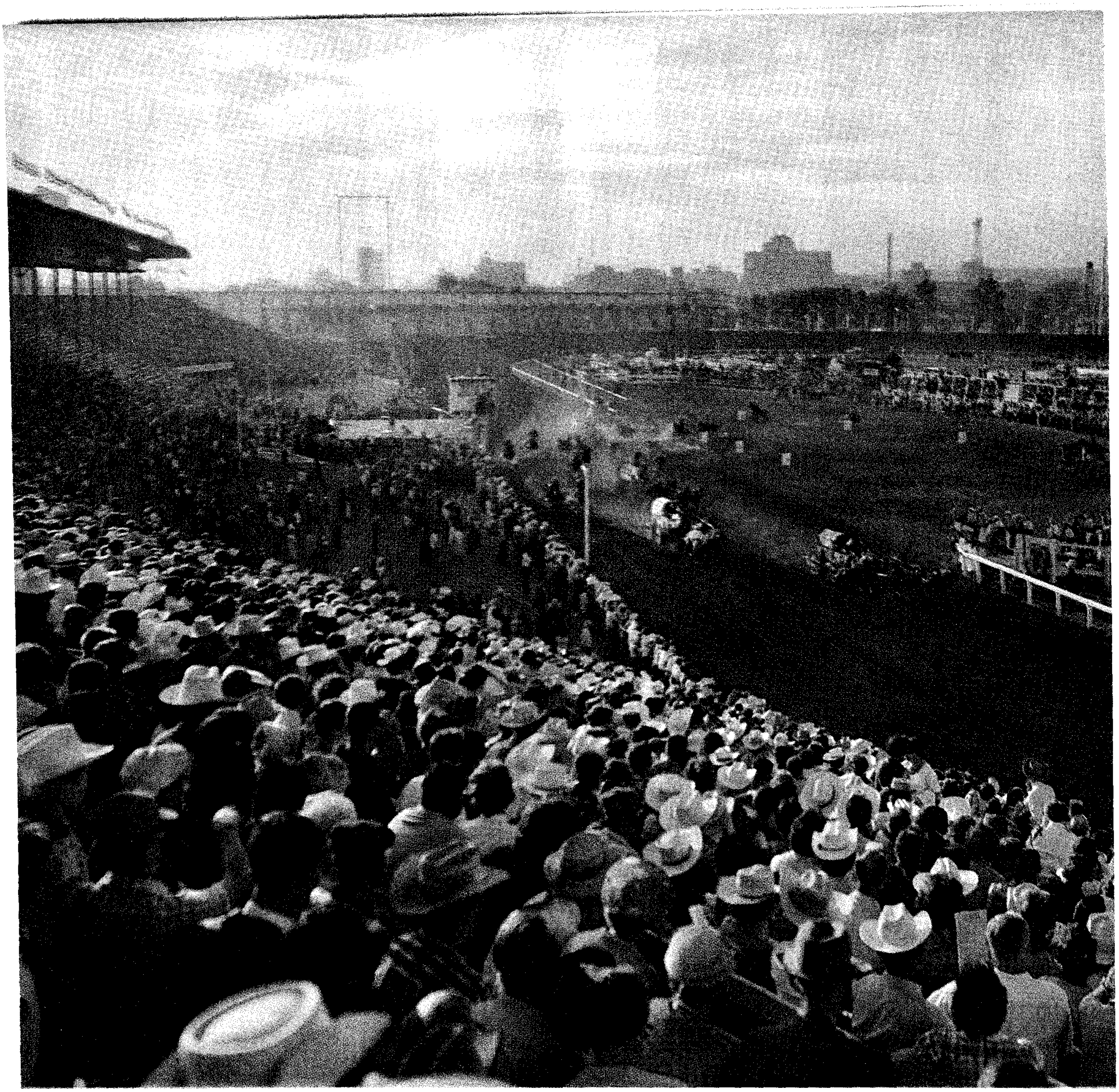

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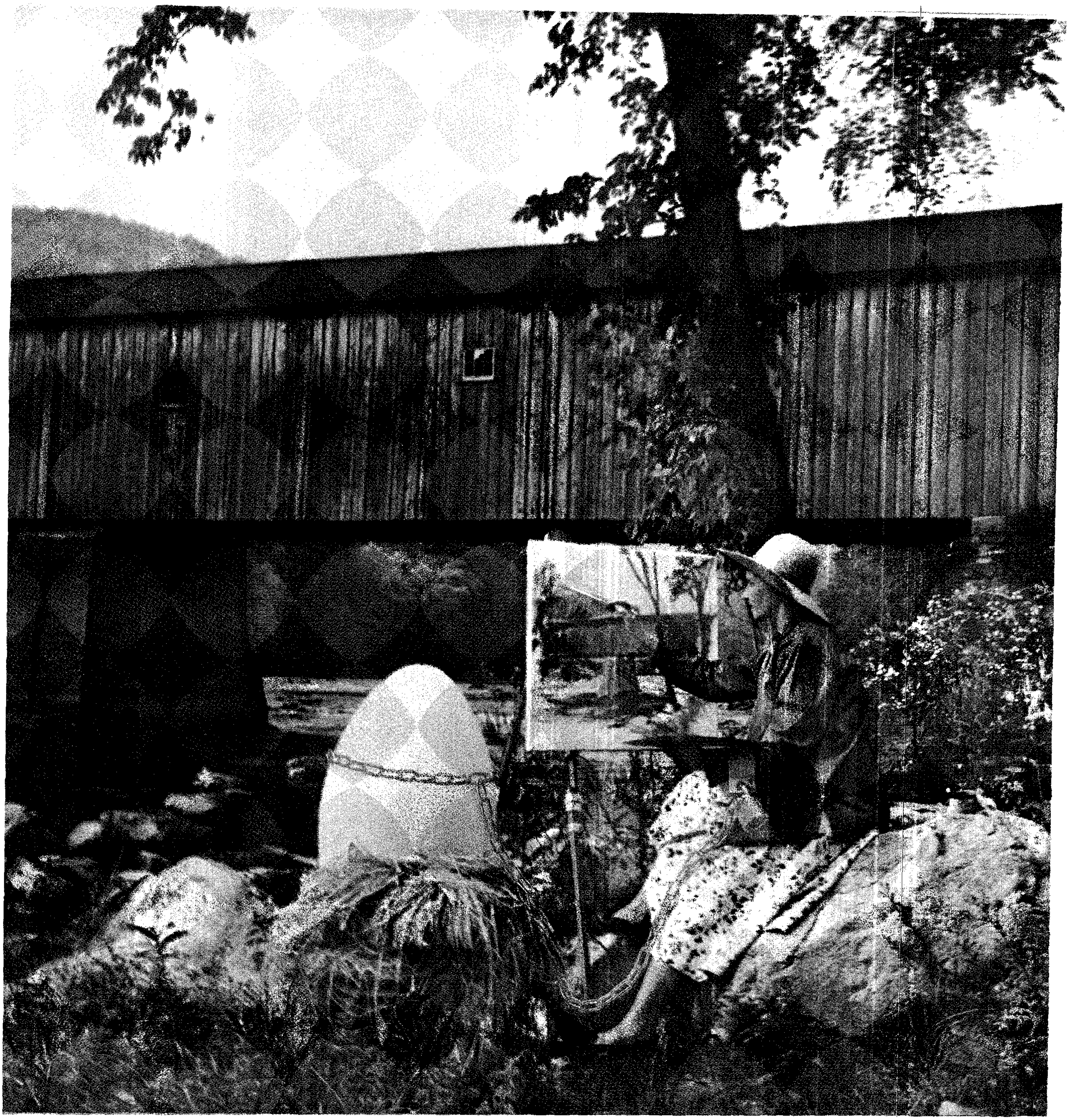

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from the chair, and then stood reluctantly by his bed. He pulled a hand out from under the sheets, a white and withered hand, and grasped mine with it like a bird of prey. A whiff of sweat and antiseptic came from the bed. My hand was powerless in his claw, and he led it slowly over the rough white blanket so that I could feel the side of his body. I felt his ribs, the soft part of his abdomen, the sharp edge of his hip, and then, suddenly, I could feel nothing more. He released my hand. Bewildered, I stood there, my hand still on the blanket where his legs should have been.

"You're not the only one, you're not the only one," the man in the other bed said enviously. "They have to cut me up every six months."

I didn't dare turn toward him for fear of seeming disloyal to Henri. I climbed up into the chair again.

"Were you both in the war?" I asked.

"Yes," Henri said.

"But shouldn't you be home if you're sick?"

"Henri's got no home," the man on my left said spitefully. "And I can't go home because they have to operate on me every six months."

"You can't go home because your wife won't have you home. She doesn't want the smell of carrion in her house. She can do better things with her bed than put you in it."

"My father was in the war, too," I said hastily. "He has often told me stories . . ." I stopped, seeing they didn't want to hear about it.

Finally, Henri asked me, "What battalion was your father in?"

"I don't know," I said weakly. "But he *did* tell me. It's just that I can't remember now."

"You see, you know nothing about it," Henri said. "Your father probably wasn't even in the Army."

My face grew hot, and I turned away.

"What do you like to do best at school?" the man at my left asked.

I, who had been so sure, began to waver. Was this what *le petit nid* had come to? Was this the end and the goal of those wonderful Friday afternoons with the class quietly picking rags into threads and with Mlle. Marthe reading stories?

"I like to sing," I said, without much conviction.

"Would you sing for us?" the man at the left wheedled.

"Haven't we had enough noise for one afternoon?" Henri growled.

"I don't know," I said, fidgeting

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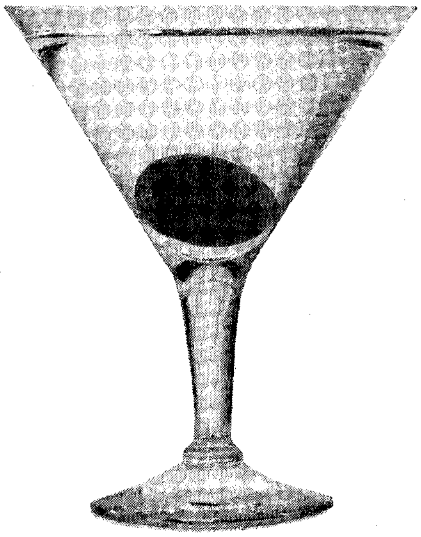

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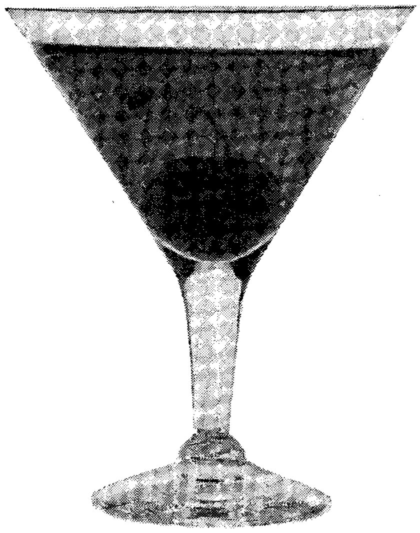

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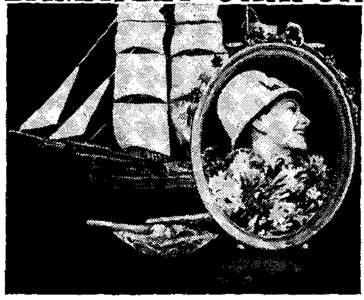

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nervously. "I don't know what to sing."

"You can sing 'Ma Normandie' again, if you like," the man on the left said. "I love the song. I used to live near there. I lived in Picardy. Do you know Picardy?"

"No, I don't," I said eagerly, glad for a change of subject. "Is it very beautiful?"

"Oh, it is. It is very beautiful. The best apples in the world are grown there. In the autumn you can look and see nothing but apple trees all over the country. There are the sweet apples—they are red. And there are the sour apples. Some of those are red, too, but most of them are green, and very juicy. Do you like apples?"

I didn't particularly, but I nodded my head.

"Then you must ask your mother to buy some 'glory of Picardy' apples. They are the best. They are grown only where my family lives."

"They are awful apples," Henri interrupted. "Besides, you've never eaten an apple in your life. You just make brandy with your apples. They're good for nothing else. And the brandy isn't any good, either." His voice became heavy with malice. He spoke to me now. "You can go blind if you drink that kind of brandy. You drink it and you think it's all right, but the peasants are so stingy that they put raw alcohol in the brandy, because it's cheaper, and suddenly, whoosh—and you're blind. Stone blind. For life. Nothing can cure you. Nothing and nobody."

"That's a dirty lie you're telling," the other man said. "A dirty, rotten lie." His voice was almost throttled with impotent anger.

Henri writhed with perverse glee at having made his friend so angry. "You go blind," he kept repeating. "You go blind. Whoosh—and everything is black."

I was terrified. I remembered that my hand had felt numb when I couldn't find Henri's legs under the blanket, and I thought of my eyes becoming numb, too.

Suddenly the sister who had led me up to the beds appeared beside me. "It is time to go," she said impatiently to the men. "Give him the presents now. It is time for him to leave." And she moved on.

Gratefully, I climbed down from my chair, ready to say goodbye. I turned to Henri first, holding out my hand. "Goodbye, Monsieur," I said. When he didn't answer or take my hand, I thoughtlessly added, "I hope you get better."

The nun was beside me again. "Say

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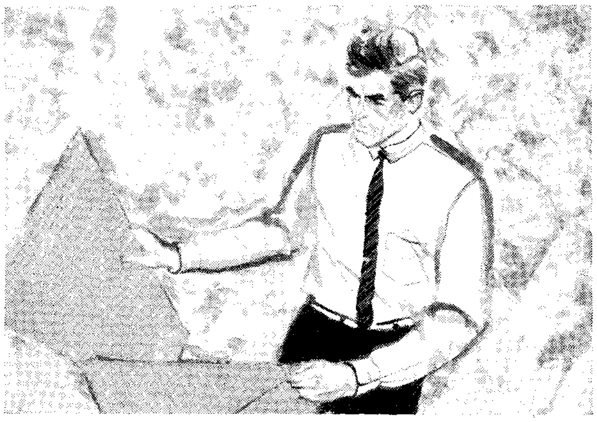

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goodbye and give the boy his present," she said sharply to Henri.

Henri reached under the blanket and produced an opened roll of fruit drops.

"Thank you very much, Monsieur." I took the top tablet. Lint from the sheets clung to it. I forced myself to put it in my mouth. It was sickeningly warm and stuck to my tongue. Henri's hand, still grasping the roll of candy, slipped away furtively, like a dry reptile.

"Give him the whole roll, as you were told to do," snapped the nun.

"Thank you, no. I really don't want it," I said.

"Give it to him." The nun's voice was implacable.

Unwillingly, Henri pushed the roll of candy into my palm.

"Thank you," I said.

"I have something for you, too," said the man in the other bed, holding a lollipop aloft.

"Thank you. Thank you very much," I said, taking it. "Goodbye." The sweet-sour taste of the fruit drop in my mouth was nauseating. I wanted to run and spit it out. The nun grasped me by the shoulder and began to steer me away.

"A moment, Sister, a moment," Henri said, in a low voice, just as I was beginning to feel myself freed from my imprisonment.

The nun let go of my shoulder. "Be quick," she said and hurried on.

Reluctantly, I turned back to Henri. The anger was gone from his face. For a moment, I thought he was going to clutch me and press me down on the bed. His hands circled feebly toward me.

"Will you come back to visit me?" he asked. "Alone? You're allowed to, you know."

"Yes, Monsieur. Yes, I will. I will ask my mother. Next week." Then I ran headlong down the aisle with the rows of white beds rushing past me like blanched bones.

Mlle. Marthe lined us up again for a last song. Stridently, we thumped through the "Marseillaise."

"Allons, enfants de la patri-i-e,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé . . ."

The faces of the invalids were all turned toward us, as if in an effort to retain us, to postpone another leave-taking.

"Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons."

This time there was no applause. The silence of the long ward had swallowed up our voices even before

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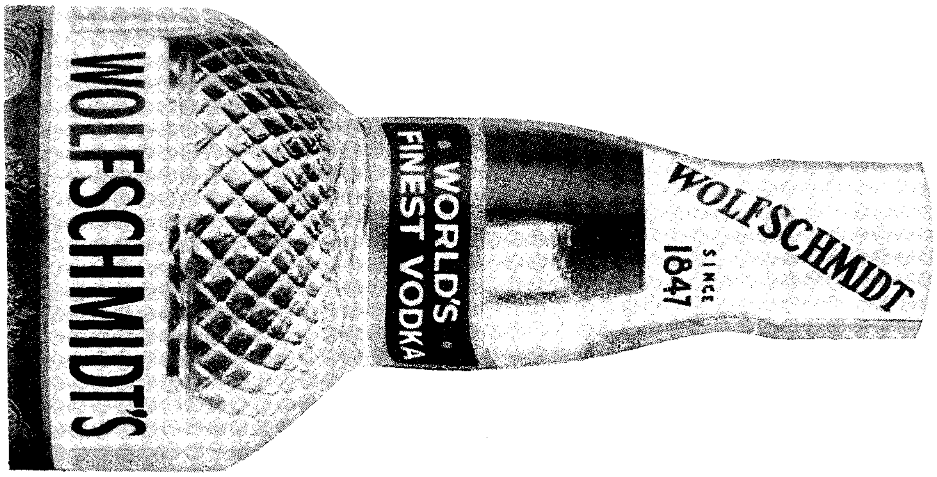
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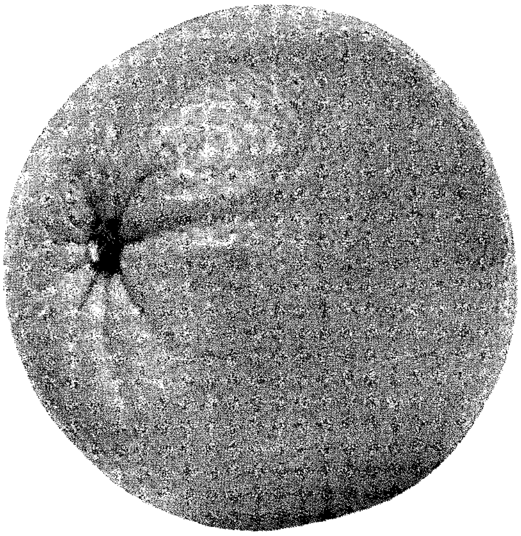

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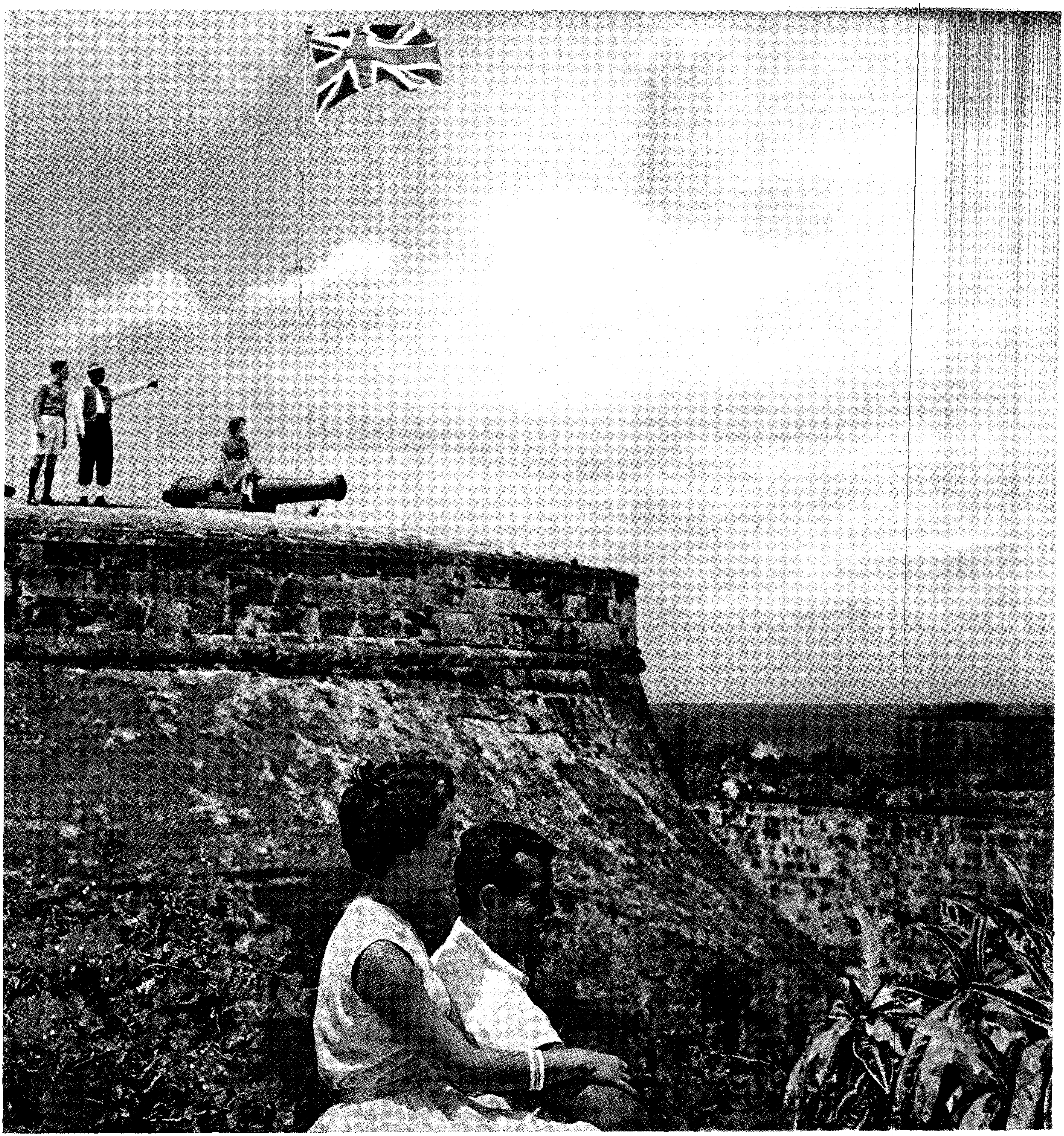

Fort Charlotte, Nassau, built in 1789. Photographed by Ozzie Sweet

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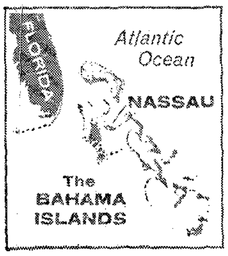

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the song was finished. Back we shuffled down the darkening corridor. Our coats were handed to us and we struggled with scarves, caps, and mittens, and then hurried out, grasping the rope, into the dark snow-filled streets, among the clerks and businessmen hurrying home.

THE Métro was crowded and bright and very warm, with slow waves of people pouring in and out of the trains.

"What did you get?" Paul whispered to me. "I got caramels from both of them and I don't like caramels."

I displayed my lollipop and the roll of fruit drops.

"Do you like caramels?" Paul asked.

I shrugged. "Sometimes."

"Want to trade?"

I thought for a moment. On the way to the Métro, it had occurred to me to give my candy to Jean-Louis, who was the poorest boy in the class. Now I knew that I could never bring myself to approach him. I handed Paul my candy and refused when he offered me his. I was only too happy to be rid of all the remnants of the afternoon.

—FRED S. LICHT

◆

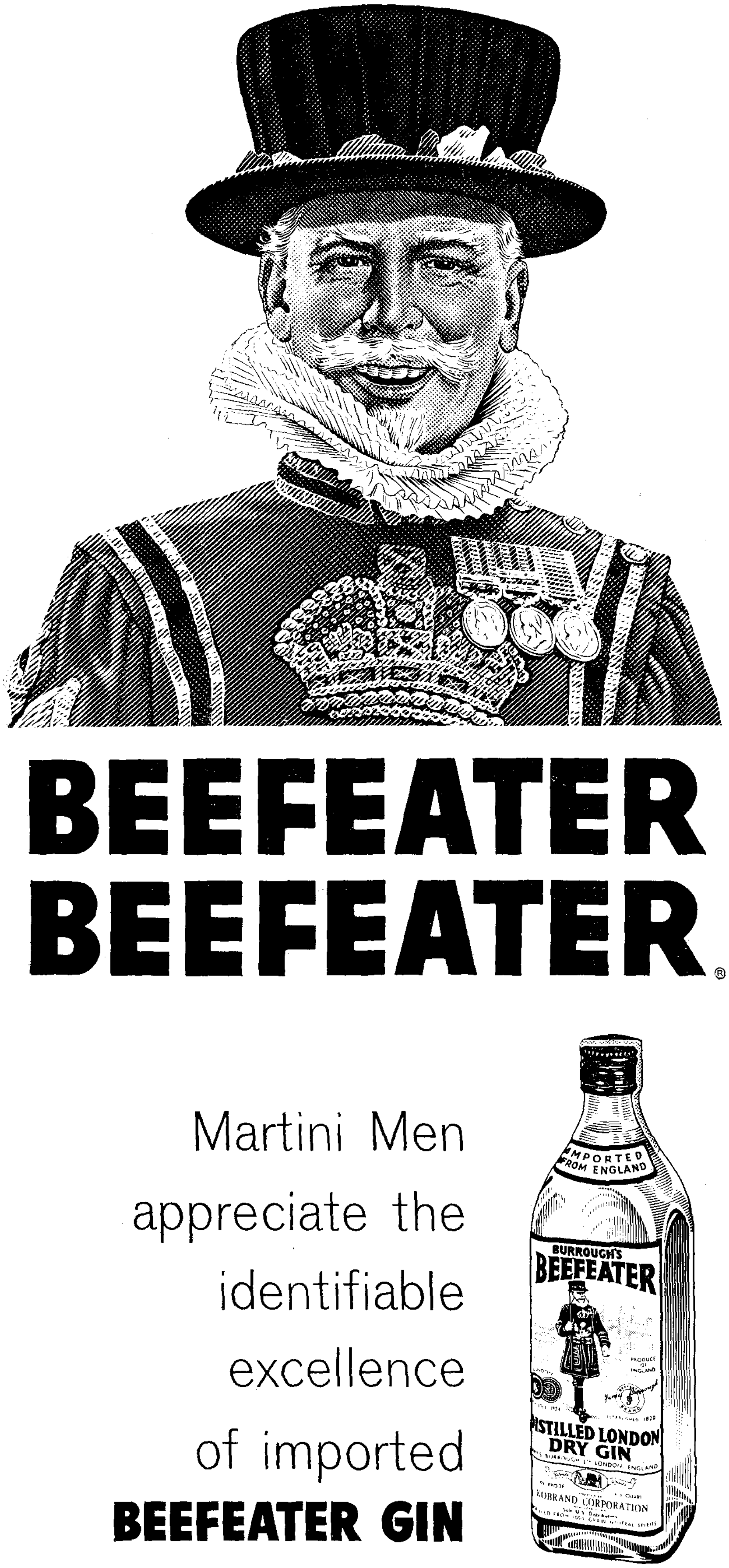
A TREE UNLIKE OTHERS

There is a tree by the lake
bending way out over the water,
straining over the surface,
like a forlorn wanderer
looking down from a bridge
while most of a city sleeps.

Something so aloof, almost lost
about that tree stubbornly
turning away from others,
patiently straining to see
what others along the shore
cannot catch, like those of us who,
unwilling to linger,
go past and see only
the changes that most of us see.

But the tree has left nothing
behind. Straining over the water,
what does it catch
with endurance and calm
but the image of trees?
And what does it see
beneath the sky in the lake
but leaves and birds on the tree's
bent form, and the leaves
and the birds on each arm
that every season
have come and have gone?

—ARTHUR GREGOR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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE CALL OF THE MASTERS

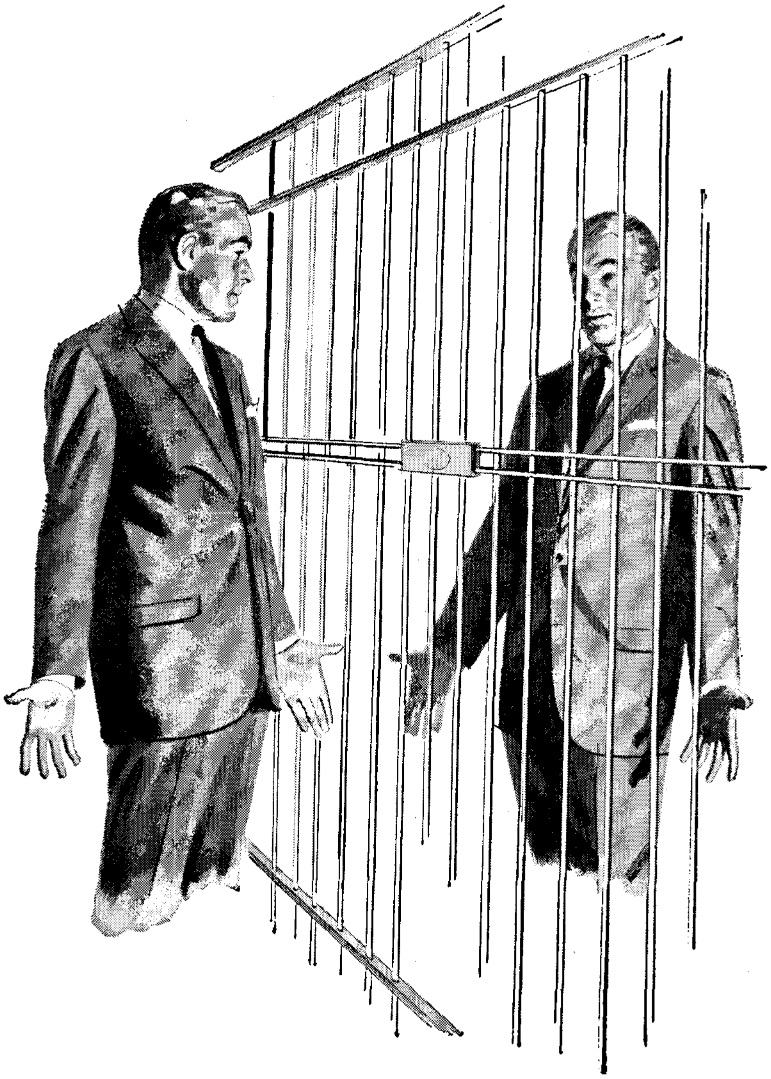
DURING his long and remarkable career, Bernard Darwin, the English golf writer, often had occasion to ruminate on the magic that certain railway junctions had for him—those at Leuchars, Ashford, Minster, Preston, and Birkenhead Park, for example. "Their names," he once wrote, "sound in my ears as chimes, ringing me home to my own country." Leuchars summoned up for Darwin the sound of the porter calling out, "Change for St. Andrews!," and Ashford "Change for Rye!" Minster meant Sandwich; Preston, St. Annes; Birkenhead Park, Hoylake. In this country, travelling to the golf courses where the major championships are held has seldom, even in the days when one bore down on them gently by rail, had anything like the cozy quality that warmed Darwin. The relative size of the two countries has something to do with this, naturally. So has the fact that the top British tournaments are almost always played over the same dozen or so courses, which have long made up what is called the championship "rota," while here it has long been the practice of the United States Golf Association, which conducts the National Open and the National Amateur Championships, and of the Professional Golfers' Association, which handles the P.G.A. Championship, to move these annual events around the country, so that golf fans residing in the various sections have a chance to take them in. Periodically, the National Open returns to a "traditional Open course," such as Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, where it will be played this June and was last played in 1953. Ordinarily, though, the interval between National Opens at any one course is nearer twenty years than nine, and to hear the chimes ringing you home after an absence of this length requires the historically oriented eardrums of an Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., or a Casey Stengel.

All this comes to mind because another Masters tournament—the twenty-sixth, brilliantly won by Arnold Palmer—has just come to a close at the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia. It is clearer today than it ever was that this comparatively young event not only is a full-fledged classic but already may have surpassed the National Open in the hold it has on the imagination of the sports public. Attendance figures are never the whole story, or anything close to it, but this year, for the third time, a total of well over a hundred thousand people watched the four days of play of the tournament proper—more than twice the record turnout for the three days of the National Open. (In addition, twenty million people are estimated to have tuned in to each of the telecasts from Augusta.) The Masters has a great many things going for it, some planned and some fortuitous. It is played on a superb and scenic course that inspires the fine field of players to spectacular feats and offers singularly good vantage points for spectators. It is held at a wonderful time of year, when practically every golfer, after a long hibernation, finds his fancy turning to thoughts of supinating the left forearm or some other such crucial action that will make the season at hand the big one he has been waiting for. It has flavor and innate prestige, since it is permeated with the personality of the founder and president of the Augusta National, Robert T. Jones, Jr., who is that rare sort of hero—in sports or any other field—a man whose actual stature exceeds that of the mythological figure he has been made into. In the judgment of quite a few old golf hands, however, the element that has made the Masters the Masters is that it is played on the same course year after year. For players and galleries alike, the tournament has a familiar, homecoming atmosphere, which none of the peripatetic championships can hope to match. Fewer than a hundred golf enthusiasts, I would guess, regularly follow the National Open from venue to venue, but there must be several thousand persons who, in the manner of Chaucer's pilgrims posting to Canterbury, head for Augusta early each April.

Most of those who come to the Masters from any appreciable distance make the journey by plane. Few flights are scheduled directly from faraway cities to Augusta, for although the sleepy old town has recently been aroused by the establishment of several new industrial plants, there are fifty-one weeks of the year in which travellers can hardly be said to descend on it in substantial numbers. Atlanta, accordingly, serves as a junction. It is not, of course, the sort of junction Darwin had in mind; no porter shouts "Atlanta! Change for Augusta!," and a large air terminal, with its long, hollow corridors and its semi-lost transients, hardly conjures up the feeling that the promised land is at hand. Still, Augusta is only fifty minutes by air from Atlanta, and when you land at Augusta's pleasant little airfield, everything is just as you have remembered. The air is sweet and soft; you never fail to see a few familiar golf faces around the terminal; and the man at the car-rental desk once again can't seem to find a record of your reservation and can't quite fathom how anyone could have written you a confirmation.

The main entranceway to the Augusta National Golf Club is a narrow drive, some three hundred yards long and lined with unbroken rows of magnolia trees, which interlace overhead. A slow progress down this lane to the sunlit white clubhouse is the first of three moves that a very high percentage of the Augusta regulars apparently must make each year before they feel really at home again. The second is a walk around the clubhouse to the terrace at the rear, from which one can gaze down at the eighteen holes, which Jones and Alister MacKenzie, his co-designer, laid out over the slope of a natural amphitheatre. It is the prettiest vista in golf, and the returning regular wants to make certain it's still there. Indeed it is. Rye grass sown with the Bermuda grass is still imbuing the fairways with a distinctive lustre. As befits a property that was once one of the South's leading nurseries, some of the flowering shrubs along the fairways are in full bloom. The

"Locked In"— or Out?



The investor who says, "I am locked in—my profits are so large I can't afford to sell and pay the taxes," will do well to take a fresh look. He may be following his emotions rather than logic.

If the stocks that he owns are not the best for his purpose, he is locking himself *out* of the greater benefits he could obtain by replacing his present holdings.

The question of profit-taking is part of a larger picture: it involves investment objectives, family, and estate considerations. A discussion with the Trust Company could "unlock" the situation and lead to profitable action.

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pines towering behind the tenth green are just as tall as memory had them. "Yes, it's all intact," the regular says to himself. He is then ready to make the third, and last, move in his annual process of reacclimatization. He watches a twosome of golfers he particularly likes drive off the first tee and follows them out onto the course. After observing the approach shots on the opening hole, a moderate-length par 4, he doesn't bother to find a position near the green but walks directly to a spot at the edge of the rough along the right side of the second hole (555 yards, par 5), about 275 yards out, at just about the point where the fairway begins to tumble downhill to the green. He takes in the two drives. He takes in the two second shots. Somehow this seems to do it—watching one pair of golfers play their tee shots and their long approaches to the second hole. From that moment on, the itinerary of one Augusta regular may have nothing at all in common with that of another. Each man (or small group) plays it by ear. Some go on to the second green, watch their twosome putt out, and perhaps stay with them all the way, if either player happens to be working on a hot round; others wait on the hillside to watch a few more pairs come by, getting their eyes limbered up meanwhile by switching their attention from the putting on the distant green to the second shots played directly in front of them and then back to a new pair driving from the tee; still others head at a brisk trot for the scoreboard near the third green and tune up their arithmetic by studying the scores between quick looks at the action on the third, a short par 4, and side glances at the tee shots on the fourth, a dramatic par 3, 220 yards long, where the pin is usually placed behind a deep key bunker that noses into the heart of the slanting green. Most regulars stay out on the course until late in the afternoon, resting and roving by instinct, and sustaining themselves with pimento-spread sandwiches and the golf itself. The only time they tend to reconvene at a single spot comes when one of the leaders nears the riskiest bend on the course, down by Rae's Creek, for then nearly everyone—as many as fifteen thousand people on some days—perches on a slope that serves as a grandstand for the two make-or-break holes, the twelfth and thirteenth.

This feeling of extraordinary kinship with the Masters is not restricted to those who go to Augusta. In general, golf fans cerebrate and talk about their preoccupation as no other sports

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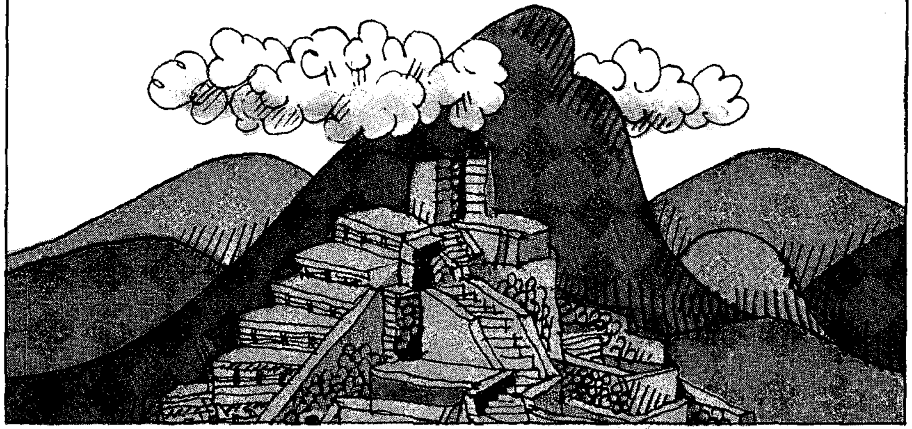

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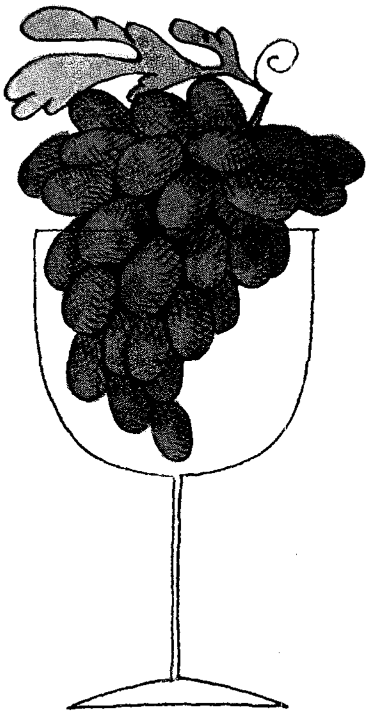
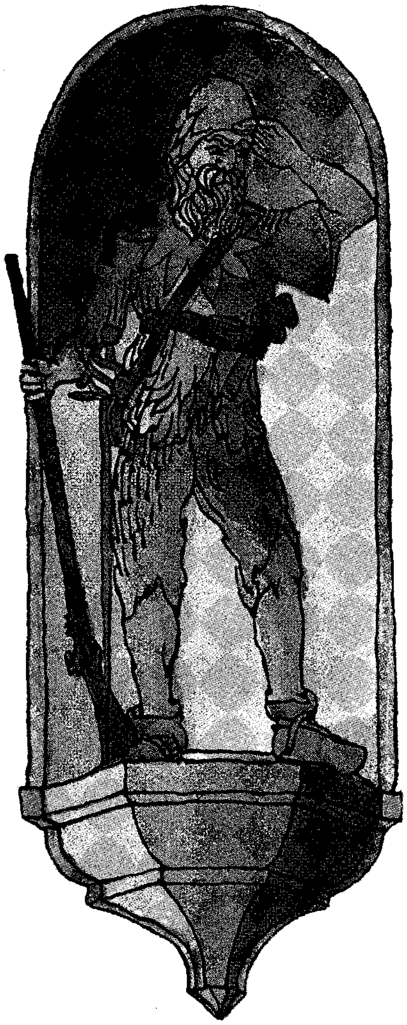


COMB THE BEACH WHERE ROBINSON CRUSOE LANDED. Friday left his footprints here, off Chile's Pacific coast. From this lush island come the giant lobsters you'll eat in Valparaiso's seaside cafés. They're Chile's answer to Argentine beefsteak.



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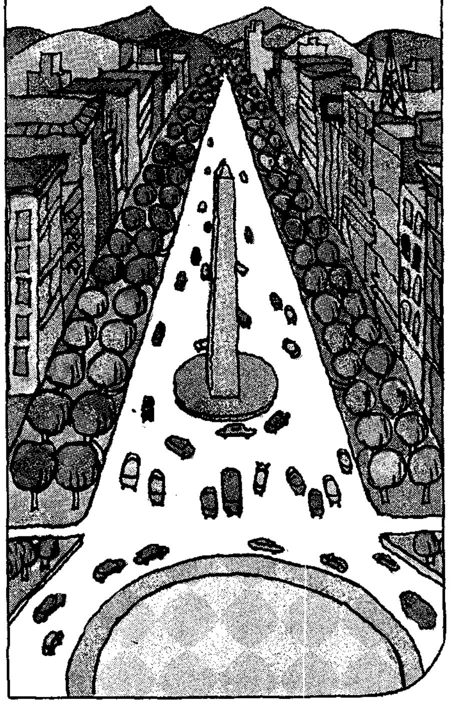

group does, and the talk of the returning pilgrims about the Masters—abetted to a considerable degree by the telecasts and by the year-round rhapsodies of the golf-writing press—has created such an inordinate wave of interest in the event that many men who have never set foot on the course have acquired a knowledge of it that really is amazing. You would expect golf fans everywhere in the country to be fairly well acquainted with the last four holes, for these are covered by the television cameras, but somehow they know the terrain and the strategic demands of all eighteen, and can rattle on about "the new green on the eighth," and "that long arm of the creek on the thirteenth that caught Patton's second in '54," and "those gusts of wind that puff up on the short twelfth and give Palmer so much trouble every year," and "the low branches of the pines that kill you on the seventh if you drive it down the right side of the fairway." Only one other course in the long history of golf has ever been comparably familiar to the golfing public at large—the Old Course at St. Andrews. No self-respecting golf club in Britain would think its bar complete unless a print of the famous MacKenzie map of the Old Course hung on the wall, and when you add this handy reference to the decades of chatter about what old So-and-So did on the Road Hole and the trouble young What's-His-Name met up with on the eleventh, it becomes almost understandable—almost, but not quite—that so many Britons know each bunker at St. Andrews by its designated name and could probably walk out blindfolded from Leuchars to any one you mentioned.

THE eminence the Masters has gained and the bonanza it has become have certainly not been lost on the men who run other golf tournaments that take place over one set course each year—tournaments that have, however, remained strictly minor, low on cachet and low on cash. In their eagerness to discover the secret of the Masters' rise, they have assiduously copied many of the features originated in Augusta by Jones and Clifford Roberts, the perennial chairman of the Tournament Committee. For example, the Masters was the first considerable tournament in which the players were invited to compete—generally speaking, a golfer qualifies for an invitation if he has ever won a major championship, or if he has finished well up in the big events of the preceding year—and the sponsors of

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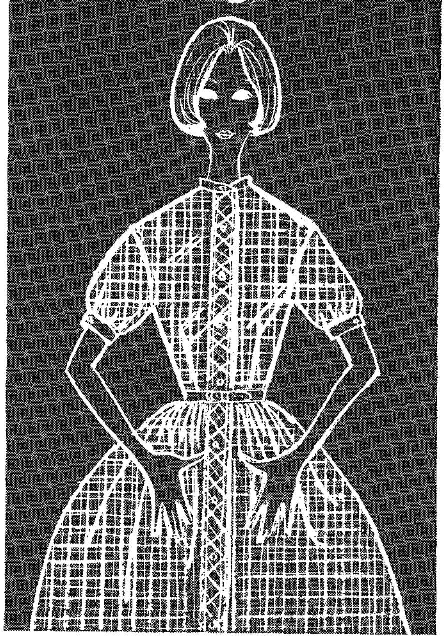
these lesser affairs have adopted the invitational system. However, only the Tournament of Champions, in Las Vegas, in which the field is limited to players who have won one of the weekly events on the professional circuit during the previous twelve months, has come up with a method of qualification for an invitation which is both fresh and functional. Again, since the very name of the Masters carries a connotation of importance and sweep, other tournaments have sought to achieve a quick impressiveness by knighting themselves with resounding titles. These last few years, the word "Classic" has been all the vogue, and today we have the Palm Springs Golf Classic, the Houston Classic, and the American Golf Classic, in Akron, the last of which has a glorious tradition spanning the breadth of one full year. (The Masters, incidentally, began modestly as the Augusta National Invitation Tournament, and took to calling itself the Masters only after Grantland Rice had introduced the name and everyone else had taken it up.) Even the peripheral Masters touches *have not gone uncopied*. Members of the Augusta National wear bright-green jackets, and so a club blazer has become *de rigueur* at the other tournament sites. (The most splendiferous of these blazers—a vibrant tartan with lots of red in it—adorns the members of the Colonial Country Club, in Fort Worth, the home of the Colonial National Invitation Tournament; golf *is*, of course, an old Scottish game.) These attempts to duplicate the success of the Masters—they bring to mind the old Hollywood cycle, now standard in TV as well, in which a smash hit sets off a series of zealous imitations—have predictably, with only a few partial exceptions, been failures. The trouble is that these tournaments have tried to copy the wrong things. The Colonial Invitation, which comes closer than any of the others in this group to being a major event, has achieved its status because it takes place on a course of championship calibre, regularly attracts a strong field, and puts a great deal of effort into handling the hundred and one bothersome details that are involved in staging an elaborate affair. Make no mistake about it, these are the three things that count: a first-class course, a good field, and efficient administration. Moreover, although Ben Hogan is not as closely linked with Colonial as Jones is with Augusta, the fact that it was his home club for years and that he always plays in its tournament and has won it five



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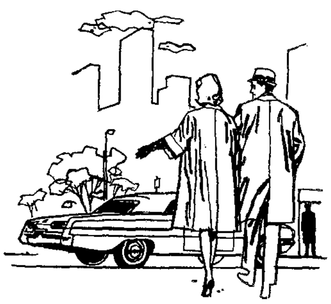

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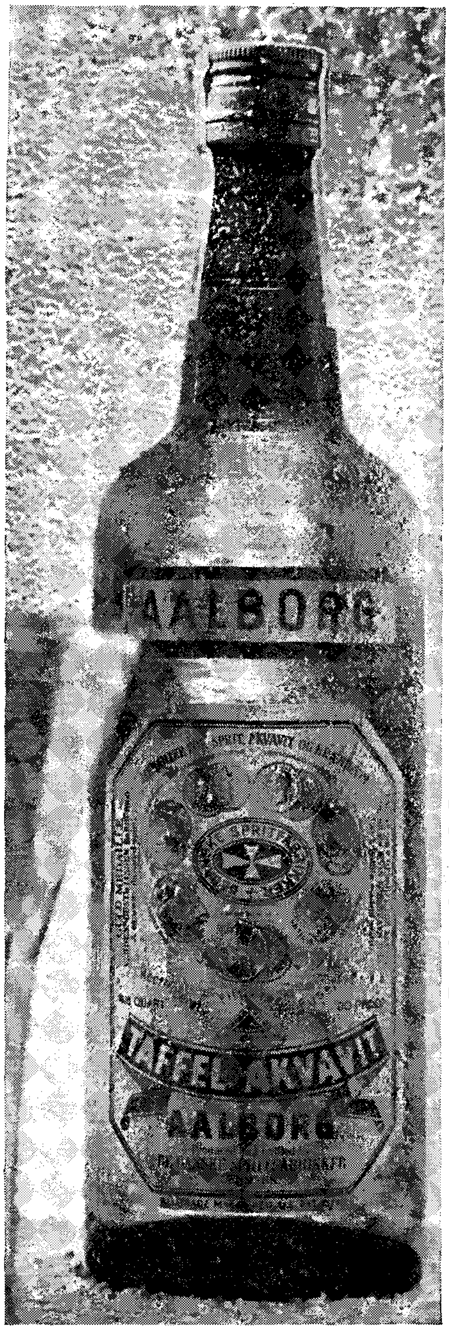

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times definitely gives the event added substance.

In any case, we will soon have a chance to find out just how much a major championship profits from being played annually on the same course. Two new courses are now being built at a spot called Palm Beach Gardens, about four miles north of West Palm Beach, and, according to present plans, one of them will serve as the permanent home of an annual P.G.A. match-play championship—a historic event that was abandoned in 1957—and, in addition, may conceivably serve as the home of the P.G.A.'s annual medal-play championship, which replaced the old match-play meeting. In this expensive age, nobody just goes out and builds a golf course, and, to be explicit, the situation is this: Palm Beach Gardens is a residential development that a real-estate man, John D. MacArthur, is now putting together and that will include the two golf courses, both designed and constructed by Dick Wilson, who at this moment, to judge by his newly opened Pine Tree course, in Delray Beach, Florida, may well be the world's finest golf architect. The P.G.A. will receive from MacArthur the use of both courses, one of which has been specially designed to test the top professional golfers, and in return MacArthur will be able to offer prospective members of his colony the opportunity to buy lots fronting on an authentic, glamorous championship layout, which they can play on except at tournament time. The bulldozers and graders have been in action for two months now on the new courses, and they are to be opened in December.

In basic design, the P.G.A. championship course is not at all reminiscent of the Augusta National, but Wilson has been wise enough to incorporate into his thinking a few of the lessons the National has taught. There is no doubt, for instance, that the succession of threatening water hazards on Augusta's second nine—water either guards the entrance to the green or skirts the green of five of these holes—charges the play of the leaders with tremendous drama, for nothing can destroy a round as decisively as a misplayed shot that finds the water. Wilson, who has always been strong for water hazards anyway, is using them on no fewer than eight holes of the championship course, taking full advantage of the one great blessing enjoyed by the architect who builds in that part of Florida: the circumstance that the water table lies only some ten or fifteen feet below the level of the land. Wilson

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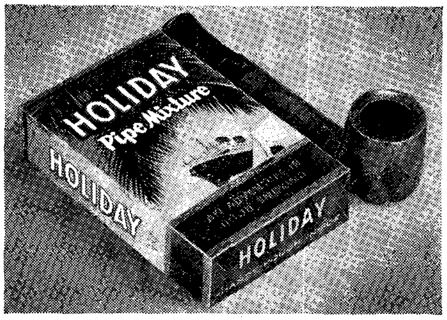

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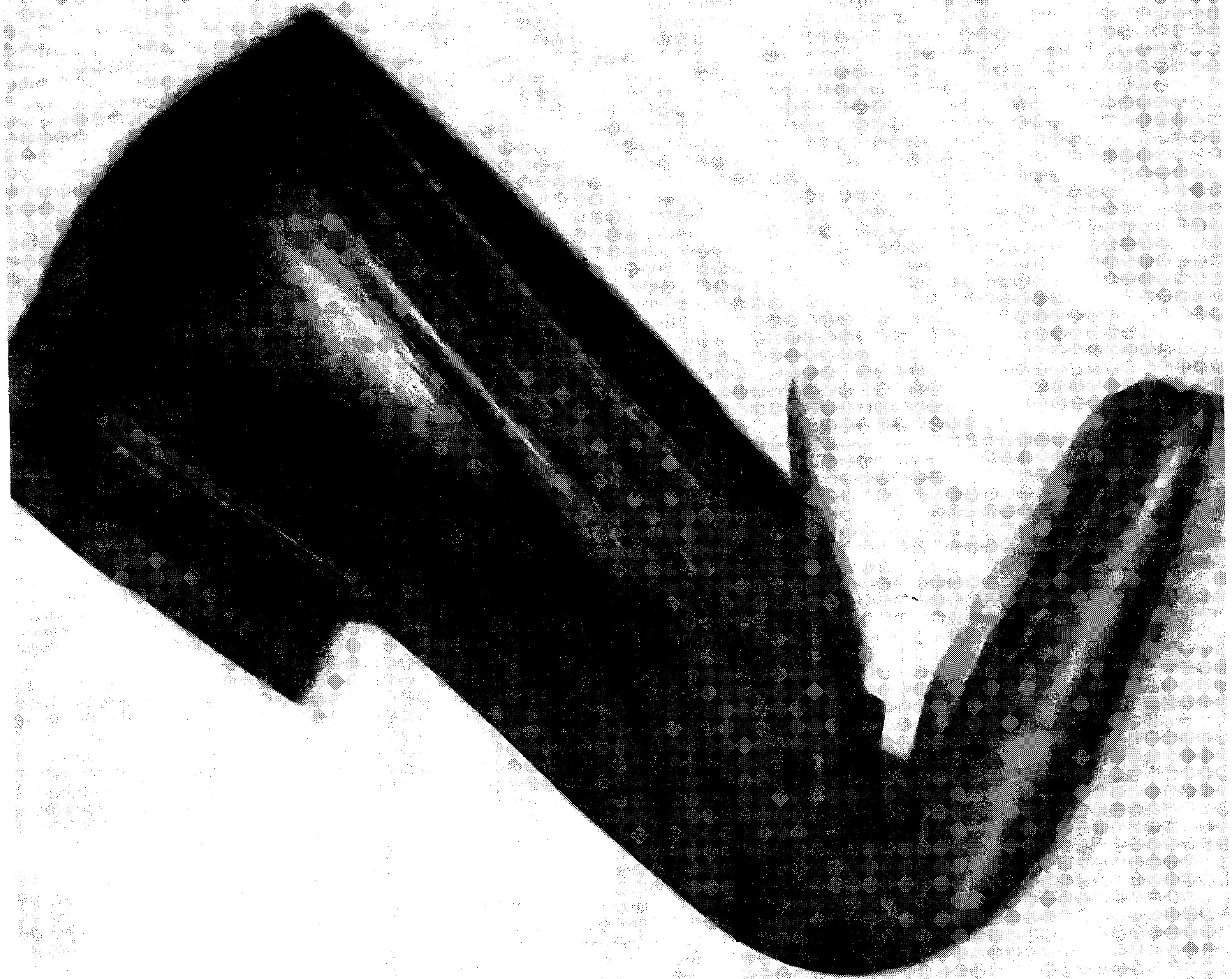

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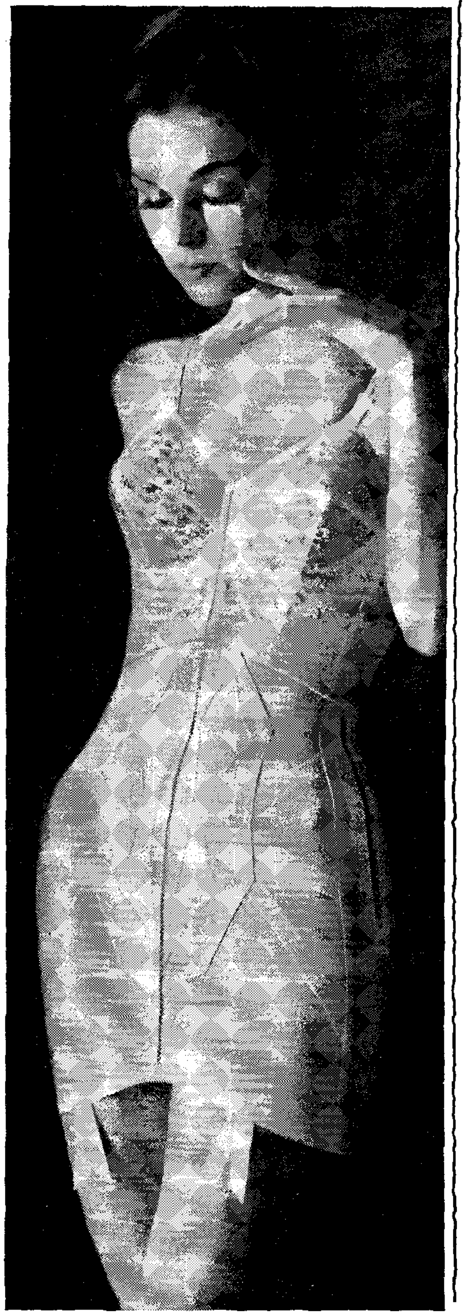
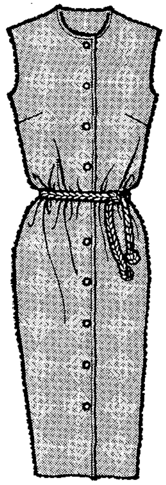


has also "gone to school," to use one of the touring pro's favorite phrases, on another of Augusta's most effective innovations—the construction of slopes, mounds, and other contours designed primarily to give a large gallery a good view of the action at certain strategic spots. (In golf's tremendous expansion over the past fifteen years, by the way, the spectator has been the forgotten man. As tournaments have become more and more popular, he has been able to see less and less of the shotmaking.) The present, and quite tentative, schedule calls for a P.G.A. match-play championship at Palm Beach Gardens sometime in 1963, and, as I say, it will be extremely interesting to see the effect that returning regularly to the same course, and an excellent one, has on this renascent tournament.

WHEN any institution is elevated to the top of the pile, as the Masters has been, it is bound to have its detractors. While granting that the Augusta National is a fine test of golf, its critics believe that to call it, as many people do, the best course in the United States is excessive. (To pacify all the dedicated souls lobbying for the superiority of their favorite course, it has become the policy of sophisticated golf circles to bestow on each reasonable claimant a top rating in a specified field: Pebble Beach is the best *seaside* course, for example, and Merion the best *parkland* course, Augusta the best *meadowland* course, Pine Valley the most *difficult* course, and so on.) In much the same way, some critics of the Masters think that the tournament itself is overrated. They feel that it has grown too big and too commercial—has become more of a spectacle than a sports event. They much preferred life at Augusta before and just after the war, when only a few thousand people attended on the first two days and the atmosphere was so low-pressure that no spectator felt he was being forward in chatting with the players between shots. There is something to all this, to be sure, but, taking everything together, what an admirable achievement the Masters is! Each year, if the weather is inviting, the crowd that pours in on both the Saturday and the Sunday is around thirty-five thousand. No other course and no other tournament would be able to cope with such an army, but the administrative apparatus of the Masters keeps purring, and the course is somehow able to absorb the crush.

The Masters did not set out to be-



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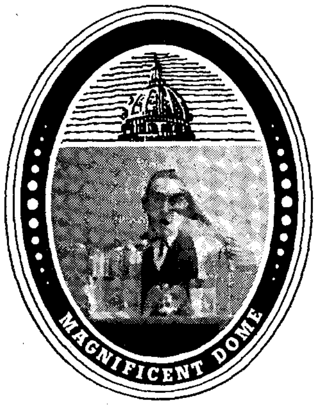

IN WHICH TOM GARTEN[1] & A MIGHTY DAM MEET JOHN SINCLAIR[2] & A MAGNIFICENT DOME & THE SPARKS FAIRLY FLY!!!!!!!!!!!!

TOM: Advertising managers, account executives and time-buying influences everywhere: We are often asked, "Which is both heart and hub of the enormous and ebullient *Supermarket* area served by WSAZ-TV? Happy Huntington, West Virginia? Or Cheerful Charleston in the same resplendent state?" My friends, metropolitan Huntington, at the juncture of *three* great states, has that distinction by a hair!

JOHN: Surely, sir, Huntington does not claim lands that lie in the commonweals of Kentucky and Ohio?

TOM: Lands *and* hands, sir, as well as homes and heavy industry! Huntington simply *ignores* arbitrary boundaries in its westerly sprawl past Ironton and Ashland and on almost to the Mighty Greenup Dam. *That* amazing structure, Mr. Sinclair, will soon eliminate four hours of riverboat time and bids fair to bring more barges than ever past what is already the largest port on the Ohio! And through some of the *cleanest water,* I might add – the Huntington beaches being suitable this very summer for bathing trunks!

JOHN: You mentioned *barges,* Mr. Garten? Precisely *where* will these *originate?* Some day, sir, we shall float our entire 80-piece symphony orchestra on one of them, and send it past you playing *The Charleston* to remind you who is heart and hub and who is *Mixer of the Nation's Chemicals!* That talented body will blast the ear-plugs from your bathers and set them stroking for the banks, I can assure you!

TOM: Is that so, sir? Huntington happens to be one of America's great rail centers, and its hundreds of engines will hiss you back from whence you came!

JOHN: Which happens to be the heart of the market! Why, under the Golden Dome of our Magnificent Capitol is concentrated the buying power of a Croesus! 62,100 TV homes! An average household income in excess of $6,500 annually! Some of America's most highly paid . . .

TOM: Time, sir, time! I suggest we once again declare the *advertiser* winner, for it is he who, for a single price and by simply consulting his Katz Agency man, can have both Huntington *and* Charleston.

JOHN: And, indeed, the entire 2-million-people, 4-billion-dollar-payroll area served by the *Supermarket Station, WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, an NBC Primary Affiliate. Division: The Goodwill Stations, Inc.*

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come a golf classic (that is a surefire way not to become one), but when it came by common consent to be regarded as precisely that, it did not shy away from the crown and all the honors and the headaches that go with it. If no other tournament now approaches it, the reason is not only that the Masters was built on the right fundamentals but also that it works more diligently than any other sports event not to overlook anything, however tangential or trivial, that can add to the pleasure of the occasion. I think we will know that we have another event of similar quality on the day the advance press releases for that fixture contain something on the order of the third paragraph, headed "Flowers," in the seventh advance release for the 1962 Masters. "Last year the Red Bud bloom had almost completely disappeared and the Azaleas as well as the Dogwood trees had passed the peak of their bloom when the Tournament began," the paragraph read. "This year our nurseryman is quite optimistic about the possibility of having more Red Bud in evidence with the Azaleas and the Dogwood in full bloom sometime between April 5th and April 9th; in other words, about the middle of the Tournament."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

He said his wife approached him with a .38 caliber police special pistol in her hand, announced "You're not going to bother me any more," and shot him.

Mr. Portner said he was surprised.
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Doesn't watch television enough, probably.

•

The House Appropriations Committee has told the Coast Guard to develop and submit an orderly plan for replacement of its ships, planes and shore stations before it can expect Congress to veto the full appropriations necessary for these purposes. —*Army-Navy-Air Force Journal & Register.*

Seems only reasonable. After all, congressmen are not mind readers.

•

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Scarborough, N. Y.,
April 16, 1962

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

IN his recent Profile of Arthur J. Goldberg, Robert Shaplen observed in passing that the Secretary of Labor was the second-newest Cabinet post—the baby of the family being, of course, Health, Education, and Welfare—and all at once I found myself nostalgically back on the shores of St. Wapniac Lake.

I was made acquainted with St. Wapniac Lake in seventh grade, thirty-four years ago, by a teacher of history and geography—social studies, I guess you'd call the course now. Geography was devoted to matters like Bosnia-Herzegovina. In history, one of the things our teacher drilled into us was the seniority of rank of Cabinet officers, on which, in those days, the succession to the Presidency was based. It was an involved business, but you could keep it all straight if you remembered St. Wapniac Lake.

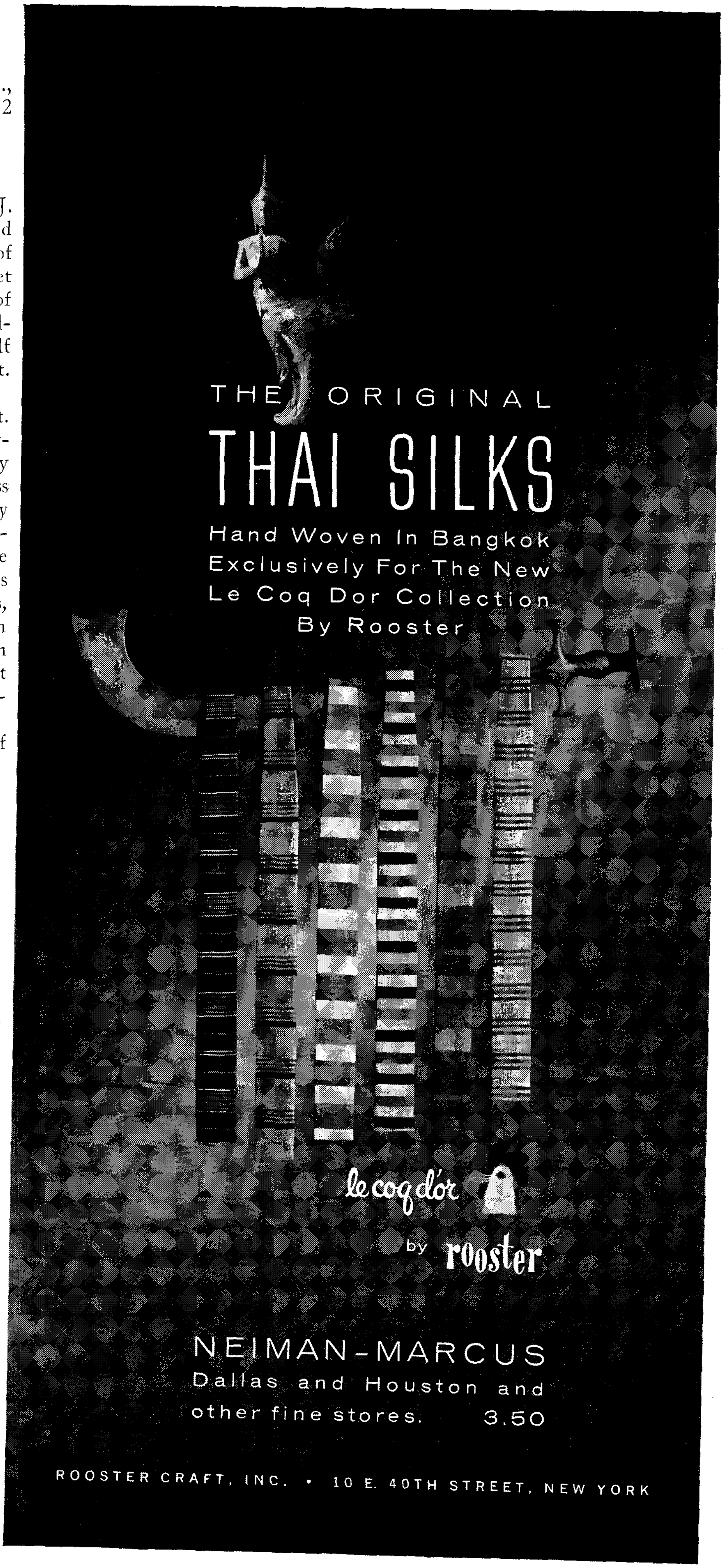
The name of that fictitious body of water derived from an acrostic:

State
Treasury
War
Attorney General
Postmaster General
Navy
Interior
Agriculture
Commerce
Labor

During history quizzes, one had only to bear in mind that, of the two "A"s, the Attorney General had a leg up on Agriculture (how appropriate for a free nation to put justice above mere sustenance!) in order to swim safely across the helpful old lake.

But God knows how my kids are managing to master this set of facts. Defense has supplanted War and Navy, and if you substitute a "D" for the "W," drop the "N," and add a caudal "HEW," you end up with a saint fit for neither natation nor pronunciation—"St. Dapiaclhew." What's worse, if the Congress ever grants President Kennedy's request that a Department of Urban Affairs join the clan, we'll have "St. Dapiaclhewua." That sounds like an obscure Mexican watering place that not even my old mentor ever heard of.

Sincerely,
E. J. Kahn, Jr.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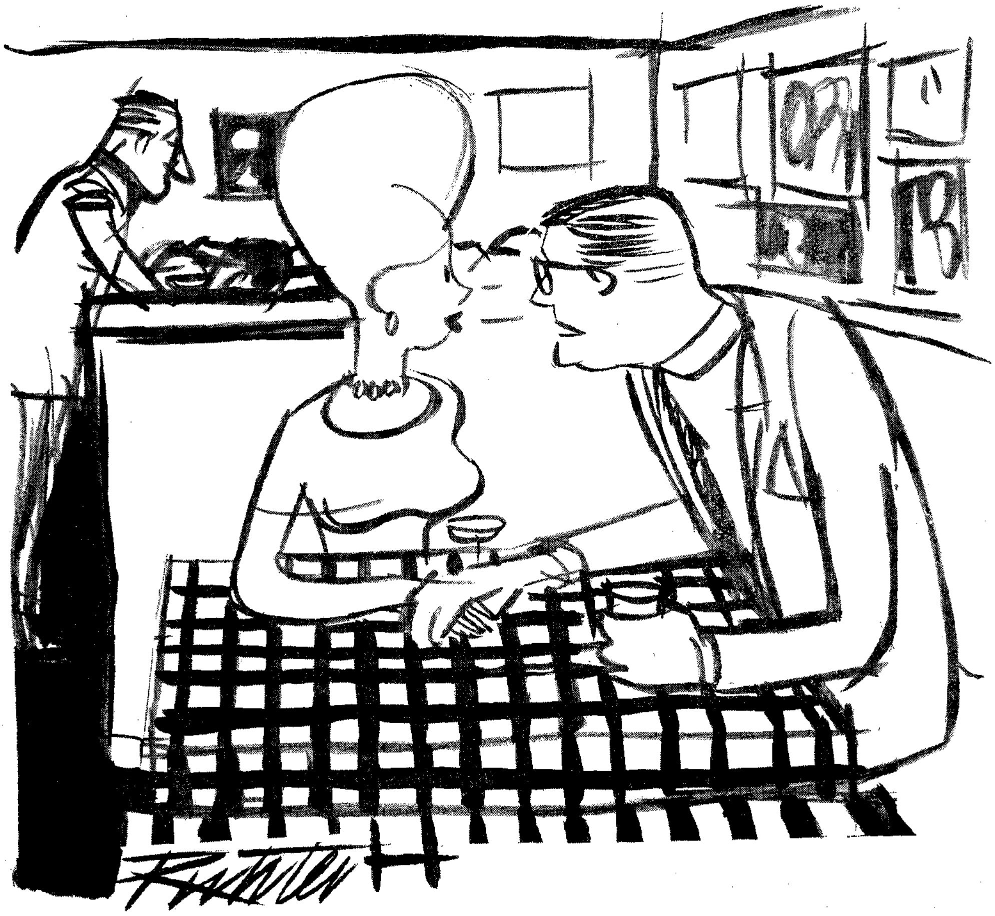
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

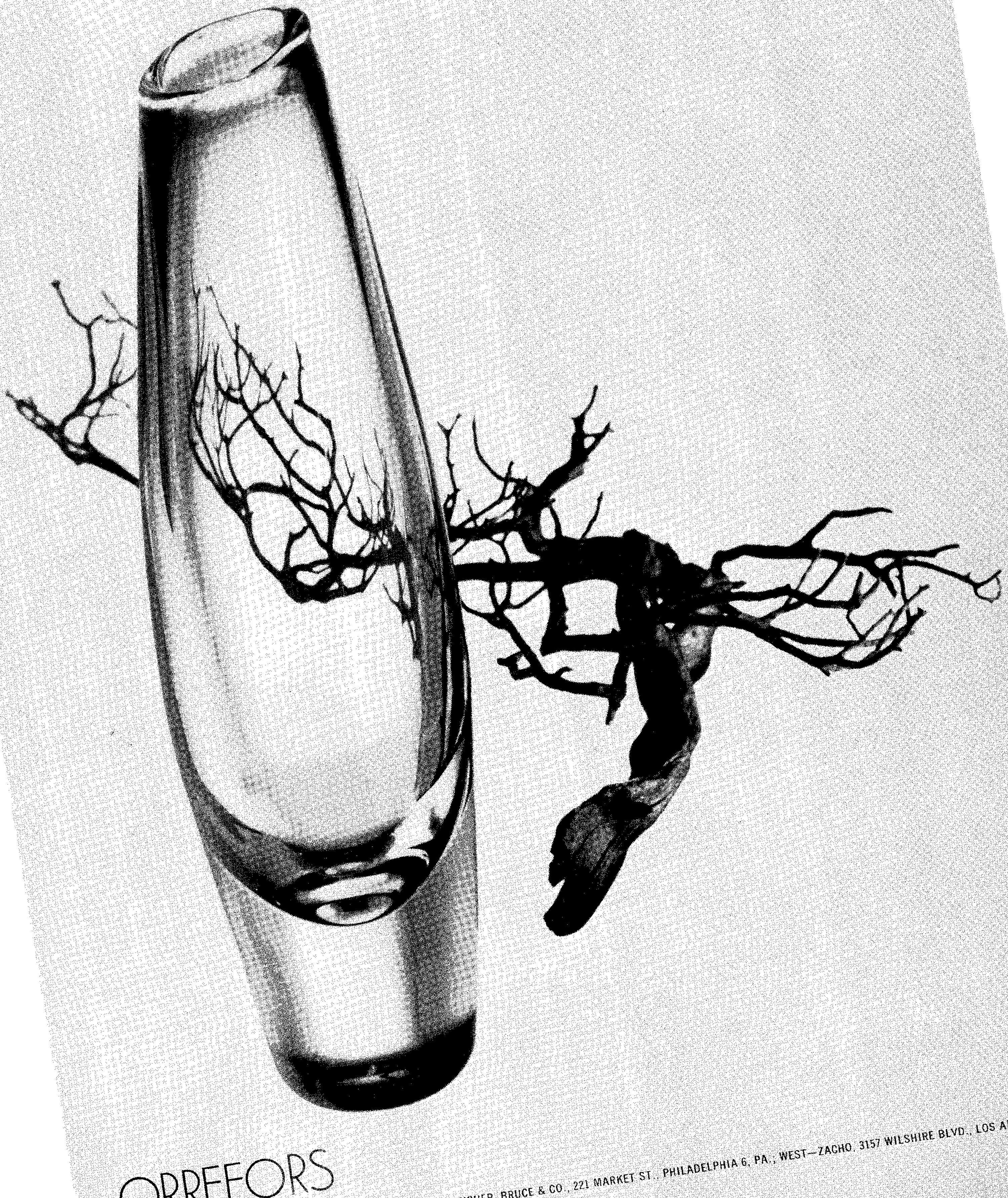
I APPROACH this week's report in low spirits, having rather recklessly undertaken to bring to your attention some sliding glass windows I have recently become acquainted with, whose performance I find spectacularly efficient but whose mechanical operation, I greatly fear, is, if not actually beyond my grasp, certainly beyond my limited technical vocabulary. The windows in question, which are patented, manufactured, and sold by the Steel Glide Manufacturing Corporation, of Bayside, Long Island, are intended to supplement the windows one already has, providing an almost completely airtight, sootproof insulation when they are closed, and sliding easily open to permit access to the windows behind them whenever this is wanted. Made of triple-thick plate glass sealed at top and bottom in felt-lined channels, they glide horizontally, like the glass doors of a showcase, on self-lubricating stainless-steel runners in an inconspicuous frame, also of stainless steel, that leaves a three-inch air space between them and the original window. Each unit consists of two of these sliding panels, separated by a vertical weather strip in the middle, and they can be installed in any type of window—picture, double-hung, casement, or French—with no crossbars or handles to obstruct the view or, for that matter, to call attention to the extra thicknesses of glass.

Having heard lyrically enthusiastic reports of the Steel Glide windows, I asked a householder who has recently had them installed in a coöperative apartment at 200 East Fifty-seventh Street to let me have a look at them, and now I know what I am talking about when I say that they are wonderfully effective in shutting out noise, dirt, heat, and cold. In this case, the panels had been set up in front of a good-sized living-room picture window and two double-hung windows on either side of it, and as I looked out onto Third Avenue, the continuous traffic, which for a brief spell included a fire engine racing wildly uptown, seemed like a scene in an old silent movie; the quiet was almost bucolic. As for soot and dust, there wasn't any. The room had been given over for the time being to paperhangers, and the housemaid hadn't had a whack at it in days, but there wasn't a trace of city dirt on the sill, and I was assured that there never would be. Furthermore, as if the Steel Glide jobs by themselves didn't offer enough startling benefits, the windows I inspected had been equipped, at some little extra expense, with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's Solex glass, which offers special benefits of its own. Among these is the ability to absorb the brightness of intense sunlight and yet admit a soft, natural light of day that is very comforting to the eyes and, moreover, puts an end forever to the fussy housewife's anxiety about the sun's fading her draperies. Solex, when it is mounted on the Steel Glide frames, also keeps out about fifty per cent of the outside heat or cold. Seen from the outside, the Solex glass has a slight greenish tinge, but from the inside it looks as clear as any other glass. The prices for all this convenience didn't seem particularly staggering. The living-room Steel Glide arrangement, which was a hundred and six inches wide and fifty-nine inches high, cost $235.65, installed, and if ordinary plate glass had been used instead of Solex, it would have been $129; a bedroom-window installation that measured eighty-four inches by fifty-nine cost $217.25, and the use of Solex accounted for $95.25 of that.

Although I have had no opportunity to see what the Steel Glide people do with a window complicated by an air-conditioner, I have examined diagrams of such installations and have been assured that they are completely satisfactory. The air-conditioner is hermetically sealed into panels that eliminate all those side drafts and all the dirt that make the usual air-conditioning arrangement such a mixed blessing, and kitchen blowers are dealt with in much the same way. I am told that Solex-equipped Steel Glide panels can also be used to enclose a porch and thus create an extra room that will not require additional heating; the glass retains the warmth of the adjoining rooms in winter and re-



"I love you, Baby—in depth."



ORREFORS

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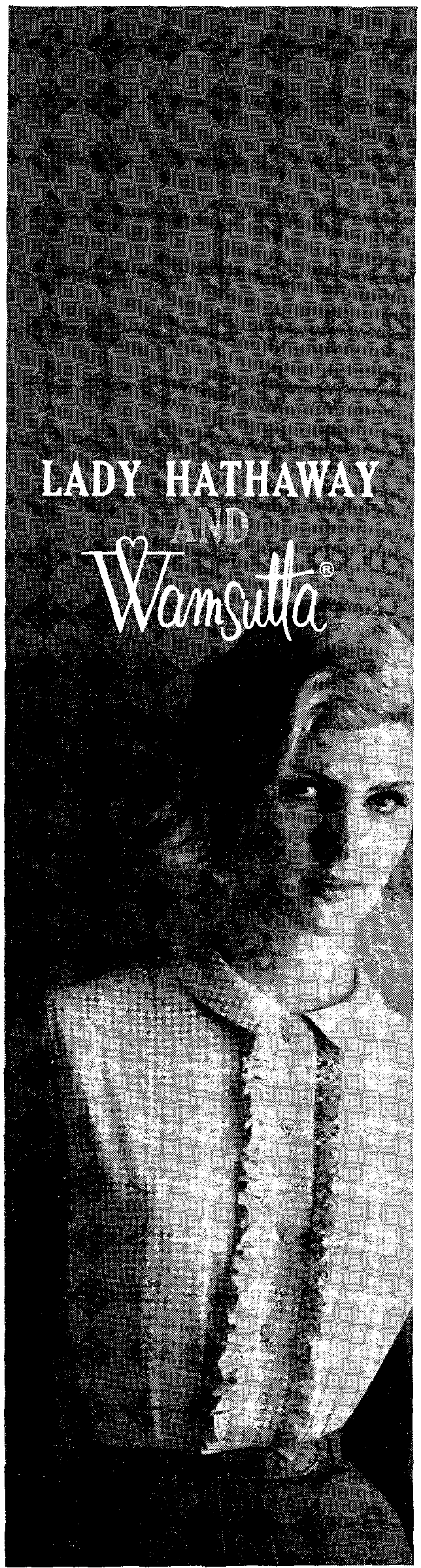

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duces much of the outside heat in summer. I don't know, though, why I bother to report on purported possibilities of the sliding windows when what I have seen of them with my own eyes should, I am sure, be impressive enough to give a householder plenty to think about.

WHAT *with Steel Glide keeping* every speck of dust from curtains and Solex making faded draperies a thing of the past, I fear I can no longer ignore the frenzy of decoration that is currently being directed toward all the windows from Park Avenue to Scarsdale. The big trend is, of course, to correlate window draperies, shades, and wallpaper, and my previous disinclination to talk about it shouldn't be taken as a lack of appreciation of the beautiful and imaginative designs that have appeared this season, with their endless opportunities for "matching," but, rather, as a want of confidence in the customer's ability to sense when enough is enough. It is one—perhaps the only—disadvantage of these handsome correlated offerings that the point of sufficiency is easy to overlook. If, by way of justifying the craze for repeated patterns on window draperies and wallpaper and shades, it is argued (as it inevitably is) that eighteenth-century rooms, those models of impeccable taste, were smothered resolutely under identically patterned *toiles imprimées*—curtains, upholstery, bedspread and valance, wall hangings, everything—it is a good idea to remember that the householders of that day, eager to vary the monotony of solid-color fabrics, from which the new printed cottons had only just released them, really had some excuse for losing their heads. All of which is intended merely to urge restraint among those almost irresistible anemones (or whatever) on draperies, anemones on wallpaper, and anemones on window shades.

At Woodson Wallpapers, Inc., 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), it is a pleasure to lose one's head among hand-blocked papers and matching fabrics of real distinction and grace. Here, not only are the patterns (mostly arrangements of flowers in one form or another) fresh and original but the scrupulously exact color printing that permits a wallpaper design done in paint to be reproduced in dyes on a cotton fabric constitutes a real achievement. Among patterns that have a capricious charm and a sort of airy elegance are some widely scattered bouquets of tulips done on a chalk-white ground in colors that, while they are exquisitely delicate

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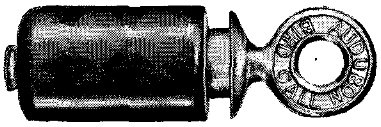

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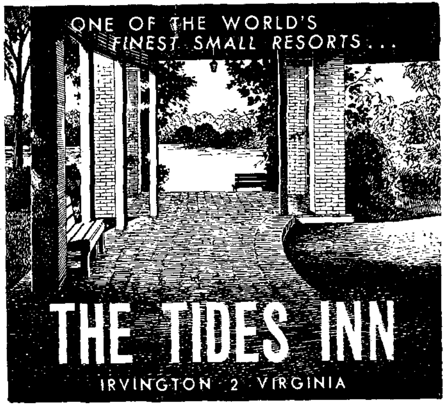
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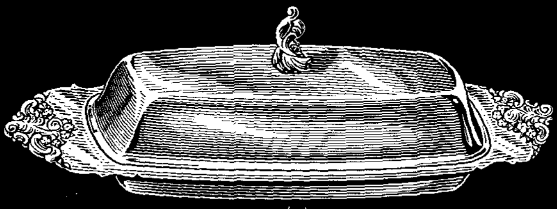
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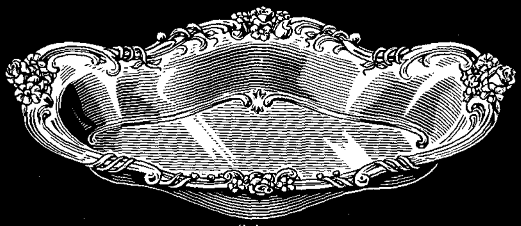
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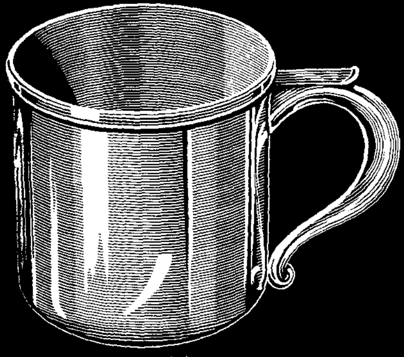
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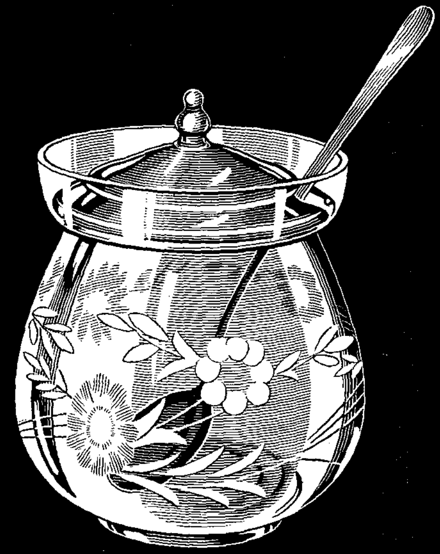
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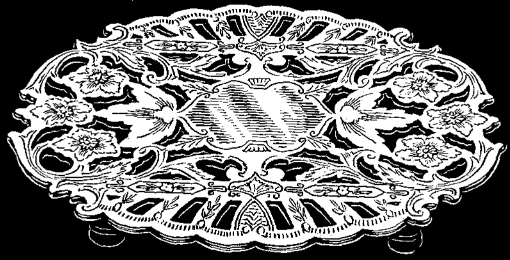
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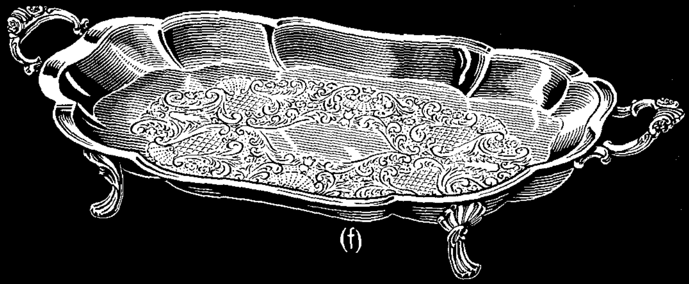
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(fresh pinks, clear yellows, an occasional light red, with stems of the vivid green that has become almost a Woodson hallmark), haven't a touch of the anemic pastel; a beautiful and fanciful arrangement of oranges, lemons, limes, and orange blossoms, all growing exuberantly from the same branch; some widely separated stripes, composed of large pansies and daisies, that depend on the very subtle coloring of the flowers (shades of mauve, pink, and purple, or orange, pink, and yellow) to give character to the design; an allover pattern of stylized, Matisselike flowers; an enchanting display of well-spaced sprays of lilac, iris, zinnias, love-in-a-mist, lilies of the valley, carnations, and other blossoms not often cultivated on cotton or paper; and some splendid outsize thistles. The papers are all thirty inches wide and cost from $9 to $12 a single roll; the fabrics, at from $9.75 to $10.50, are fifty inches wide. Woodson, I regret to say, operates only through decorators, but, for the benefit of the rest of us, samples of the papers and swatches of the matching fabrics may be seen in the decorating departments of most of the big department stores—Lord & Taylor, for instance.

THE fabric house of Howard & Schaffer, 22 East 55th Street, has tackled the problem of correlating shades, window draperies, and wallpapers with great style, using taste and imagination in transposing patterns from its handsome new curtain materials to a variety of shades and hand-screened papers. If you hold out for having the exact pattern of one of its drapery-and-wallpaper combinations reproduced on your window shades, Howard & Schaffer will oblige by transferring the design *in toto* with the utmost precision, or, with considerably more subtlety, will use only a single feature of the fabric (one flower from a crowded floral, a couple of oversized quatrefoils to go with an allover pattern of these figures *en petit*, and so on). The collection of fabrics on hand at the Fifty-fifth Street showrooms is so large and so handsomely varied that it must surely include, in one form or another, the very thing you are looking for. Among the most striking patterns are a delightful reproduction of the classic blue-and-white pattern of Meissen china; a spirited, informal bit of European folk art; and an impressively formal design that might have been inspired by a particularly style-conscious peacock. The papers are twenty-eight and twen-

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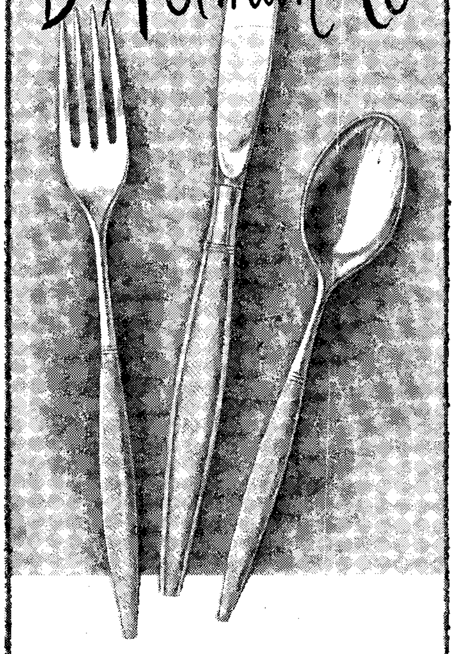

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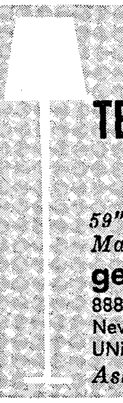

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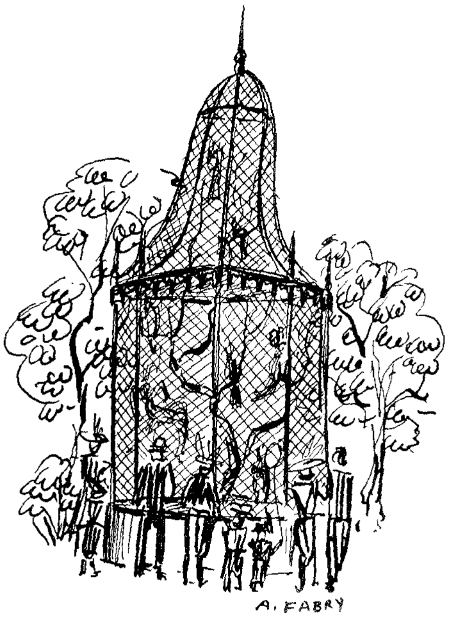
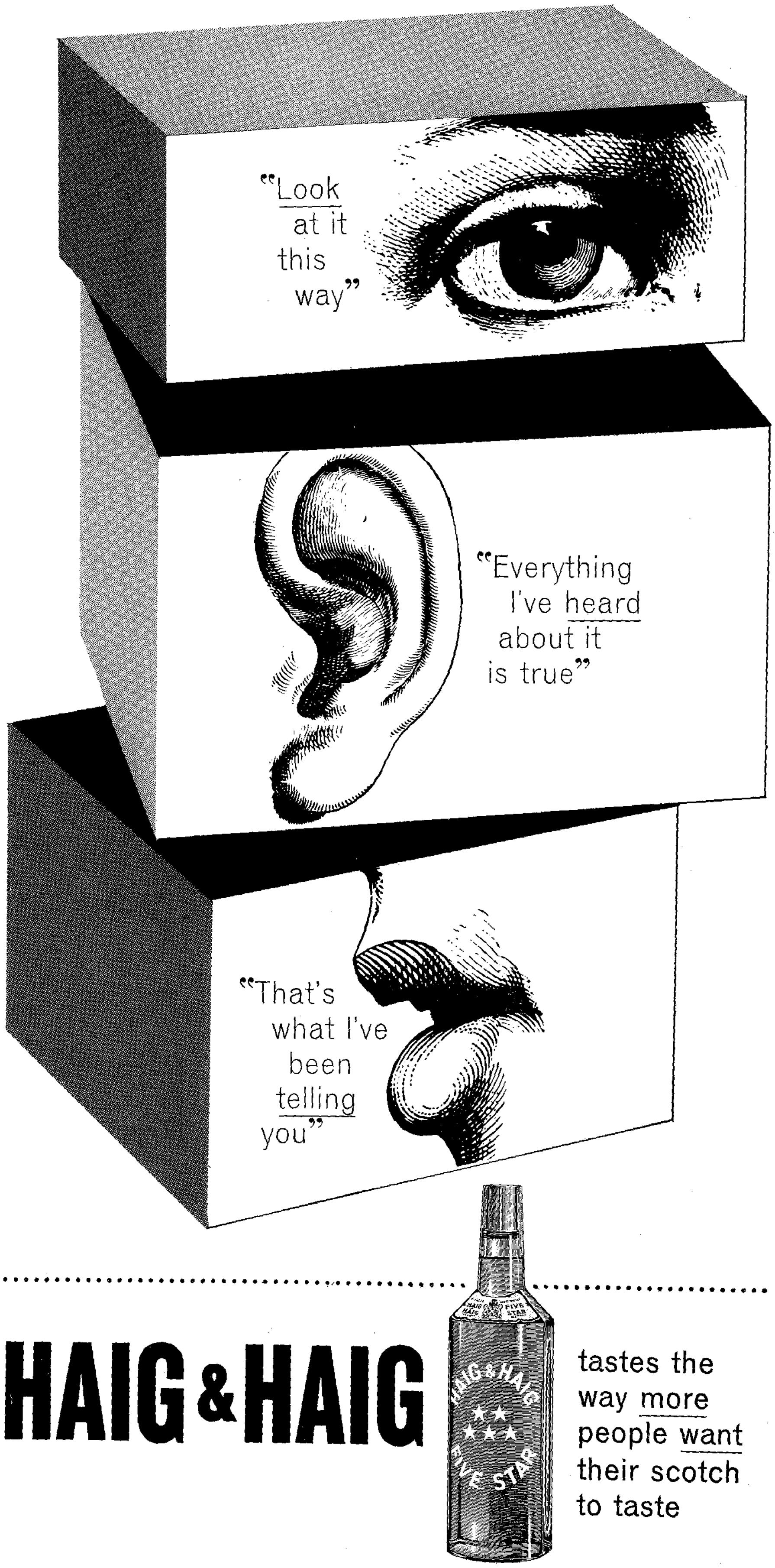
ty-nine inches wide and cost from $7 to $15 a single roll, and the fabrics, which are fifty inches wide, cost from $4.80 to $15 a yard. Prices of the shades, of course, vary with size and with the material used; to give you an idea, a vinyl-coated one that measures six feet by four costs $24. Howard & Schaffer, too, deals only through decorators.

IF you can't find the window shade of your dreams at Norton-Blumenthal, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), you might as well start dreaming about something else, for here are all the riches of the window-shade world set out for your inspection. For those relics of a faraway past who remember window shades as something picked up at the hardware store along with a new dust mop, the variety of textures, colors, and designs presented here is likely to be rather bewildering. To reassure the lady who hasn't kept abreast of such matters, I had better say, before plunging into a description of shades of wildly unlikely material and startling design, that Norton-Blumenthal also offers a large collection of perfectly plain vinyl-coated shades, whose only concession to the new craze is an endless choice of beautiful colors—pastels, subtle off-colors, strong, vibrant tones, and on and on. From these more or less to-be-expected offerings we proceed to shades of an invisibly vinyl-coated embroidered linen that suggests a teen-ager's first party dress; a velvety pattern of flocking; elaborate allover designs of a romantic flavor; smart nubby weaves of linen and cotton; candy stripes broad and candy stripes narrow; and lots more. All the shades are vinyl-treated in one way or another—some imper-

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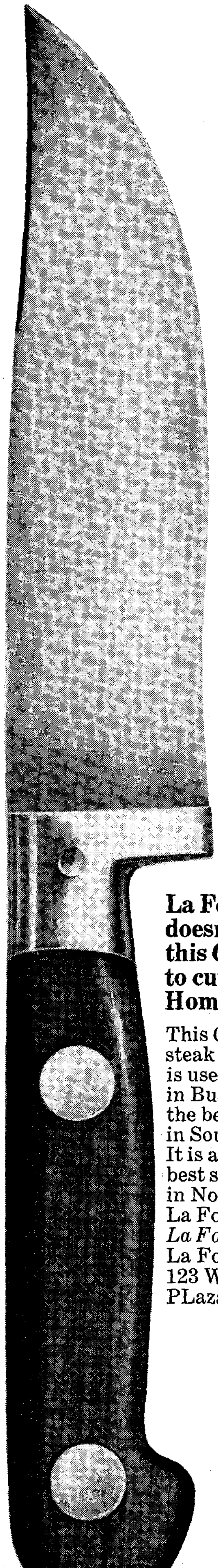

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ceptibly and others sufficiently impregnated with the stuff to be barely translucent or, in some cases, entirely lightproof. There is a great deal more that could be said about this almost endless new collection. I haven't even mentioned the multitude of fancy fringes and scallops and braids and tassels that may be chosen to adorn the shades of one's choice, but I *think* I shall let the customer with a greater zeal in such matters than my own pursue these fanciful things, either at Norton-Blumenthal or (here there is slightly less variety in the collections of shades) at Altman, Bloomingdale, Macy, or Stern. —S. H.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND WITH A CHIFFCHAFF IN THE SCRUB

[*From the London Times*]

"The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, and what will the cuckoo do then, poor thing?" This obvious paraphrase of the old nursery rhyme will no doubt have occurred to those who heard (or saw) the bird of spring when conditions were more propitious.

Their number is now increased by two. First, there is Mrs. M. D. Calvert, of Oxhey, Hertfordshire, who saw a cuckoo flying over the garden on March 10. "When I mentioned this to my husband in the evening he replied, 'It couldn't be.'" Having read in *The Times* about the even earlier Dorset record, Mrs. Calvert, a keen bird-watcher familiar with the appearance of the cuckoo in flight, is now in the mood to say, "I told you so!"

The other cuckoo was seen at Birdham, Sussex, on March 13. The noise of small birds mobbing it brought Miss J. Fauchon out into her employer's garden to see what all the fuss was about, "and there was the cuckoo, resting on a tree."

March cuckoos, as a rule, are heard, not seen, and an interesting point about these two records is that both birds were apparently quite silent. Indeed, Mrs. Calvert specifically mentions that she has not yet heard the cuckoo this year.

The early chiffchaffs, on the other hand, have been more heard than seen. Additional records are to hand from Mrs. E. C. Mould, who, with a friend, heard one singing in low scrub a few miles from Sherborne, Dorset, on March 6; from Mr. R. F. Martin, who heard the song on March 9, in the woods at the base of a hill near Colwyn Bay; and from Mrs. E. A. Sandars, of Little Tew, Oxfordshire, who, unlike the others, both saw and heard the chiffchaff on March 10, "a record for us."

There is also a further postcard from Mr. H. F. Weekes, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, whose first date, March 6, now ties in second place with Mrs. Mould's. Mr. Weekes heard the chiffchaff again on March 7 and March 8, and on both occasions the song went on all day and there appeared to be several singers. Mr. Weekes adds that although he often hears the chiffchaff in late summer and early autumn he has never seen or heard one in the winter.

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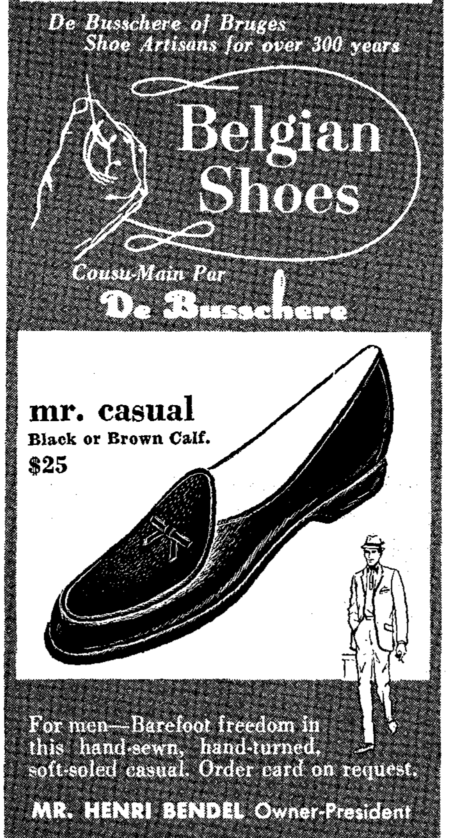

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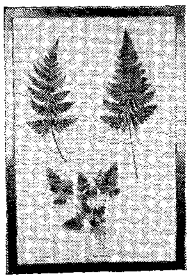

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Misses

THE English play "Five Finger Exercise," by Peter Shaffer, which reached Broadway a couple of seasons ago, was a neatly turned study of domestic laceration, with particular emphasis given to the mortal damage that can be done inside the family circle by an ambitious, affectionate-seeming, yet, at bottom, unloving mother. It wasn't simply a play laid in England but an intensely English play, and the first of the many false steps taken in the course of bringing it to the screen was the decision to make the setting American. Back of Mr. Shaffer's words lay certain silent assumptions about the unease connected with passing, or attempting to pass, from one class to another in England, and about homosexuality, Jews, Germany, and the like. In the screenplay, these assumptions either have been patted away or have been awkwardly twisted into invalidity, and I should think that an audience unfamiliar with the original work would be pretty well baffled by the misunderstandings that incessantly rack the rich and uniformly handsome Harringtons. What on earth is eating Mother, Dad, son Philip, and daughter Pamela in their plush house on the pretty California shore? "Something that isn't there" is the maddening answer.

It was another false step to cast Rosalind Russell as the mother. Miss Russell has an inveterate flutteriness about her that may lead, with care, to comedy, but as the Medea of Pebble Beach she is often at a loss. Jack Hawkins is also miscast as the proletarian father, for the very reason that, being English, he would have been ideally cast if the setting were Suffolk; as it is, an elaborate excuse must be offered in the plot for his speaking with a lower-middle-class English accent instead of with a lower-middle-class American one. Richard Beymer, recently voted the worst actor of the year by the Harvard *Lampoon*, plays the thankless role of Philip with considerable skill; it may be seen as a sort of prophetic revenge on the *Lampoon* that Philip is supposed to be attending Harvard. Little Pamela is overacted by Annette Gorman, and the tricky role of her foreign tutor is well played by Maximilian Schell, who looks understandably dismayed to find himself living

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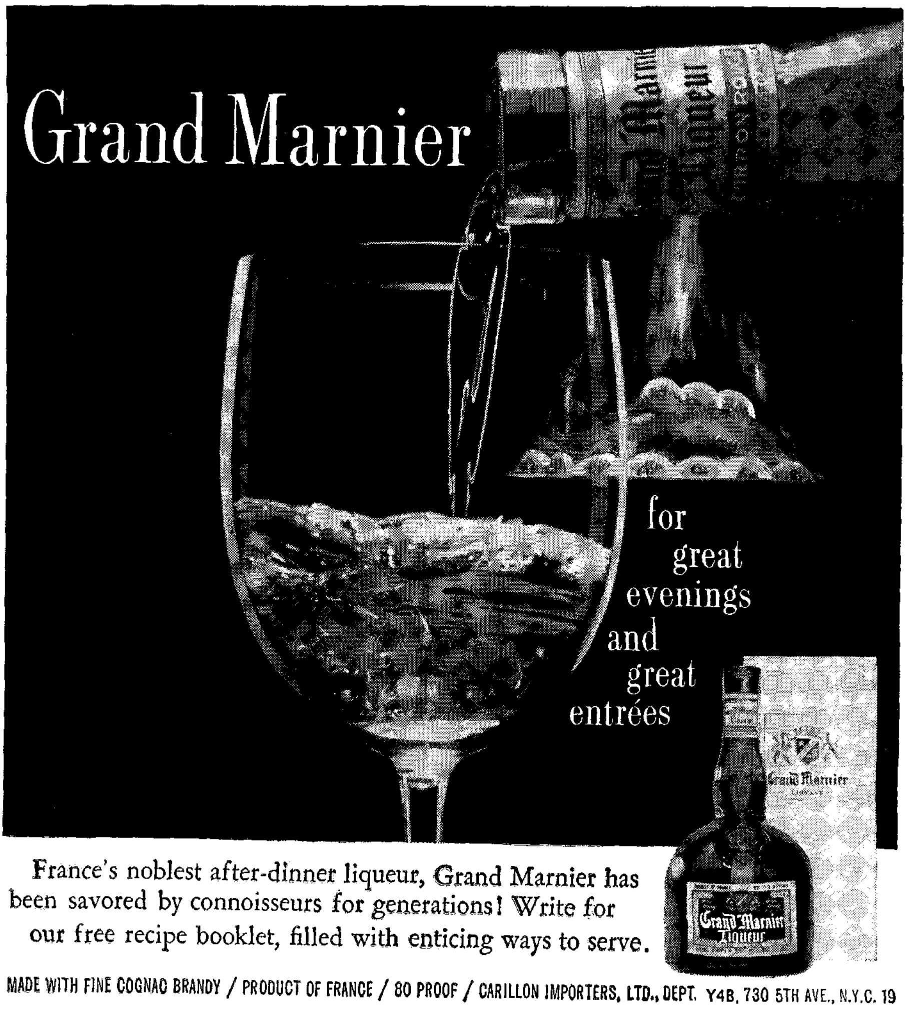

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among cannibals. The picture was directed by Daniel Mann.

"WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND" is an English import featuring that delightful child Hayley Mills and a couple of equally adroit young scene-stealers, Diane Holgate and Alan Barnes. It tells a story as simple-minded as "Black Beauty" and is intended to be equally affecting, but I fear it's too adorable for its own good—certainly it's too adorable for mine. Three small children live with their widowed father and a sour-minded aunt on a remote farm in Yorkshire. One day, they find lying asleep in a barn a man whom they take to be Jesus Christ on a second visit but who is really a murderer hiding out from the police. (Even here the story goes slightly askew, for the not always attractive truth about children is that they are very hard to deceive, especially when it comes to appraising the moral stature of adults; Alan Barnes, who is scarcely as big as a minute, has eyes that would have seen straight through Ivar Kreuger.) The children decide to help their supposed Christ avoid capture, lest he suffer the same harsh fate as before, but their plans miscarry and in the end the criminal is lugged off by a justly irritated constabulary. I don't want to fuss too much about a picture that few adults will wish to sit through if unaccompanied by young ones; still, the crude parallels established between a murderer and Christ (when arrested, the murderer doesn't hold up his hands; he holds them out sideways, and is photographed from below) and between the children's father and Christ's crucifiers are not only distasteful but downright reckless. As far as anyone can tell, the children are never going to forgive their perfectly nice father for having risked his life to protect theirs. Happy ending?

I WAS very much disappointed by "The Counterfeit Traitor," which is the new William Holden-Lilli Palmer thriller, and which has a single fatal defect—it doesn't thrill. The story concerns a Swedish businessman who pretends to throw in his lot with the Nazis in order to help Allied Intelligence and continually faces death travelling to and from Germany. It's hard to believe, but the picture doesn't even contain a proper chase; it accumulates an oppressive number of rather solemn acts of derring-do, then stops. Most of the blame goes to George Seaton, who wrote the self-indulgent screenplay and has directed it practically in slow motion.

—BRENDAN GILL

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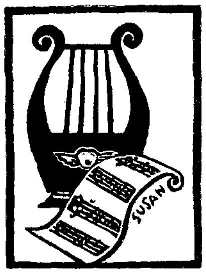

THE Metropolitan Opera brought its season to a close last week. Despite a lot of unusual troubles, including a musicians' strike and a special prevalence of those bronchial afflictions that make singers unable to sing, it has not, to my mind, been so terribly inferior to past seasons. Some performances that I have heard have been very good indeed, some—perhaps a majority—good in part, others merely mediocre. The outstanding weakness of the organization has been, as in other recent seasons, a lack of fine conductors—or of conductors who have managed to maintain complete authority over the productions they have been in charge of, which amounts to almost the same thing. During the final week, I attended three offerings that might, I think, be taken as typical.

The first of them, on Monday night, was "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Jerome Hines, Lili Chookasian, Robert Merrill, and a new tenor, from Italy, named Umberto Borso. Mr. Borso proved very disappointing—a singer not yet ready for any kind of Metropolitan début, let alone one in the extremely exacting part of Enzo Grimaldo. I shall not dwell on his imperfections. What struck me most about this performance of the opera was a vague feeling that I had been there many times before. Here was a cast consisting of five American principals and one imported one. The Americans were all singers of the first rank, and the imported artist was inadequate. The experience was quite familiar. I draw attention to it not in order to crow over the high quality of our American singers—though fine American operatic artists are as thick as rabbits nowadays—but to express dismay over the management's peculiar tastes in hiring foreign artists. I am sure that the rest of the world is also full of excellent operatic artists, and I cannot understand why it is that, aside from such obvious, sensational celebrities as Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland, Mr. Bing manages to find so few of them.

On Tuesday night, I went to hear "Lucia di Lammermoor," and I might draw something of a parallel here, too,

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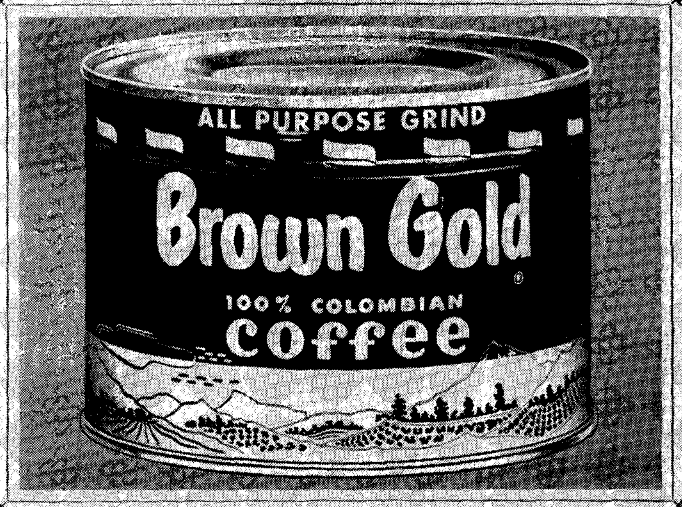

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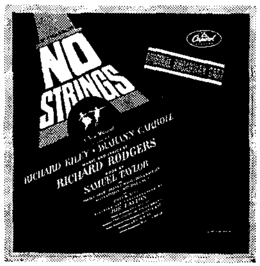

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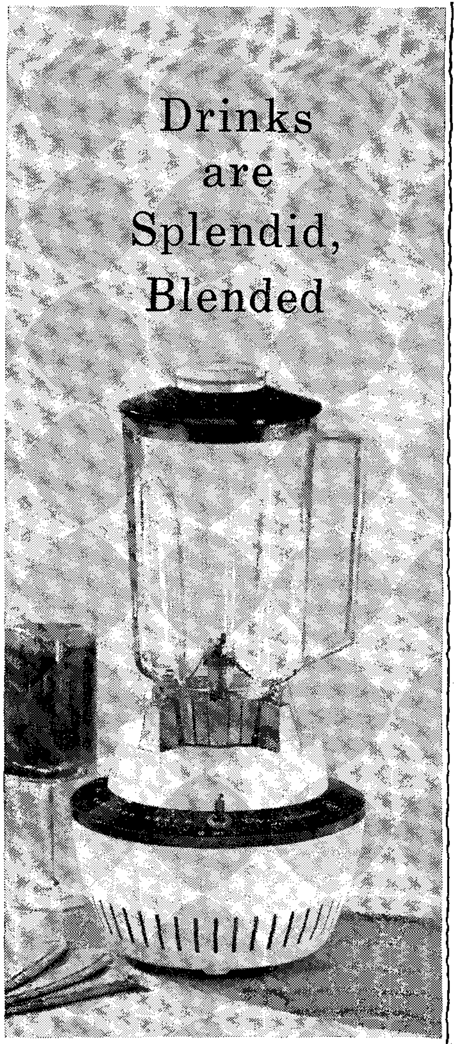

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though the Italian tenor Carlo Bergonzi, who sang Edgardo, offers at least some evidence of possessing a refined *bel-canto* style. But in this case I must comment on something much more important: the appearance of a superb new Lucia, in the person of Miss Gianna d'Angelo, a lady of twenty-eight who, despite an Italian-sounding name, was, I am informed, born in Connecticut of Yugoslav ancestry. I am sure that before singing the last "Lucia" of the season Miss d'Angelo was not excessively burdened with rehearsals, yet I have rarely seen a more self-possessed artist. She is extraordinarily pretty, and her voice has a pleasing emotional quality as well as the phenomenal agility, range, and accuracy required of a great Lucia. Her Mad Scene was of the dramatic type that has become popular since the advent of Joan Sutherland. (It is curious how fashions change. In the days of Lily Pons, Lucia's schizophrenia was so pronounced that one suspected she thought she was a meadow lark. Nowadays Lucia *suffers*, and I must say this conduces to more effective theatre.) Miss d'Angelo's Mad Scene had a single forced high note, and that was the only flaw I could discover in her entire performance. Otherwise, it was both brilliant and affecting, and at the end of it Miss d'Angelo dropped dead with such emphasis (she is fairly tall, and she went down with the rigidity of a felled tree) that I wondered for a moment whether she might have injured herself. But she was up again, as good as new, to take curtain calls before a completely enraptured audience. Aside from her contribution, the performance was not a notable one. The rest of the cast followed normal routines, and the sextet, as conducted by Martin Rich, was rather limp.

On Thursday night, I went to hear "Elektra," an opera whose previous performances this season I missed. Here I must slightly modify what I have said about Mr. Bing's imports. Gerda Lammers, the German soprano who sings the title role in this production, is one of the very good ones. Her approach to her grim (but to me always infinitely touching) part is less muscular, and more feminine, than anything we have recently been used to, and she sings her lines with great subtlety, instead of shouting them. The character that emerges is a more likable, and hence more pitiable, creature, whose twisted mentality does not obscure the essential justice of her tragic actions. This production also has an interpretation of Klytaemnestra, by Regina Resnik, that

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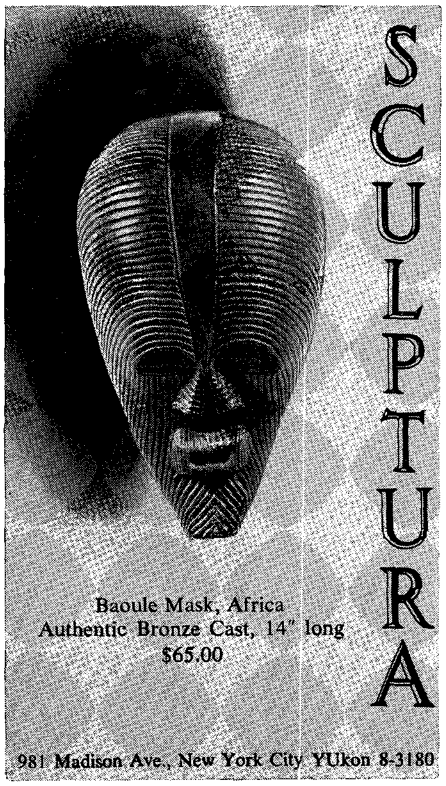

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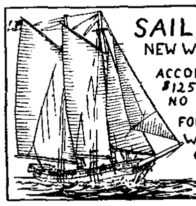

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is perhaps the finest I have ever encountered—a harsh, robust portrait of squalid corruption, magnificently sung and magnificently acted, that makes one feel all the fury it arouses in Elektra's mind. Frances Yeend and Walter Cassel do very well in the roles of Chrysothemis and Orest. I wish I could say as much for the conducting of Joseph Rosenstock, but to me the boiling score seemed—the other night, at least—to attain no great temperature.

ON Friday afternoon, in Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein presented Bach's "The Passion of Our Lord According to St. Matthew," with a huge aggregation of forces, including the Collegiate Chorale, the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner, and the usual large number of vocal soloists. This performance inclined more toward the monumental oratorio-society conception of the work than toward the lean-and-hungry baroque style that has recently become more and more popular. There were some flaws in it. David Lloyd, who sang the role of the Evangelist, was not in good voice; Donald Bell, the bass-baritone of the solo quartet, sounded a bit foggy; and John Corigliano played the violin solo that accompanies the alto aria near the beginning of the second part of the work as if it were a Wieniawski concerto—a lapse in taste that greatly increased a sort of ambiguity of style that pervaded the whole performance. A lot of very painstaking rehearsal had gone into this reading, however, and from the technical standpoint it had its merits. Perhaps we are becoming a little finicky about performing style in relation to Bach's works. Their greatness, after all, lies not in mere aural sensations but in the profound eloquence of the Old Master's melodic utterances and the magnificent sweep of his musical architecture. These

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things can be found no matter what method of performance is adopted, and I found them again on Friday afternoon.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Rodgers and Rodgers

IN Capitol's "No Strings," an original-cast recording of the new Broadway musical, we are confronted with an appealing figure—that of Richard Rodgers, all by himself at the piano except for the unseen presences of Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II, who lean on it from opposite sides, as, for the first time in his tireless affair with Broadway, he sets his own words to his own music. The long-time partner of two of the most gifted and prolific lyricists of the century (Hart for twenty-four years and then Hammerstein for seventeen), he has suddenly found himself committed to do the complete songs for a new show, and with this engagement has come an exhilarating sense of freedom, repeatedly checked by little rushes back along the routes of memory to one or the other of his late collaborators. The particular Muses he has thus invoked have responded benignly, if not devotedly, to Rodgers the lyricist, while his own vivacious Muse has been as helpful as ever to Rodgers the composer. Listening to the lyrics on this recording, therefore, you may find yourself silently observing, as I did, "Why, that's Hammerstein. And that's Hart. And there, by Jupiter, is a combination of the two!"

More than half the tunes are blithe creations, and of these the love ballads are the most successful as all-round songs. As a matter of fact, you would have to do quite a bit of poking about, even among Rodgers' scores, to find as many spellbinders in a single show. "The Sweetest Sounds," with which the recital begins and ends, is a dreamy thing, with a melody that slips back and forth between major and minor and that is not quite like any other of Rodgers' I can bring to mind, and with words that would surely have won Hammerstein's approval. The exquisite "Nobody Told Me" is pure Rodgers and Hart, and, with its musical suspensions, reminiscent of "Bewitched," might have come curling out of "Pal Joey." The effortless title song is one of the few items that cannot be readily associated with either of his old partners, since it is a fairly straightforward declaration of a kind that any one of several superior lyricists could have laid out. Finally, there is the muted, halting, almost self-effacing "Look No Further," which would have

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lent grace to any of the later Rodgers and Hammerstein products.

For the rest, Rodgers has had to concern himself mainly with the so-called "situation numbers" that form the bulk of any show score and always rather strenuously tax the lyricist's wit. While I was somehow surprised to find just how resourceful Rodgers can be with words, I was also conscious of an over-all blur of the sort produced by lyrics that don't quite hit their mark. One device that he has resorted to is the time-honored one of the comic reversal. This is the basis of such pieces as "How Sad," wherein the hero cheerfully deplores a world in which women must fall for men, who are so much less appealing than women (a notion that almost has Rodgers going around in circles); "Be My Host," an invitation extended by a sponger; and "Love Makes the World Go (Square)," a jovial, galumphing waltz, of a type to be found in quite a few of the R & H2 collaborations. "Maine" is an interesting affair; set to a perky tune that calls to mind the Rodgers of the "On Your Toes" and "Babes in Arms" period, it has a Hammerstein-like lyric that doesn't quite jell and a counter-lyric, "Up North of Central Park," that is in the Hart vein and comes off much better. Harking back to the same period is the incisive musical setting for "Eager Beaver," whose much less incisive lyric cries out for Hart's trickery. Only one of the heroine's three solos, a brisk bit of self-criticism entitled "An Orthodox Fool," which is right out of the Rodgers-Hammerstein songbook, comes off; the others, "Loads of Love" and "You Don't Tell Me," are both nondescript and rather hollow. The two remaining songs are "The Man Who Has Everything," a labored concoction, and "La La La," a breezy and likable gavotte.

As I had occasion to point out earlier, both the youthful charm of most of the music and the many nods toward Hart and Hammerstein—even when such nods reflect the sometimes ponderous humor of Hammerstein—are affecting, and it seems to me that if Rodgers cared to pursue his new-found career as a lyricist (which he seemingly doesn't, since he and Alan Jay Lerner had already started work on a show for next season before "No Strings" opened), he could make a go of it. After all, even today, when the songwriter is apt to take himself much more seriously than he did in the past, the main requisites of a show score are fourteen or fifteen pieces with catchy lines and with music cast in one dance form or another,

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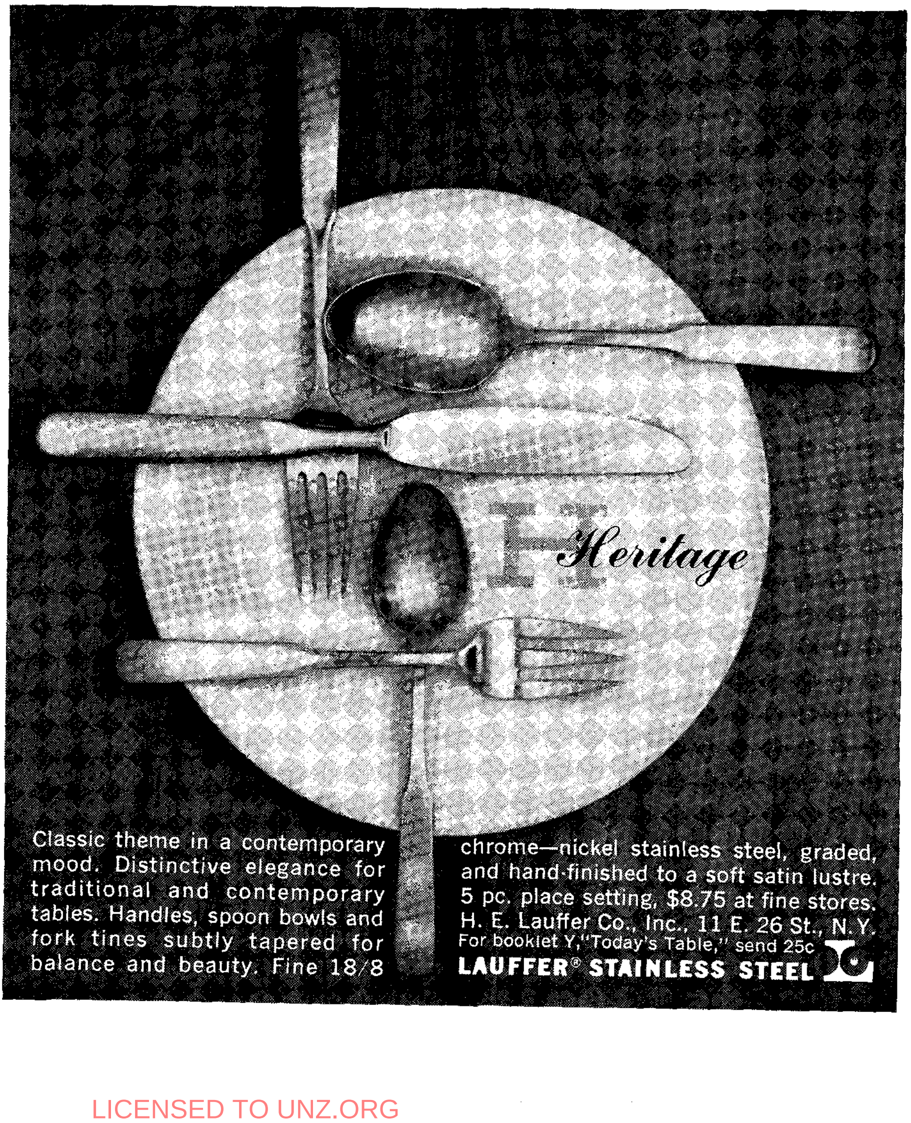

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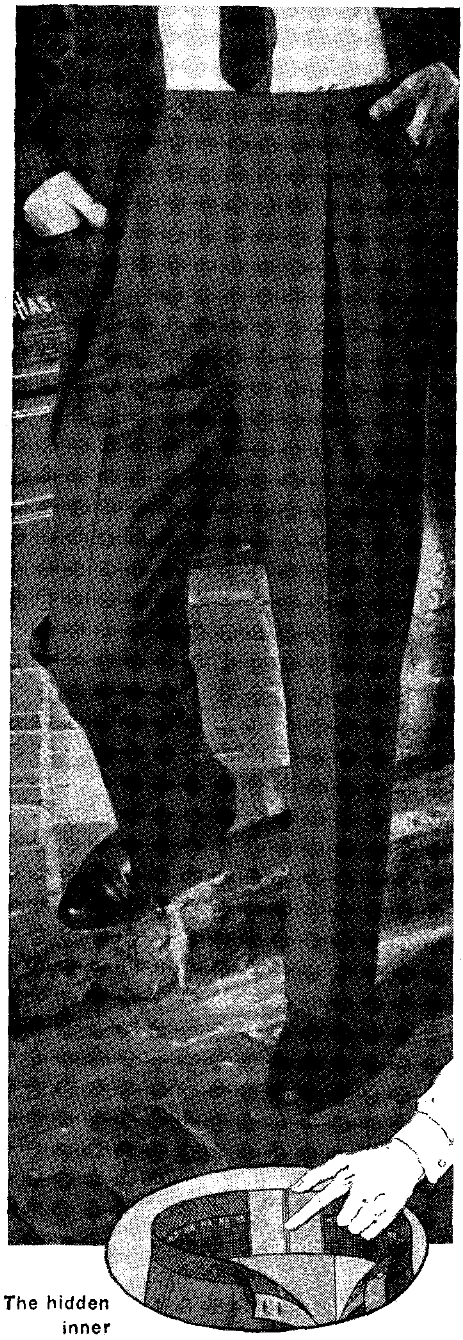

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principally the fox trot and the waltz, and given variety by differing tempos and rhythmic schemes and by the arranger's artifice. All that Rodgers the lyricist needs, if he will pardon me for making so bold, is a little more experience. Rodgers the composer, as we all know, has the music down cold. His arranger here, by the way, is Ralph Burns, who first attracted attention not long after the war with some distinctive work he did for the last big Woody Herman band of any consequence, the Third Herd; Burns has treated the "No Strings" music with freshness and beauty, even while recognizing the familiar need for extra emphasis that show business imposes. Most of the singing, as you are probably aware, is done by Richard Kiley and Diahann Carroll, deft practitioners both, and the recording is first-rate.

LAST year, while Rodgers was warming up for his "No Strings" assignment, he put together some extra songs for a second musical movie of "State Fair," the first, as you may recall, having enlisted the talents of Rodgers and Hammerstein fairly early in their partnership and produced such engaging numbers as "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "It's a Grand Night for Singing." The new venture was a warmup, as I have noted, and not much can be said for Rodgers' five new contributions, which include "The Little Things in Texas," written to replace the previous "All I Owe Iowa" because of a change in locale this time out. One possible exception is a mildly diverting ballad called "This Isn't Heaven" and tentatively crooned by Bobby Darin, a young man I had previously associated with an excitable voice heard over the car radio. In scanning the list of credits on both sides of the album, which is issued by Dot, I was interested to find no mention of Phil Stong, whose novel "State Fair" provided the substance of both film musicals and also of the non-musical Will Rogers movie that preceded them. —DOUGLAS WATT

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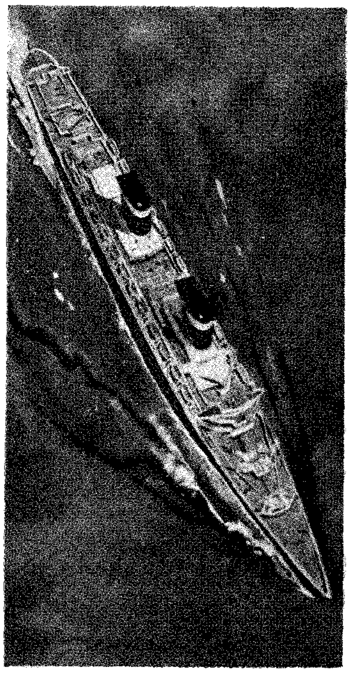

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 18

ACCORDING to the latest political French joke from London (no such quips are native to Paris these days), President de Gaulle fixed himself up with such extraordinary added powers in his last referendum that if he wanted to he could change a man into a woman. Actually, the only thing he has changed is his government. Over the weekend, it was changed for the first time since he came to power, in 1958. It was so long-lived a government that it lasted three years and ninety-eight days—the most durable republican government known to French history. With it went Premier Michel Debré, its head, also a historical record-breaker in that he was the most unpopular Premier of modern times. Speaker Jacques Chaban-Delmas of the Assemblée Nationale compared Debré to St. Sebastian, martyred by the arrows of fate, which were continually being shot by his enemies into his small, pug-nosed person, many of them symbolically aimed at President de Gaulle himself, against whom few have dared really draw the bow, Debré being a more vulnerable and convenient target. His disappearance and that of his veteran government, after these three constructive, vital early Fifth Republic years, took place quietly within a mere half hour, just before noon on Monday, in the Hôtel Matignon, where Debré shook hands with, and gave way to, the equally quiet incoming Premier, Georges Pompidou, at whom the extreme French Left, consisting of the Communists and the Socialists, have already dutifully started taking pot shots because he is director-general of the Rothschild bank. In this rapid, civilized change of governments, there were none of the customary preliminary offstage political noises—the crash of the falling regime or the panting of the newcomers scrambling toward brief Parliamentary leadership—and no sign of the regulation chaotic, anarchistic rumpus devoted to the carrying on of republicanism which the French people became so familiar with in the cynical, elderly Third Re-

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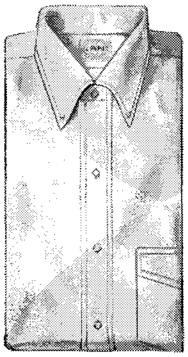

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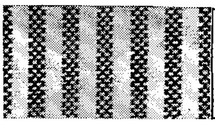

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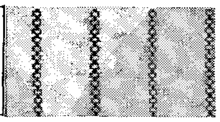

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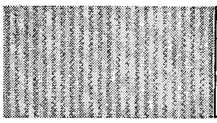

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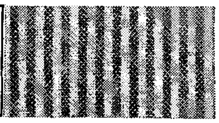

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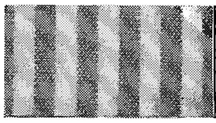

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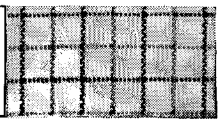

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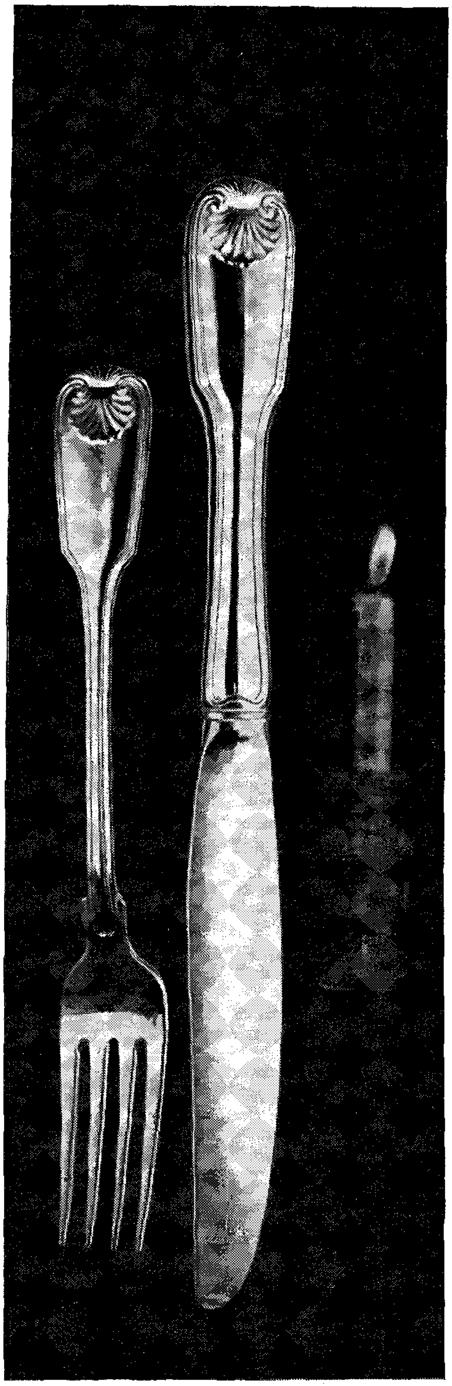

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public following the First World War, and which the younger French had to learn by heart as their main political lesson in the ill-starred Fourth Republic after the silence of the Nazi Occupation. Although this new Pompidou regime is only the second government that the Fifth Republic has installed, it is the twenty-seventh since the Liberation, which gives one an idea of the turmoil and turnover that de Gaulle's high, exalted, and autocratic governing hand has spared his *belle France.*

The new government is, by chance, the most literary that modern France has known—another odd contemporary record. Son of a schoolteacher in the Cantal region, which is known for its delicious large, pale, solid cheese, M. Pompidou (*"un nom à coucher dehors"*—"a name you wouldn't let into the house"—as the French peasants say) was educated at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, where the élite of the French teaching profession is recruited; took his degree in literature; was a professor in his subject in Marseille and also at the famed Paris Lycée Henry IV; has published studies on Britannicus, Taine, and the works of Malraux; and recently brought out a pleasant anthology of poetry, Baudelaire being his favorite poet. He also gave some respectful editorial advice to de Gaulle in the compiling of his official memoirs. Pompidou has been an associate and a devoted counsellor of de Gaulle's, off and on, ever since 1944, when the General became head of the Provisional Government, part of his constant value being that he has never been in politics, as either deputy or senator. He was secretly used early last year in undercover meetings in Switzerland with the rebel F.L.N. leaders, and prepared the basis for the truce negotiations, for which others got the credit. (The loss of the Paris government's grip on Oran is supposed to be the immediate Algerian problem for the new Premier to settle before the peace becomes too bloodstained.) In all these various activities, de Gaulle has, in complimentary fashion, referred to Pompidou as "my signature," and he is already being called "the master's voice." With this non-political Premier, the Fifth Republic's executive power will be centered in Parliament even less than it was under Debré and more than ever in the Elysée Palace. Pompidou's apolitical career may make him more sympathetic than was Debré (a former senator and thus legislative-minded) to de Gaulle's announced faith in referendums as "the most frank and democratic method" for the ordinary citizen to use in discharging his political

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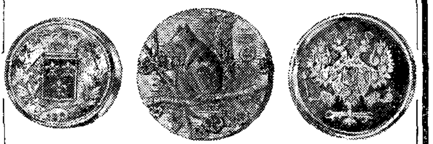

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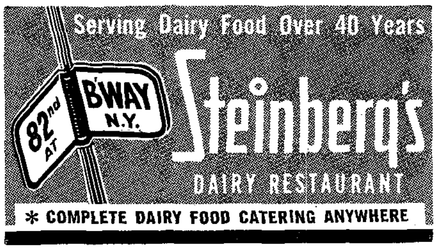

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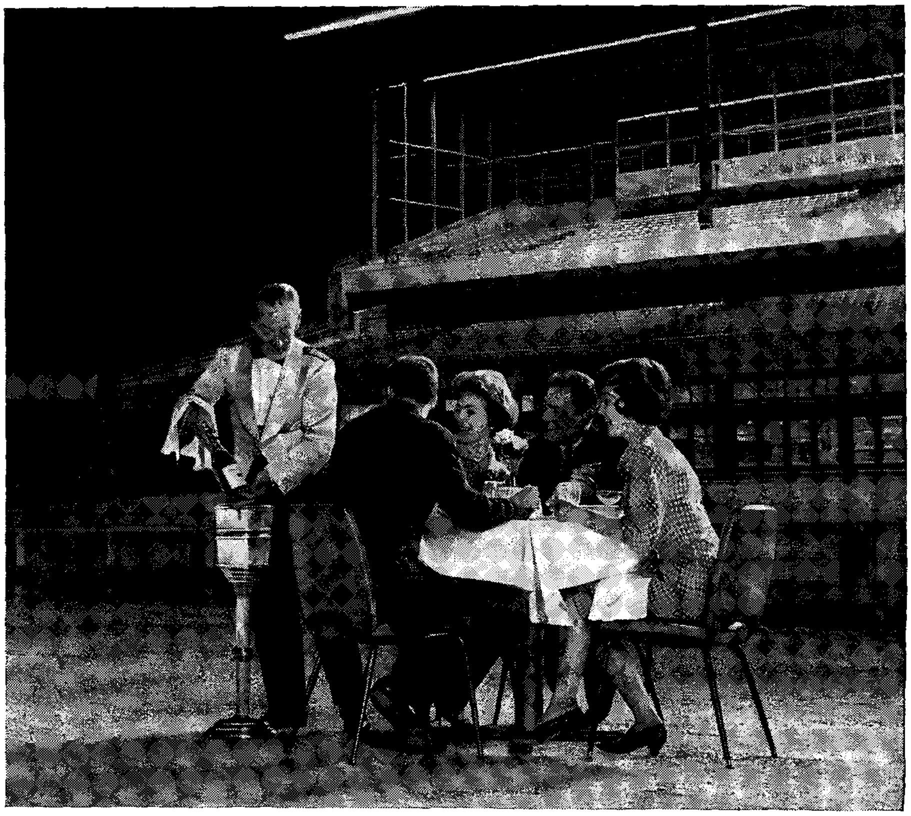
responsibilities—or so de Gaulle told his citizenry on television just before he held his last referendum, ten days ago. This was a statement which to the intensely partisan-minded French politicians was sheer historical heresy on the General's part. They would have fought against it in the new elections that it was thought de Gaulle would call this spring but that he has, with far-sighted statesmanship, postponed to the spring of next year.

Maurice Schumann, who was *porte-parole* for de Gaulle's Free French on the British radio during the war and is now the new Minister for Regional Planning, has recently written his first novel—"Le Rendez-vous Avec Quelqu'un," which purports to be the confessions of a German S.S. man—so he is second on the new Ministerial literary list. The writings of Pierre Pflimlin (another name to leave out-of-doors, the French have thought for years), the Minister for a new post called Coöperation with the African States, have been more technical, since he comes from the northern textile city of Roubaix; one of his books is "L'Industrie Textile Alsacienne," and another, apparently even drier, is called "Structure Economique du Troisième Reich." Alain Peyrefitte, the new Secretary of State for Information, dropped his first name of Roger so as not to be confused with his cousin Roger Peyrefitte, who is the author of "Les Ambassades" and other semi-scandalous books occasionally put on the Vatican Index; Alain Peyrefitte has himself written much less talked-about novels.

Many of the ten new Ministers are professional politicians, and some were early professional Gaullists, like Schumann and like Gaston Palewski, the new Minister for Scientific Research and Atomic and Space Affairs, and until lately the French Ambassador to Italy, who was an admirer of Captain de Gaulle and his new mechanized-army theory (which later meant tanks) as early as 1931, and who, in June, 1940, was one of the first to join General de Gaulle in London. These are men whose loyalty and lengthy political experience could go a long way toward making this new government a realistic body, to offset the Elysian relations in the Palace between today's President de Gaulle and Rothschild's Pompidou. The truce in Algeria marked the end of the principal effort to terminate the Algerian war, which brought de Gaulle's Fifth Republic into being and de Gaulle himself into his phenomenal power. His new government marks a second stage



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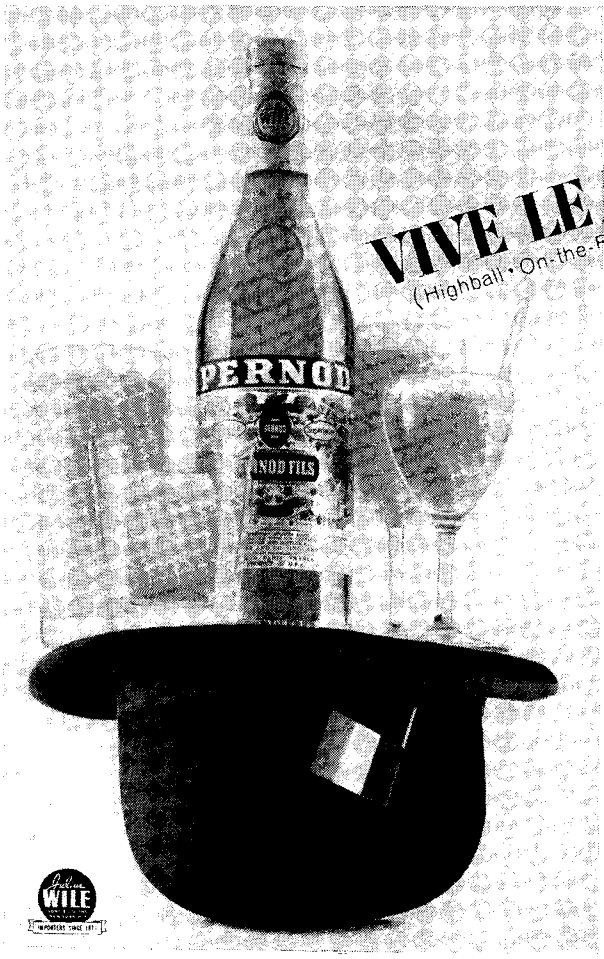

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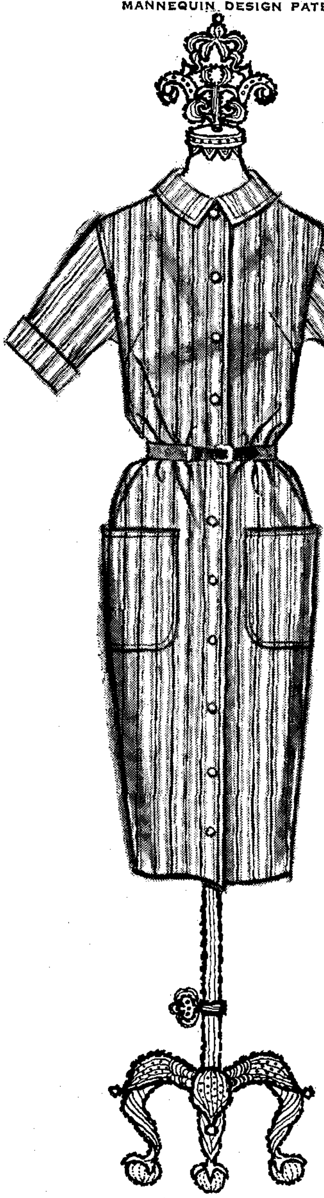

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THE three days last week in the Salle des Assises of the Palais de Justice, during which the Algerian-born ex-General Edmond Jouhaud was on trial for his life as an enemy of the French state and as the leader in Oran of the illegal, bloody-handed Organisation de l'Armée Secrète, furnished a strange experience. On those three long Paris afternoons, we were, in a manner of speaking, all in Algeria together, so intense was the feeling of a transported climate surrounding us, and the people in the courtroom sat there divided into two different populations. All who were not pro-Algérie Française and pro-O.A.S.—which meant all the Frenchmen, many of them red-robed or in uniform, on the judges' bench, and practically the entirety of the journalists jammed at the press tables—were for those hours foreigners on an enforced daily visit to Oran. Everybody else, beginning with the sunburned, countrified prisoner in his decent blue suit, and including most of the seated spectators, who were Oranais friends of Jouhaud's, or his relatives and their friends, or relatives of the multiple pro-Jouhaud and pro-O.A.S. witnesses, and certainly including the dominant portion of the crowd of standees at the back of the room, hero-worshipping the prisoner at a distance—all these people, during those afternoons, were back home in Algeria. They were at home in the Algerian climate they had brought with them—a climate of a certain southern cast of mind, of special local emotions, beliefs, excuses, and colonial passions—and they were at home in their own feeling of established privilege and tragedy. Jouhaud's opening words in his long personal statement on the first afternoon had set the climatic tone: "*D'abord, je suis Algérien.* . . . Everything I did, I did for love of my country, Algeria. All I regret is that I cannot die on Algerian soil; I regret nothing else. Between France and Algeria there is not only a sea but a wall of incomprehension. We see things in different ways because we Algerians feel we are lost."

Two of the anti-Jouhaud witnesses, brought from Algeria, spoke with difficulty, because, by coincidence, they had both recently been shot in the jaw in O.A.S. attempts to assassinate them. One of them, a high magistrate in the Oran Court of Appeals who had denounced the O.A.S. violence against

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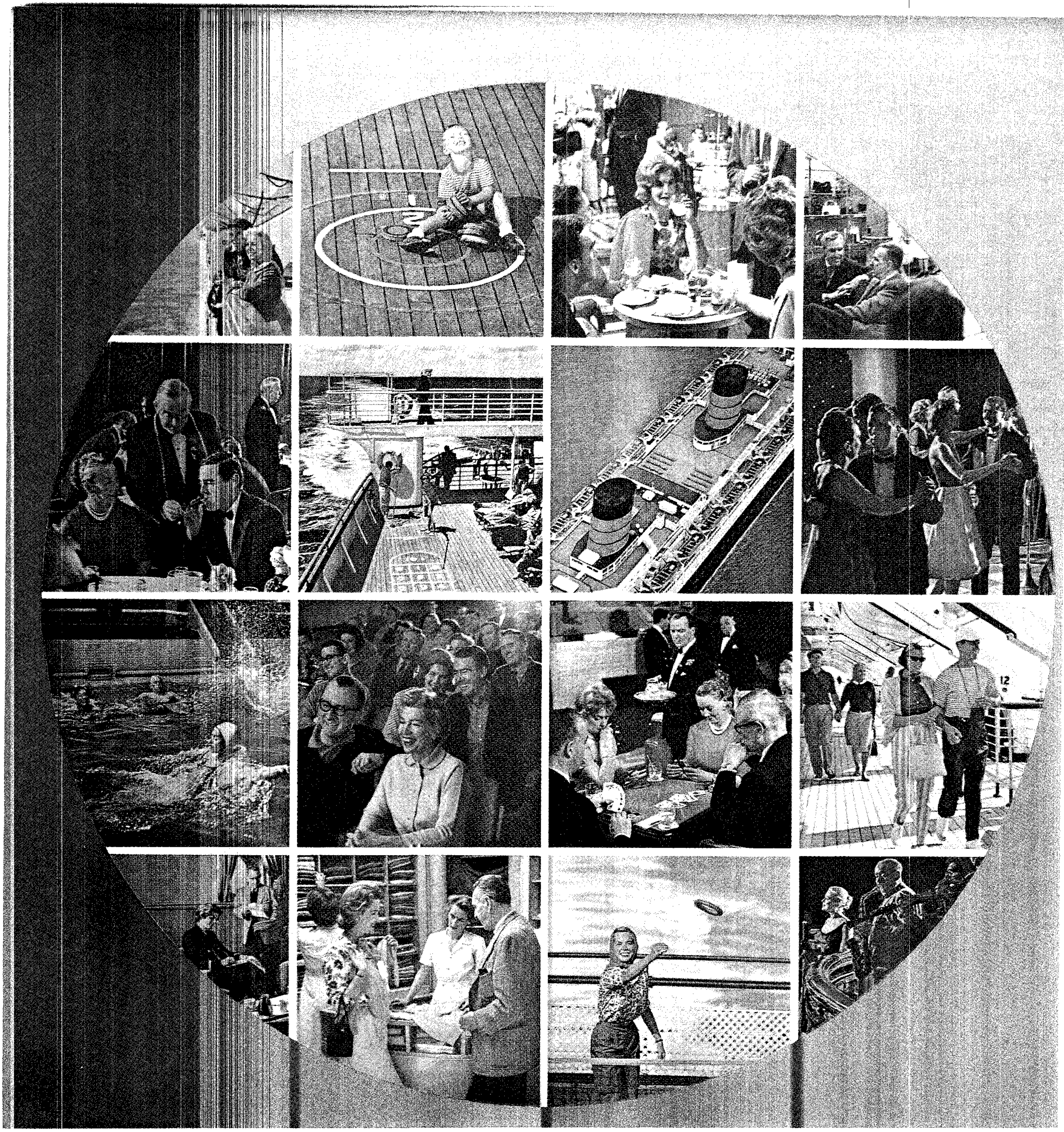

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the Moslems, had been shot twice in the head, and even after the second shot was still alive on an Oran sidewalk, where for half an hour no passerby dared pick him up and take him to the hospital. The uniformed commander of the Oran Gendarmerie furnished details on the hundred leading murders of the past four months, plus details of the holdup of the Banque d'Algérie, which netted two and a quarter billion Old Francs for the O.A.S. war chest, and lists of the thefts of French Army uniforms, arms, and supplies, adding, "Jouhaud was responsible for all that." Whenever Jouhaud spoke on the pirate radio, his words appeared in tracts around town the next day. One of these tracts, which extolled the murder of an actively anti-O.A.S. colonel named Rançon (he was blown to bits by a plastic bomb put under his bed), was read aloud in court, and so was the odious O.A.S. letter to the colonel's wife, saying that she could now claim her widow's pension—"and good luck to you"—and advising her to bring up her young son to realize that treachery, such as his father's, never paid. Jouhaud, visibly embarrassed by this reference, said that he had refused to "cover for" the Rançon death; out of esprit de corps, he was against killing officers. He implied that he accepted killing civilians more easily, though he thought that killing Moslems had been an error, but he said, in a manly way, that, as the Oran chief, he defended nearly everything that happened in the city. "Clandestinity is difficult," he added. "Men get out of hand. I am a rebel. If you start a revolutionary movement like the O.A.S., you intend it to succeed. You have to go to the limit, in life and in death. Legality may be ideal, but it is not what you win with." He then pointed out that in the French resistance against the Germans many pro-German French had been assassinated—thus presenting his O.A.S. as a legitimate resistance movement. At this, the chief judge on the bench, President Charles Bornet, alert in his scarlet robes, shook his intelligent gray head in consternation, as if he were in the presence of a madman, and said, as if only to himself, "I shall disappear from the earth without having understood this"—apparently meaning the whole Algerian cast of mind, the specific, local Algeria he found himself in the presence of in his own courtroom.

The parade of pro-Jouhaud witnesses all said about the same thing—that he was considered "a moderating influence," that he was a fine patriot, that

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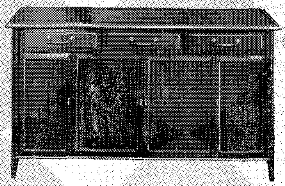

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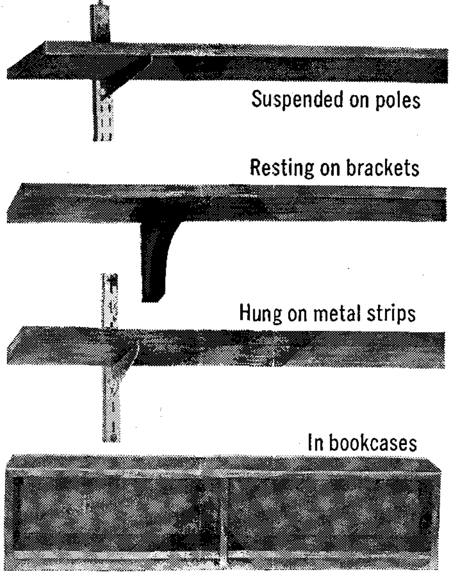
he profoundly loved his country, Algeria, that he was a good republican. When asked whether they would approve if everything that happened in Oran were put into practice in Paris, several of them became angry and told the querying judge that he didn't understand, that he couldn't understand, that they approved of what happened in Algeria because it was a special, tragic situation that had nothing to do with Paris but for which Paris and its government were to blame. Mme. Albert Camus, the handsome blond widow of the writer, wept dramatically while testifying for Jouhaud (an old family friend, for she was born in Oran), expatiated on "his simplicity, his moral character," and said that his was "a real Algerian family and in no way racist, because one cannot love that earth without loving all who live on it." She ended, "And now to see General Jouhaud here, in the prisoner's box!" Choked by sobs, she refused to state what her husband might think of the Algerian tragedy right now, saying that his writings spoke for him still.

Jouhaud's main defense lawyer, Maître Yves Perussel (there were three lawyers, one of them being married to Jouhaud's sister), in his final address spoke for two hours, and was criticized by French court experts for being vulgar in his manner and misplaced humor. He persistently referred to his client as "General" Jouhaud, as though he had not been cashiered from the French Army, saying that it would seem as strange to call him "ex-General" Jouhaud as it would be to speak of "ex-General" de Gaulle—an innuendo at which no one smiled. In defense of Jouhaud, he made the only reference during the trial to terrorism and horrors that were first committed by the Algerian Arabs against the Algerian Europeans. Although the trial was a by-product of the Algerian natives' war for independence, the Algerian climate of the courtroom was exclusively that of the white man's Algeria, as if the nine million Arabs there could still be ignored. Perussel said that he was a Breton but had made his career in Tunis, where his son was born a *pied noir.* At the height of his peroration, he said that if Jouhaud were to be executed his tombstone should bear the inscription "Here lies Edmond Jouhaud. He has been killed because he loved his country."

The speech of the prosecuting attorney, Charles Raphaël, with his old-fashioned wise, ruddy visage, his shabby red robe, and his insecure elderly voice, was



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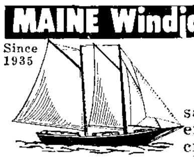

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a model of detachment, clarity, and single-mindedness. He ended by saying, "Do not be surprised that I demand the death sentence." At this, Jouhaud's face suddenly glistened with sweat; in the audience, Mme. Jouhaud, in her brown cloche hat, blue suit, and unbecoming turquoise scarf, stiffened in her chair. "There cannot be two kinds of justice, one for the chiefs and one for the killers. This supreme punishment I ask in the name of the nation that has just approved the truce accord signed at Evian, by which it said 'No' to the O.A.S. It is the nation, outraged and torn, which demands that, without faltering, you pronounce the sentence it awaits from you." It was more than two hours later that President Bornet read aloud the unanimous verdict against the accused ex-General. Jouhaud managed to smile with courage, and kissed each of his lawyers on both cheeks. In the tumult of his devotees screaming "*Vive Jouhaud! O.A.S. vaincra!*," someone shouted "*Vive Rançon!*," dead these many months.

Now that Jouhaud faces death by a firing squad, Paris is, as usual, violently split in its opinion. The Leftists say that if General de Gaulle reprieves him it will be an encouragement to O.A.S. Fascism. Liberal Parisians who favored the death sentence as a form of justice now do not wish it to be physically applied, because, after all, "he loved his country." Paris talks of nothing except "What will General de Gaulle decide?" Perhaps de Gaulle thinks of nearly nothing else. His decision will be of incalculable importance to metropolitan France—and to Algeria. —GENÊT

•

HOLLYWOOD—Roger Smith, the versatile singer, guitarist, actor of the "77 Sunset Strip" series, has just sold his 12th television play. He has a strict routine that permits him a wide variety of offstage activities.

Asked how he manages to turn out two teleplays per month while acting in three or more segments at the same time, of "77 Sunset Strip," Roger explained;

"I'm home by 6 p.m. most days. I play with the kids until dinner time. We have our dinner and they are in bed by 7:30 p.m. Then for half an hour I talk with my wife. The next two hours each night I devote to writing. I talk to my wife for another half hour and I'm in bed by 10:30.

"I can do ten pages a night. In a week's time I've got a script completed. I think about my plots going to and from the studio. It's 18 minutes going in the mornings and 24 minutes in the evenings. I get about 7½ hours sleep like this. That's all a man needs. Everything works out fine."
—*Atlanta Journal.*

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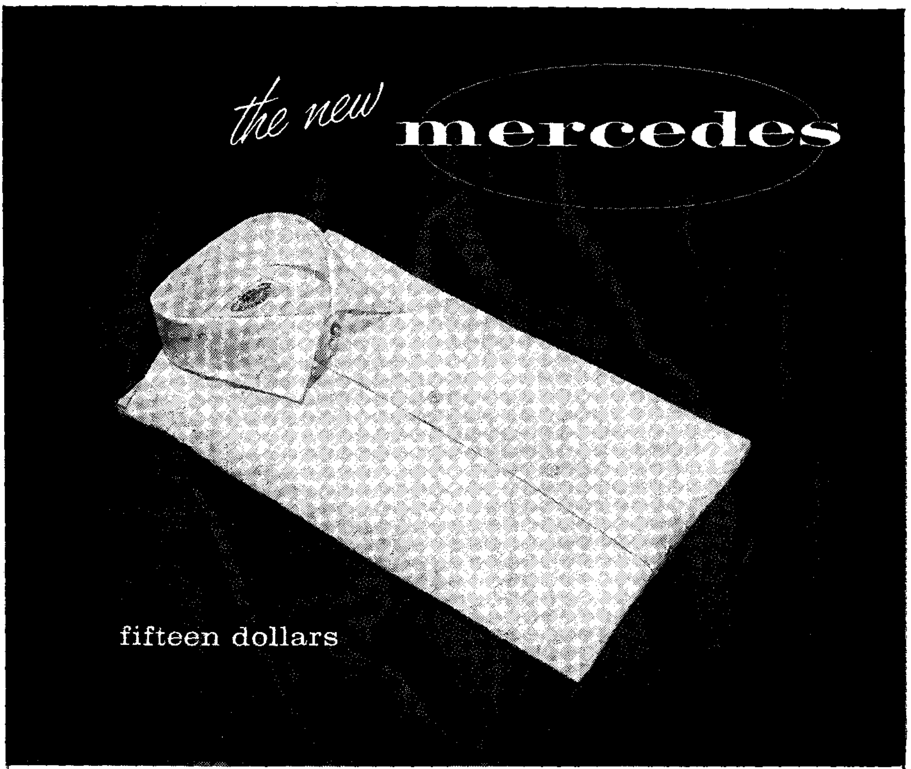

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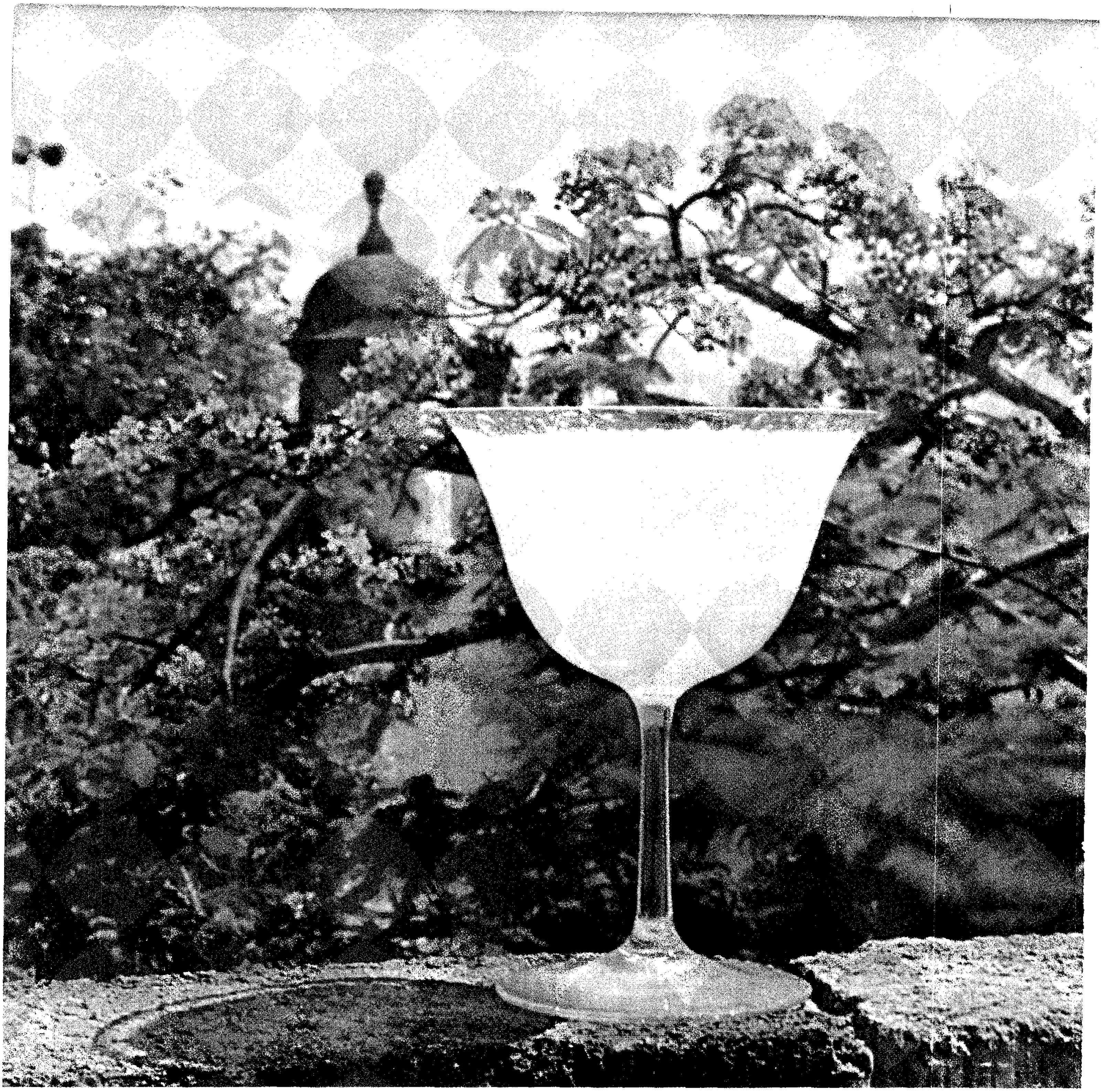

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THE RACE TRACK

Clouded Sunrise

THIS department's nomination for the Unluckiest Horse of the Year is Townsend Martin's Sunrise County. After finishing in a dead heat for first with Fred Hooper's Admiral's Voyage in the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, he was disqualified and placed second for crowding and bumping his rival, with whom he'd raced almost stride for stride for the mile and a furlong. It was an unhappy ending to a most dramatic struggle, and it was the second time this season that Sunrise County's number had been taken down in an important event for three-year-olds; the first was for crowding Ridan in the Flamingo at Hialeah last month.

In contrast to the cold misery we'd become accustomed to, the weather was positively springlike for the Wood. In the paddock, Sunrise County caught the eye, looking fit and ready for anything, but Admiral's Voyage seemed to have lost weight. Donut King was a picture if you didn't look at hind legs; his were heavily bandaged. The showiest of the eleven runners was Stinson Beach, and he finished ninth. At the start, Sunrise County was quickest away, with Admiral's Voyage right behind him, and nobody else had a chance. It took the placing judges a bit longer than usual to study the picture of the finish before they called it a dead heat. Then there were more minutes of apprehension while the stewards deliberated. Finally, they ordered Sunrise County placed second. There was no doubt that he bothered Admiral's Voyage, who was on his right. When Sunrise County tires, he swerves in that direction. He did the same thing in the Flamingo, but I still don't believe he bothered Ridan on that occasion. Donut King was third in the Wood. No doubt he and Sunrise County and Admiral's Voyage will all go to the Kentucky Derby.

Incidentally, the time for the Wood—1:49⅘—was far from startling. It was hardly a tick faster than the mile and a furlong that Sir Gaylord, working alone, ran off in Florida before he left for Kentucky. Also, as you may have heard, Ridan went a mile in 1:35⅗ in a workout at Keeneland, and Crimson Satan, who my spy reports

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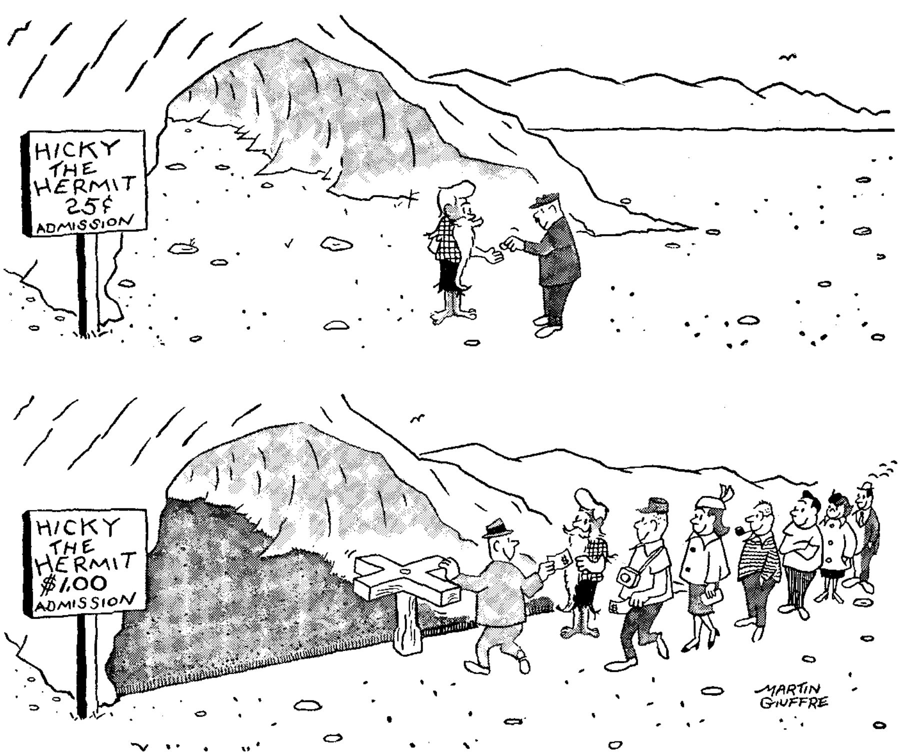
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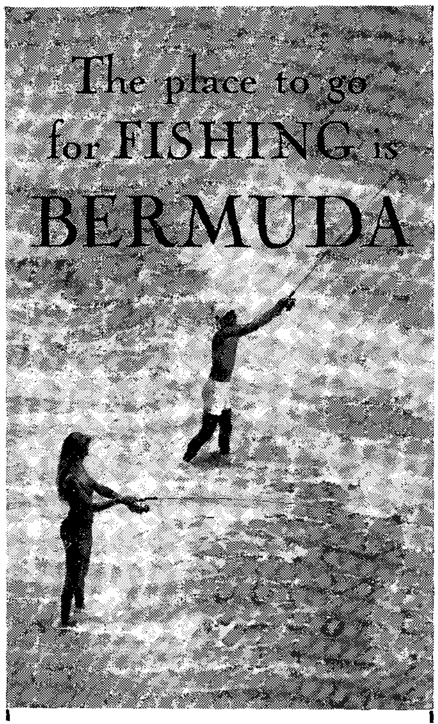
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looks sharper than he did in Florida last winter (though, goodness knows, that isn't saying much), galloped a mile in 1:38. Wrong Horse Harry will make this department's selection for the Derby in a day or two. He's going to write the names of all the starters on slips of paper, put the slips in a hat, and grab.

Carry Back is in form again. He had his first start of the season at Aqueduct on Good Friday, and if he'd merely beaten Garwol, Guadalcanal, and others of that sort, which he did, it really wouldn't have meant a great deal, because he figured to. But he gave nine pounds to everybody except Wise Ship (who finished last), started off slowly, went to the front when he pleased, and won by five lengths in the snappy time of 1:35⅕. What's more to the point, he never looked better. He has grown and filled out, and is as full of zip and ginger as he was this time last year. The way he went around the leaders on the stretch turn satisfied observers that he's going to be hard to beat in the Grey Lag this weekend. He'll be a very short price. And I liked the way Seven Thirty finished in the Distaff Handicap the other afternoon. She didn't win, but Adams, her jockey, riding the way Pony McAtee used to ride the H. P. Whitney horses (dear me, that was thirty years ago!), sent her up along the rail, only to miss by a neck. Rose O'Neill got the money.

EDDIE ARCARO DAYS will be coming thick and fast as he goes from track to track promoting Totalisators. Aqueduct had its day last week—a sort of hail and farewell—and our favorite jockey brought it off in fine style. Now Colonel Martingale is wondering about the horseplayers who used to say, "I can never get right on Arcaro. When I bet on him he loses, and when I bet against him he beats me." Well, they'll settle on someone to take his place. Shoemaker, I suppose.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The figures were denounced by Donald Douglas, Jr., president of the aircraft company, as "gross distortions bordering on economic frivolity." Taking the witness stand in the company's defense, Mr. Douglas said the figures submitted by committee counsel were startling due to the sheer magnitude of the percentages.

It would be just as valid to say of a man that he was "1,800 tall" without indicating that the standard of measurement employed was centimeters instead of feet, Mr. Douglas told the panel.—*The Times.*

We know a basketball team that's looking for men 59 feet .055 inches tall.

BOOKS

No Safe Harbor

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER'S "Ship of Fools" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is the story of a voyage—a voyage that seems to take place in many dimensions. A novel of character rather than of action, it has as its main purpose a study of the German ethos shortly before Hitler's coming to power in Germany. That political fact hangs as a threat over the entire work, and the novel does not end so much as succumb to a historical truth. But it is more than a political novel. "Ship of Fools" is also a human comedy and a moral allegory. Since its author commits herself to nothing but its top layer, and yet allows for plunges into all sorts of undercurrents, it is disingenuous to read on its surface alone and dangerous to read for its depths. Miss Porter has written one of those fine but ambiguous books whose values and meanings shift the way light changes as it passes through a turning prism.

Except for the embarkation at Veracruz and a few stopovers at ports, all the events occur aboard the Vera, a German passenger freighter, on its twenty-seven-day journey from Mexico to Germany in the summer of 1931. There is no lack of passengers; the cast is so immense that we are provided with not one but two keys at the beginning, so that we can keep the characters clearly in mind. The passenger list includes many Germans; a remarkable company of Spanish zarzuela singers and dancers—four men and four women—equally adept at performing, thieving, pimping, and whoring; the satanic six-year-old twins of two of the dancers; and four Americans: William Denny, a know-nothing chemical engineer from Texas; Mrs. Treadwell, a divorcée in her forties, who is constantly thwarted in her attempts to disengage herself from the rest of the human race; and David Scott and Jenny Brown, two young painters who have been having an unhappy love affair for years, have never married, and quarrel endlessly. There are also a Swede, some Mexicans, a Swiss innkeeper and his family, and some Cubans. The Germans are almost uniformly disagreeable—an arrogant widow, a windbag of a professor named Hutten, a violently anti-Semitic publisher named Rieber, a drunken lawyer, an Orthodox Jew who loathes Gentiles, a dying religious healer, and a hunchback, to name just a few. Each suffers from a mortal form of despair—spiritual, emotional, or religious. At Havana, La Condesa, a Spanish noblewoman who is being deported by the Cuban government, embarks, and so do eight hundred and seventy-six migrant workers, in steerage. They are being sent back to Spain because of the collapse of the Cuban sugar market.

SUGESTION BOX

In the little world of the Vera, plying across the ocean, the passengers become involved with one another not from choice but by proximity. Because of this, not very much happens, from the viewpoint of conventional drama. Miss Porter is interested in the interplay of character and not in the strategy of plotting. Her method is panoramic—cabin to cabin, deck to writing room, bridge to bar. She has helped herself to a device useful to a natural short-story writer: she manipulates one microcosm after another of her huge cast in short, swift scenes. Observed from the outside, analyzed from within, her characters are handled episodically. Place is her organizing element, time the propelling agent of her action. The Vera is a Hotel Universe always in motion.

As it proceeds, small crises blossom into odious flowers and expire. There are three major events. An oilman, Herr Freytag, a stainless Aryan, is refused the captain's table once it is learned that the wife he is going back to fetch from Germany is Jewish. A wood carver in steerage jumps overboard to save a dog thrown into the sea by the twins, and is drowned. And the zarzuela company arranges a costume-party "gala" whose expressed purpose is to honor the captain but whose real motive is the fleecing of the other passengers. The characters, seeking release or support in one another, merely deepen each other's frustrations. Often these random associations end in violence—a violence always out of character and always revealing. Hansen, the Swede, who talks about a society in which the masses are not exploited, clubs the publisher with a beer bottle. The source of his immediate anger is his disappointed passion for one of the Spanish dancers. The funeral of the wood carver, the gentlest of men, becomes the occasion for a religious riot. Mrs. Treadwell, a carefully contained woman, well aware of the pointlessness and danger of meddling in other people's business, emerges from behind her bastion and beats up Denny in a drunken frenzy with the heel of a golden evening slipper.

If the relationships are not violent, they are damaging. Schumann, the ship's doctor, falling suddenly in love with the drug-addicted and possibly mad Condesa, risks his professional, spiritual, and emotional identity. The American painters hopelessly batter themselves in an affair they cannot resolve or leave alone. And the most solid of *Hausfraus*, Professor Hutten's wife, speaks up suddenly, as if against her will, to contradict her husband at the captain's table, an act doubly shameful for being public. Unable momentarily to put up with her husband's platitudes, to support a view of marriage she knows to be

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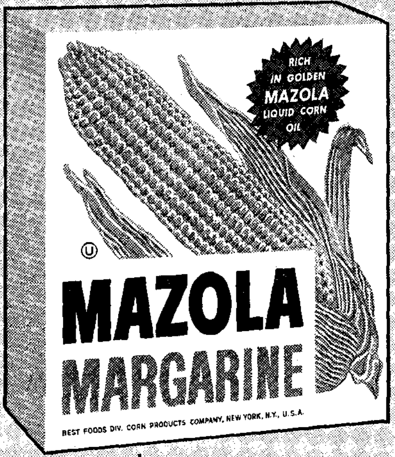
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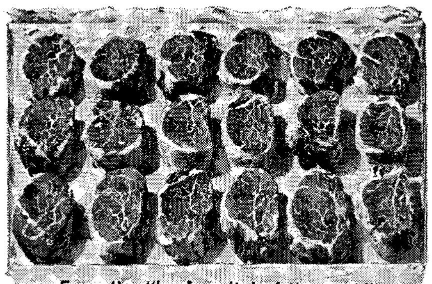
false, Frau Hutten, in her one moment of insight, undermines the only security she has. As character after character gives way to a compulsion he has been unaware of, it becomes evident why Miss Porter's novel is open to many interpretations. Through sheer accuracy of observation rather than the desire to demonstrate abstract ideas, she has hit upon a major theme: order vs. need, a theme observable in the interchange of everyday life and susceptible of any number of readings—political, social, religious, and psychological. Every major character is magnetized in time by the opposing forces of need and order. Mexico is the incarnation of need, Germany the representative of an order based on need. At the beginning, in Veracruz, there is a hideously crippled Mexican beggar, "dumb, half blind," who walks like an animal "following the trail of a smell." And the very last character in the book is a German boy in the ship's band, "who looked as if he had never had enough to eat in his life, nor a kind word from anybody," who "did not know what he was going to do next" and who "stared with blinded eyes." As the Vera puts in to Bremerhaven, he stands, "his mouth quivering while he shook the spit out of his trumpet, repeating to himself just above a whisper, '*Grüss Gott*, *Grüss Gott*,' as if the town were a human being, a good and dear trusted friend who had come a long way to welcome him." Aboard the Vera, there is, on the one hand, the captain's psychotic authoritarianism, with its absolute and rigid standards of behavior, menaced always by human complexity and squalor; on the other, the Condesa's drug addiction and compulsion to seduce young men. Both are terrifying forms of fanaticism, and they complement each other in their implicit violence.

Dr. Schumann is the mediating agent between these two kinds of fanaticism. Suffering from a weak heart, he is going back to Germany—a Germany that no longer exists—to die. He is the product of a noble Teutonic strain, the Germany of intellectual freedom, scientific dispassion, and religious piety. He is a healer equally at home in the chaos of the steerage and in the captain's stateroom. But the Condesa shatters his philosophic detachment. He goes to her cabin at night and kisses her while she is asleep; he orders six young Cuban medical students to stay away from her cabin because he is jealous. Both acts are symptoms of a progressive desperation. First he refuses to express his need openly, out of fear; then he masks it by a display of authority. He becomes, finally, a conspirator



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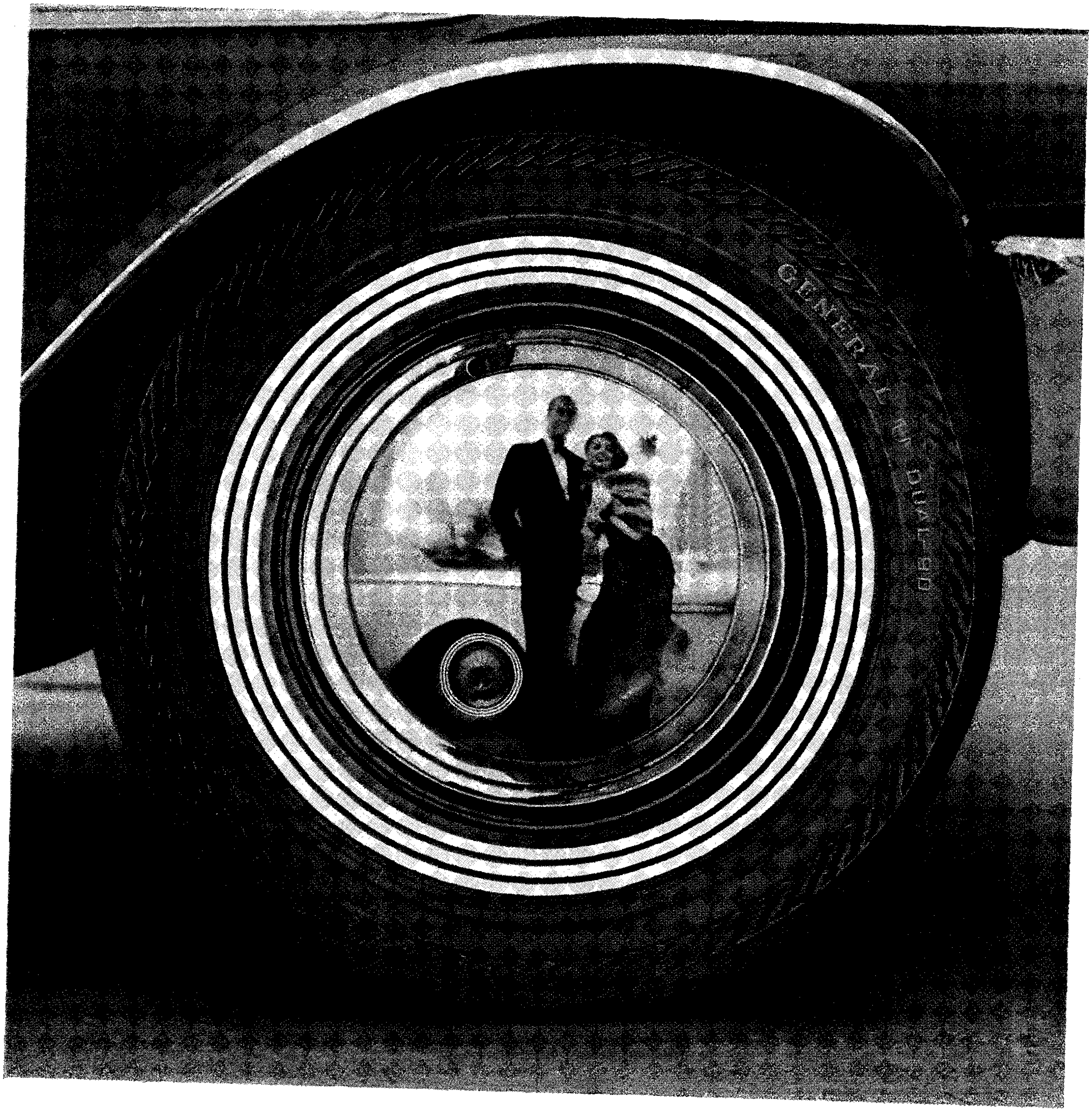

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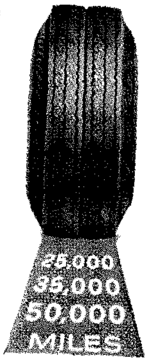

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Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation in the Condesa's addiction. Since he is not able to separate the woman from the patient, in Dr. Schumann need and order become muddled. Mrs. Treadwell, an essentially sympathetic character, is drawn into Freytag's dilemma the same way—casually, then desperately. It is she who innocently tells her anti-Semitic cabinmate that Freytag's wife is Jewish, not knowing the information is meant to be confidential. He is bitter, forgetting that he has already blurted out the fact at the captain's table in a fit of anger and pride. Mrs. Treadwell wisely points out that his secret should never have been one in the first place. This is odd wisdom; Mrs. Treadwell has a few secrets of her own.

It is from such moral complications that the texture of "Ship of Fools" evolves—a series of mishaps in which both intention and the lack of intention become disasters. The tragedy is that even the best motive is adulterated when translated into action. Need turns people into fools, order into monsters. The Vera's first-class passengers stroll on deck gazing down into the abysmal pit of the steerage—pure need—just as they watch in envy the frozen etiquette of the captain's table and its frieze of simulated order. Even dowdy Frau Schmitt, a timid ex-teacher who cannot bear suffering in others, finally accepts the cruelty of Freytag's dismissal from the captain's table. If she does not belong there herself, she thinks, then where does she belong? A victim, she thus becomes a party to victimization—a situation that is to receive its perfect demonstration in the world of Nazi Germany, which shadows Miss Porter's book like a bird of carrion. Through the need to belong, the whole damaging human complex of fear, pride, and greed, a governing idea emerges from "Ship of Fools" that is rooted in the Prussian mystique of "blood and iron." It is the manipulation of human needs to conform to a version of order.

The flow of events in "Ship of Fools" is based on addiction (sex, drugs, food, and drink) or obsession (envy, pride, covetousness, and the rest). Yet even the most despicable characters, such as the Jew-hating Herr Rieber, seem surprisingly innocent. It is the innocence of ignorance, not of moral goodness. The humbug and misinformation exchanged between the passengers on the Vera are voluminous. Each person is trapped in that tiny segment of reality he calls his own, which he thinks about, and talks about, and tries to project to a listener equally obsessed. Not knowing who they are, these marathon talkers do not know the world they are

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capable of generating. Love is the sacrificial lamb of their delusions, and though it is pursued without pause, it is always a semblance, never a reality. Though they are terribly in need of some human connection, their humanity itself is in question.

Only the Spanish dancers seem to escape this fate. They transform need into a kind of order by subordinating it for financial gain or sexual pleasure, without involvement. They are comically and tragically evil; they have arranged a universe of money around sex and fraud. Consciously malignant, they are outdone by the natural malice of the twins, who throw the Condesa's pearls overboard in a burst of demoniacal spirits. The pearls are a prize the Spanish dancers had planned to steal. The evil of design is defeated by natural evil—a neat point. Even in this closed, diabolical society, in which the emotions have been disciplined for profit, the irrational disturbs the arrangement of things.

At one point, Jenny Brown recalls something she saw from a bus window when she was passing through a small Indian village in Mexico:

> Half a dozen Indians, men and women, were standing together quietly in the bare spot near one of the small houses, and they were watching something very intently. As the bus rolled by, Jenny saw a man and a woman, some distance from the group, locked in a death battle. They swayed and staggered together in a strange embrace, as if they supported each other; but in the man's raised hand was a long knife, and the woman's breast and stomach were pierced. The blood ran down her body and over her thighs, her skirts were sticking to her legs with her own blood. She was beating him on the head with a jagged stone, and his features were veiled in rivulets of blood. They were silent, and their faces had taken on a saintlike patience in suffering, abstract, purified of rage and hatred in their one holy dedicated purpose to kill each other. Their flesh swayed together and clung, their left arms were wound about each other's bodies as if in love. Their weapons were raised again, but their heads lowered little by little, until the woman's head rested upon his breast and his head was on her shoulder, and holding thus, they both struck again.
>
> It was a mere flash of vision, but in Jenny's memory it lived in an ample eternal day illuminated by a cruel sun.

This passage could be the center from which everything in Miss Porter's novel radiates. The human relations in it are nearly all reënacted counterparts of this silent struggle. Inside and out, the battle rages—the devout against the blasphemous, the Jew against the Gentile, class against class, nation against nation. The seemingly safe bourgeois marriages—of solid Germans, of stolid

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Swiss—are secret hand-to-hand combats. It is no better with lovers, children, and dogs. The dog thrown into the sea by the evil twins is at least rescued by the good wood carver before he drowns. But on the human level the issues are obscure, the colors blurred; the saint is enmeshed with the devil. Struggling to get at the truth—Vera means "true" in Latin—the passengers in "Ship of Fools" justify its title. What truth is there for people who must lie in order to exist, Miss Porter seems to be asking. Against her insane captain and her mad Condesa, Miss Porter poses only the primitive and the remote—an enchanting Indian servant aboard ship, the appearance of three whales, a peasant woman nursing a baby. They are as affecting as a silence in nature.

MISS PORTER is a moralist, but too good a writer to be one except by implication. Dogma in "Ship of Fools" is attached only to dogmatic characters. There is not an ounce of weighted sentiment in it. Its intelligence lies not in the profundity of its ideas but in the clarity of its viewpoint; we are impressed not by what Miss Porter says but by what she knows. Neither heartless nor merciful, she is tough. Her virtue is disinterestedness, her strength objectivity. Her style is free of displays of "sensitivity," musical effects, and interior decoration. Syntax is the only instrument she needs to construct an enviable prose. But the book differs from her extraordinary stories and novellas in that it lacks a particular magic she has attained so many times on a smaller scale. The missing ingredient is impulse. "Ship of Fools" was twenty years in the writing; the stories read as if they were composed at one sitting, and they have the spontaneity of a running stream. "Ship of Fools" is another kind of work—a summing up, not an overflowing—and it is devoid of one of the excitements of realistic fiction. The reader is never given that special satisfaction of the drama of design, in which the strings, having come unwound, are ultimately tied together in a knot. Miss Porter scorns patness and falseness, but by the very choice of her method she also lets go of suspense. She combines something of the intellectual strategy of Mann's "Magic Mountain" (in which the characters not only are themselves but represent ideas or human qualities) with the symbolic grandeur of "Moby Dick" (in which a predestined fate awaits the chief actors). Her goodbye to the themes of Mexico and Germany (two subjects that have occupied her

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elsewhere) is a stunning farewell, but it lacks two components usually considered essential to masterpieces—a hero and a heroic extravagance.

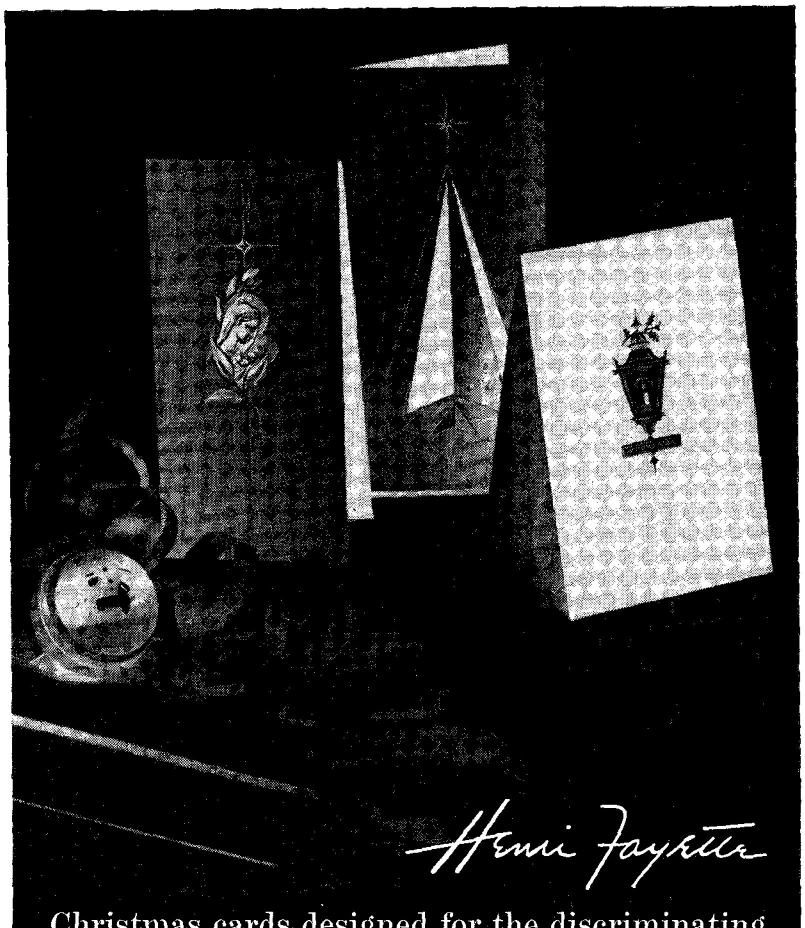
"Ship of Fools" is basically about love, a human emotion that teeters helplessly between need and order. On the Vera's voyage there is precious little of it. The love that comes too late for the Condesa and Dr. Schumann is the most touching thing in it. But the Condesa is deranged, ill, and exiled; the dying Doctor is returning to a Germany that has vanished. The one true example of love—a pair of Mexican newlyweds—is never dwelt upon. We are left with this image of two people, hand in hand, who have hardly said a word in all the thousands that make up Miss Porter's novel. In "Ship of Fools," every human need but one is exposed down to its nerve ends. Love alone remains silent, and abstract. —HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FAIR TRIAL, by Jean Laborde, translated from the French by David Hughes (Doubleday). This tale of lust and revenge in Paris is centered on an act of atrocious injustice that is perpetrated, through legal channels, upon an innocent young nurse, Geneviève Leblanc. Geneviève is innocent of the murder with which she is charged, but she is so humanly guilty of wanting what she should not have that she can hardly speak to defend herself. Speaking is of little help to her anyway, since she is opposed by a brilliant lawyer, Charles Cassidis, whose ordinary drive for success has been sharpened to ferocity by acute sexual desire. Cassidis, who has made a hobby of women, has found his heart's desire in Catherine, widow of Paul Dupré, the murdered man. But Catherine insists on having revenge against Geneviève, who was Dupré's last mistress, and in order to gratify the widow's ugly whim Cassidis is not only willing but eager to demand a conviction that he knows to be unjust. The story would be fascinating if it were not that the author simply outlines all his characters, without giving them color. The scene is too cold, and the tone is too documentary. The time is the present.

HORNSTEIN'S BOY, by Robert Traver (St. Martin's). A talky, self-satisfied novel that describes the struggle of an unknown, penniless Midwestern lawyer, Walt Dressler, to gain possession of a seat in the United States



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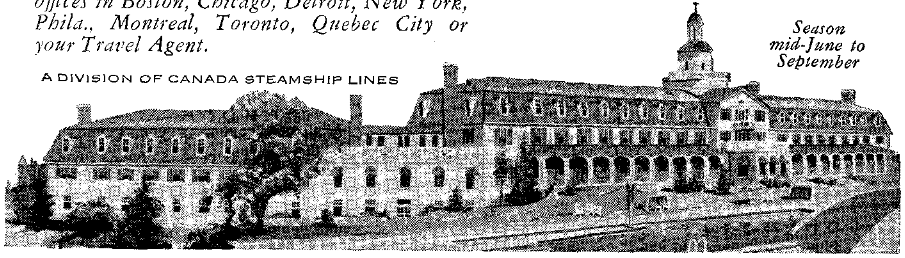

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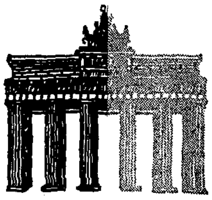

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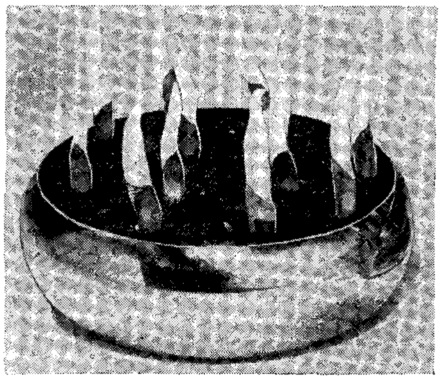

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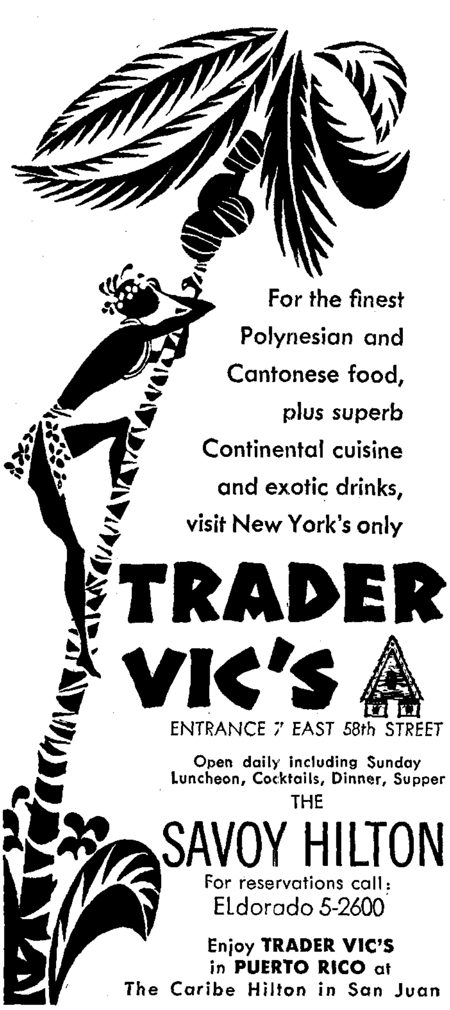
Senate. Dressler is in his early forties, a widower with one child, and the inspiration and drive that send him whirling into a big-time political career come from his old college friend and drinking companion Emil Hornstein. The atmosphere is feverish, but only in patches.

CAPITOL HILL, by Andrew Tully (Simon & Schuster). This large and crowded novel about Washington deals mainly with a disagreeable young-middle-aged man named John Thurston, who wants very badly to be the next Secretary of Defense and is perfectly content to sacrifice both his wife and his mistress to his ambition. There are several novels woven into this work, and they are not always very skillfully arranged or convincingly developed, but the whole has its moments of entertainment.

GENERAL

FIVE BOYHOODS, edited by Martin Levin (Doubleday). A collection of short-pants memoirs by five Americans—Howard Lindsay, Harry Golden, Walt Kelly, William K. Zinsser, and John Updike—each of whom grew up in a different decade of the twentieth century. Two (Mr. Golden and Mr. Kelly) came from working-class families, two (Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Updike) from the middle class, and one (Mr. Zinsser) from the upper middle class, and each has his own tone of voice. Mr. Lindsay is light ("We weren't born on the wrong side of the tracks, nor were we born on the right side of the tracks; we were born right in the middle of the tracks"), Mr. Golden is wry ("When I saw [my mother] at Mount Sinai Hospital the day before she died, no longer able to speak, she kept tugging at my cuffs to pull them out and see if they were clean"), Mr. Kelly is jocular ("Nobody feels that he is little when he's a boy. There is just the impression that other people are bigger"), Mr. Zinsser is amusing ("I had three older sisters. . . . Some of the longest talks I ever had with my father took place while we sat in the car outside our house, waiting for the girls"), and Mr. Updike is lyrical ("I was a small-town child. Cracked pavements and packed dirt were my ground"). A thoroughly winning book.

DIARY OF A SIT-IN, by Merrill Proudfoot (University of North Carolina Press). An account, by one of the



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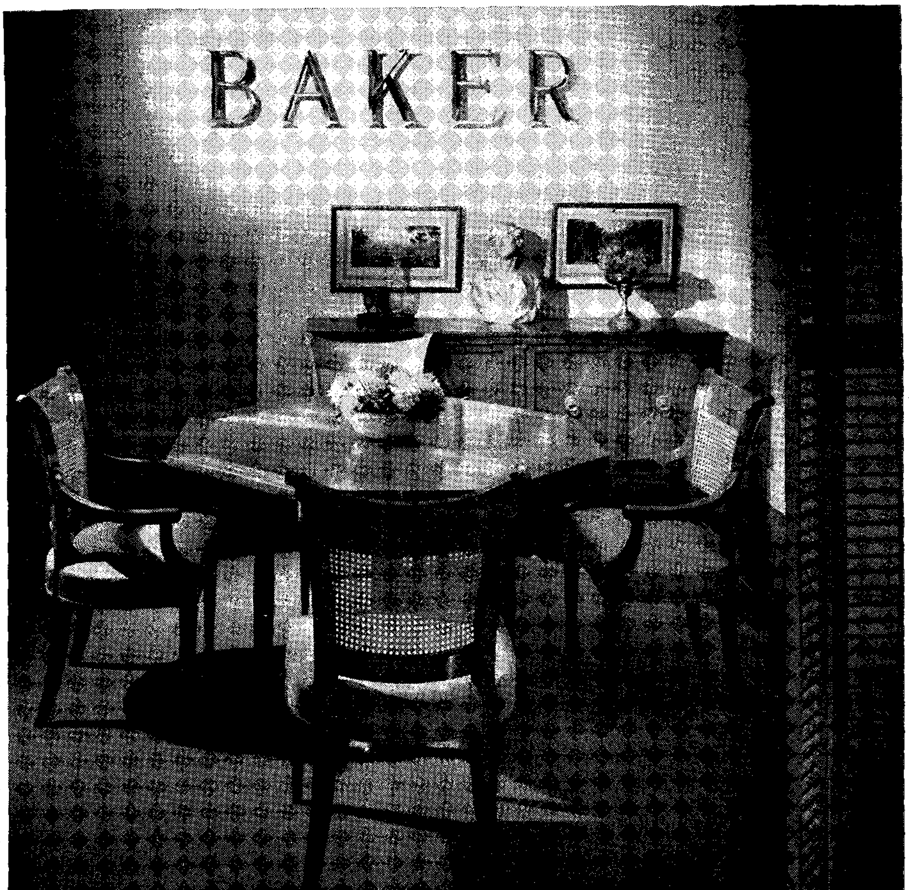
leading participants, of the non-violent demonstrations in Knoxville, Tennessee, during June and July of 1960, which resulted in the desegregation of many of that city's lunch counters. It is unusual in two respects. One is that the author, a graduate of Yale and a Presbyterian minister, came to Knoxville from Texas, and is white. The other is that his book is so far the only detailed first-hand report of its kind. It is also an excellent report—plainly told, intensely human, and, though shining with courage, entirely devoid of heroics—and it makes the invaluable point that the diehard segregationists, despite all the noise they make, are increasingly powerless against the growing economic and political force of the Negro community almost everywhere in the South.

BERLIN: HOSTAGE FOR THE WEST, by John Mander (Penguin Special). A clearheaded and forthright discussion of the future of Berlin. Mr. Mander believes that free Berlin represents a pledge the West has made to a democratic Germany, and that the West must keep it—if not for the good of Germany, then for the safety of Western Europe. His brief review of Germany's postwar history is lucid. His investigation of Communist purposes uncovers the bare bones of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism-Khrushchevism and demonstrates a remarkable ability to simplify without writing down. And his scrutiny of the courses open to the West is extremely useful—a sensible guide for the intelligent citizen.

A SAD HEART AT THE SUPERMARKET, by Randall Jarrell (Atheneum). A small collection of literary essays. Mr. Jarrell, like many other poets, has taught for a living, and most of these essays display what may be a side effect of academic employment—the assumption that the reader knows less than the writer. There's a brilliant piece on Kipling, though, and an interesting explanation of the genesis and evolution of one of Mr. Jarrell's own poems.

EUROPE VIEWS AMERICA, by Edward W. Chester (Public Affairs). A survey of the last forty years of Western European opinion about the United States, digested from a thousand books and a great many articles. Much of it is the old custard-pie act about our insect conformity, fundamentalist bigotry, and political mindlessness. The new charge is that we have failed in the space race. Mr.



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It saddens us to think that there is no Abominable Snowman after all. We had somehow expected to open the paper some morning and see a photograph of the fabled beast lumbering up a Himalaya or perhaps read that a young one had been captured by an enterprising Sherpa. But Sir Edmund Hillary says there's no such animal, and he ought to know.

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Chester's book suffers from two big mistakes: he treats his authorities as being entitled to equal respect, although they range from the very well-informed (D. W. Brogan) to the absurdly ill-informed (Simone de Beauvoir), and he treats their opinions as though they were timeless (surely the European critics of the Supreme Court in the nineteen-thirties would not view it as a conservative bulwark today).

BATTLES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR, by W. Baring Pemberton (Macmillan). An unusually good book, in which the author makes sense out of a nearly impossible mess of battles—the Alma; the magnificent charge at Balaclava; Inkerman; and the siege of Sebastopol. Mr. Pemberton, after apologizing because something he has to explain is confusing beyond explanation, invariably explains it superlatively. He uses extensive source material with concise, sound judgment.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LATE MRS. D., by Hillary Waugh (Crime Club). At long last, a really good murder mystery. The victim is a doctor's wife—his third wife. His two previous wives died after very short marriages, and the doctor has always been observed mourning them most sincerely. The scene is Connecticut, the atmosphere is prosperous but not upper-class, and the police are alert and full of conversation. Mr. Waugh is a very skilled writer.

A GRAVE UNDERTAKING, by Lionel White (Dutton). An hour-by-hour, minute-by-minute, and, finally, second-by-second documentation of the planning and execution of a bank robbery. The scheme is most ingenious, and Mr. White unrolls it with exceptional skill and a command of snowballing tension that brings us almost to the point of actually gasping for breath. The scene is Manhattan.

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—A physicist says that space science may determine in the next five years whether gravitation is growing weaker with the passage of time.

The physicist, Dr. Robert H. Dicke of Princeton University, believes that as the universe expands, "the strength of the gravitational interaction may decrease steadily."

Dicke discussed gravitation and space science in a lecture broadcast overseas by the Voice of America. Most scientists believe as Eisenhower did that gravitational strength is fixed.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

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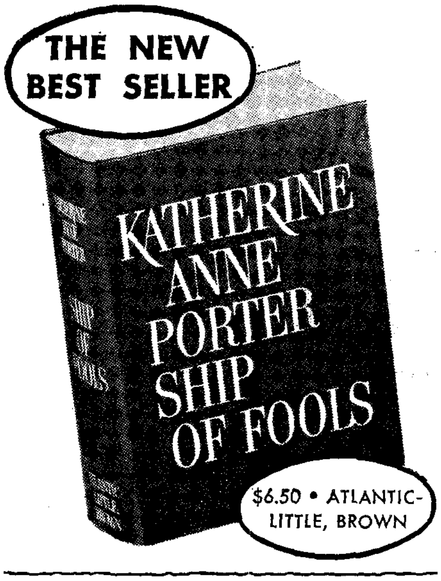
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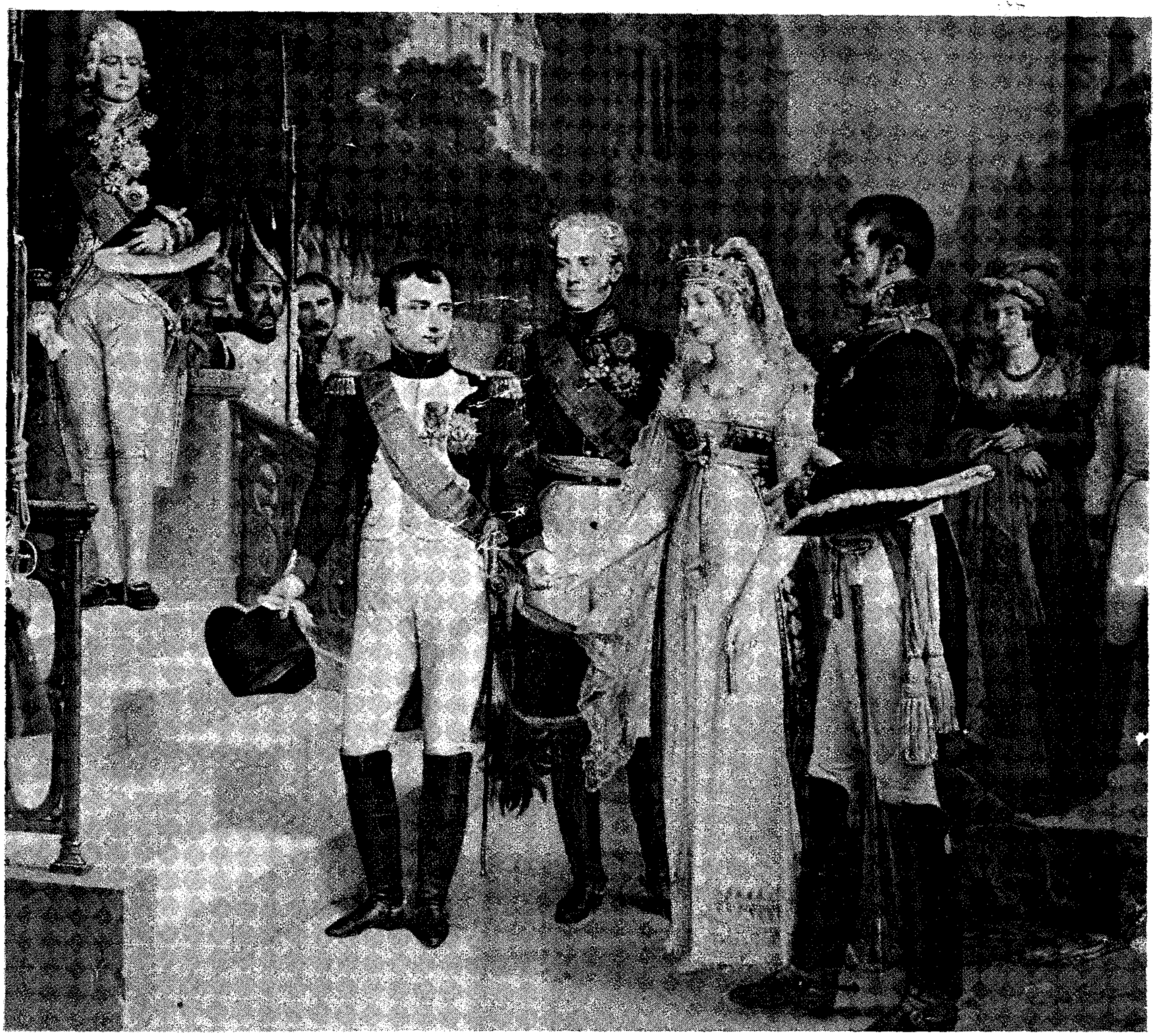

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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